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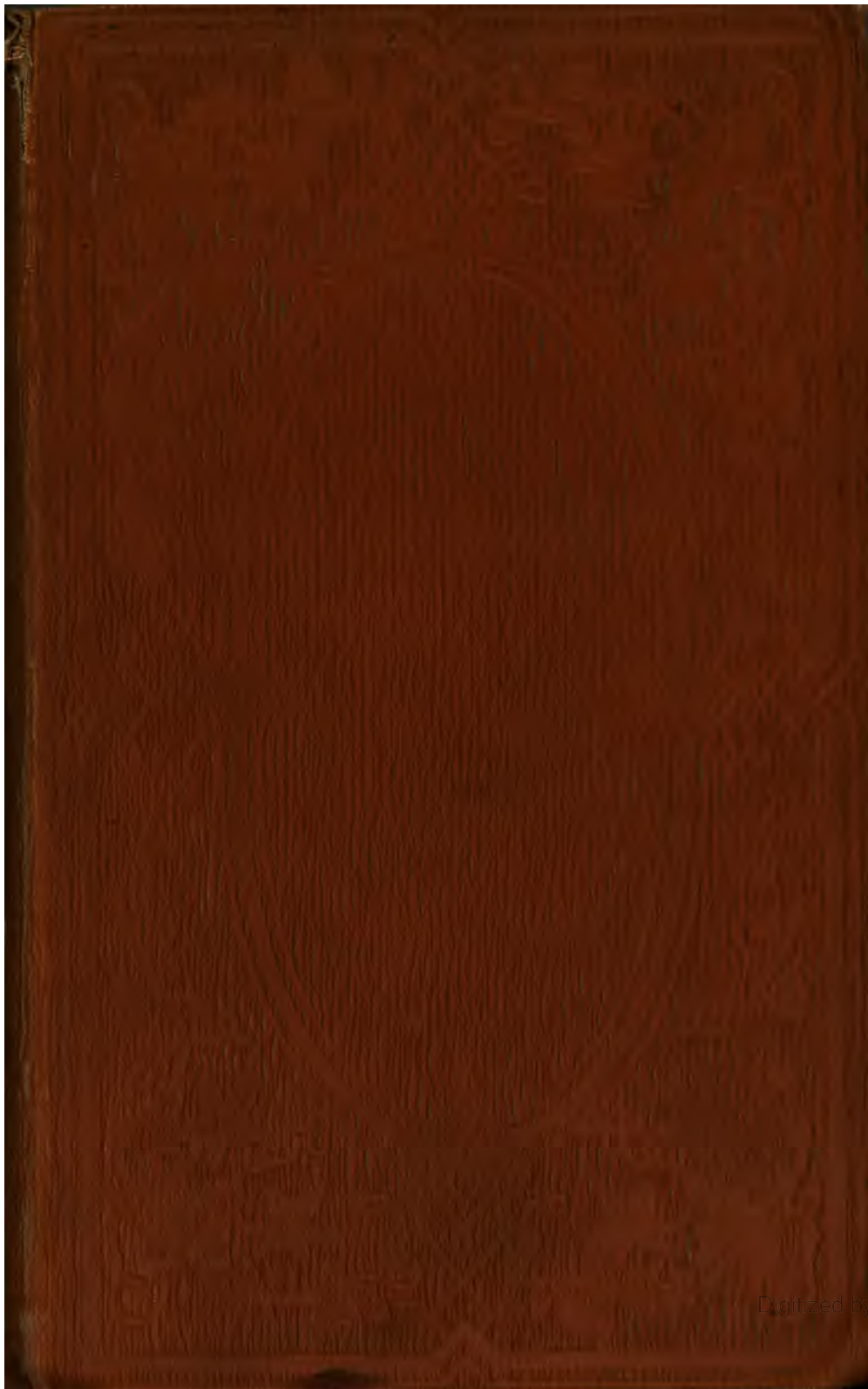
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A VOYAGE
FROM
LEITH TO LAPLAND;
OR,
PICTURES OF SCANDINAVIA
IN 1850.

BY WILLIAM HURTON.

SECOND AND REVISED EDITION.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1852.

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TO

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN,

THESE PICTURES OF HIS SCANDINAVIAN HOME

ARE INSCRIBED

BY HIS FRIEND AND ADMIRER,

WILLIAM HURTON.

30 Oct 50 delivery 350 Scand.

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PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

IN submitting a new edition of this book, I have only to say that I most gratefully acknowledge the generous manner in which the critics first received it, and they will see that I have gladly availed myself of their kind suggestions by altering certain portions which I now feel were objectionable in a literary sense. The whole work is carefully revised and thoroughly corrected.

W. H.

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LEITH TO LAPLAND;

OR,

PICTURES FROM SCANDINAVIA.

CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE TO GLUCKSTADT (ON THE ELBE).

DURING a few months in summer and autumn, steamers ply regularly from London and Hull to St. Petersburg, and land passengers at Copenhagen. The last steamer sailed this year about the end of October; and as it was nearly the end of November when I wished to depart, it behoved me to consider well what means would be the best to reach Copenhagen, which I proposed for my chief, or at any rate, my first winter residence. There were only two ways—one to go direct to Copenhagen by sea, in a sailing vessel; and the other to go by steamer to Hamburgh, and thence through Schleswig-Holstein to Kiel, and so up the

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Baltic; otherwise, to go from Hamburgh to Lubeck, and endeavour to get a passage from the small port of Traffemunde, a few miles from the latter place. Now, with regard to the Hamburgh route, it is comparatively a very easy matter in summer time, but to the last degree difficult and uncertain in winter. In summer, steamers ply from Kiel to Copenhagen, and plenty of sailing-vessels also are always to be met with; but in winter, there are no steamers nor sailing vessels, big or little, to be depended upon, on account of the harbours, and sometimes vast tracts of the Baltic itself, being frozen up from an early period. I was therefore very anxious to secure a passage direct by sea; and wrote to Hull, as being by far the most likely place, to secure me one in a vessel of any description and of any nation, but received answer that not one was, just then, "lying on" for the Baltic way, the season being so late. No resource remained but to get to Hamburgh, and I arrived at Leith on Saturday, 24th of November, 1849, and sailed the same evening in the "Martello" steamer for Hamburgh (distant about 500 miles); myself and a Danish gentleman, named Lofgrén, being the only passengers.

It was a glorious moonlight Saturday night, with a fine, keen air; and as the "Martello" dashed onwards, for her last voyage this season, her wheels *churned* the water into foam resembling snow-flakes, and the wave-lets in her long wake glistened like quicksilver.

On Sunday the wind blew in our teeth, and grew fiercer and stronger, until the ship pitched and tossed right merrily. I am thankful to say, I can always sleep on a soft plank, bite hard biscuits, and relish salt junk. Wrapped simply in my old sea-cloak, I stretched myself on a locker, as I thought, for the night.

THE VOYAGE TO HAMBURGH.

Wrapped in my cloak, I had turned in for the night. The machinery was groaning, the beams and bulwarks were creaking and shrieking; the wind was howling and mercilessly striking the vessel with the force of a battery of mighty sledge-hammers. My spirits always rise in a storm; for, somehow, it seems as though we are brought into direct communion with Him who "holds the ocean in the hollow of His hand;" whose "way is in the sea," and "whose paths are in the great waters;" who "speaks in tempests," and "who walks on the wings of the wind." I had just fallen asleep, little before midnight, when a tremendous crash awoke me, and at the same moment the water poured down the companion slide—which I had left open—in a perfect cataract, for a full minute. The ship quivered and collapsed throughout with the stroke; and, knowing it must be a very heavy sea she had shipped, I sprang up and with difficulty groped my way to the ladder, at the foot of which the surging water, on the floor of the dark cabin, emitted an extremely beautiful phosphorescent light. It literally seemed alive with fire-serpents, wreathing and disporting. On emerging on deck, I staggered along knee-deep through the water to the galley, where I dried myself by the fire.

During the remainder of the night, the decks were washed fore and aft every few minutes; and mingled with hail, rain, snow, and frozen sleet came down on us with the storm-wind.

Although, ever and anon, the machinery paused to gather strength for the next stroke, onward strided the iron ship—cleaving the path through the ocean, and, as it were, buried in the awe-striking power of nature: her giant fabric sternly and unswervingly bore along perfectly uninjured, as though the Almighty

own finger upheld and guided her on her way. I could not but mentally contrast the present state of nautical knowledge, theoretical and practical, with that of some centuries bygone; and I balanced this ship, and the way she was handled, with the vessels of, say four hundred years ago, manned by unskilful sailors—creeping along from shore to shore, from headland to headland, and distraught if they happened to get out of sight of land for a few days in the summer months.

The weather remained nearly as bad the whole of Monday, but moderated somewhat early on Tuesday morning, although, in the words of the "Ancient Mariner,"

" And then there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold."

A few hours after daybreak, we beheld the first land since leaving Leith, being no other than the celebrated island of Heligoland, which lies far out at sea, and about twenty-five to thirty miles from the mouth of the Elbe. Its name is derived from *Heilige*—Holy Island. It is little better than a long, desolate rock, rising probably two hundred feet above the level of the sea, with a species of sandy beach on one side, which is parcelled out in a few fields and gardens. There was, a while back, only *one* cow upon it, but many Friesland sheep; though how they manage to live is a mystery. Heaven must, indeed, temper both wind and hunger to them! There is a little town perched upon it; and during the present century it has sprung up into considerable reputation as a visiting and bathing place for the Ham-burghers, who love to inhale the fresh air of the stormy North Sea during the summer months. The dwellings are said to be models of neatness, both inside and out; and, as locks for doors are unknown, one would pre-

sume that a primitive state of manners is prevalent ; and, perhaps, even that blessing of blessings, the non-existence of any lawyer. Most of the inhabitants, who number two or three thousand, follow the sea as fishermen, pilots, &c., and have the reputation of being very indolent and exorbitant in their demands for services. In 1807, Heligoland passed from the possession of Denmark to England, and has belonged to the latter ever since. A garrison of five hundred to a thousand men was maintained until 1821 ; but now there are, I believe, few or no soldiers, and only a governor (*par excellence*) who was formerly a captain in the navy, and has a salary of 1,000*l.* a-year. There is also a clergyman, who is paid 100*l.* a-year by the State. The civil administration of the little territory is said to be sufficiently despotic ; but the dwellers are perfectly satisfied with it.

As we approached the Elbe, the weather grew bitterly cold, and the salt spray froze the moment it fell on board. We passed Cuxhaven, a little way up the river, which, at the mouth, is very wide, and had numbers of vessels of all nations sailing or anchoring about it. The coast on both sides the river is low, and apparently uninteresting. By-and-by we could discern the Holstein shore, clothed with snow ; and the cold grew so palpably intense, that it became an anxious question as to whether the Elbe would not be found frozen ere we reached Hamburgh, which is eighty miles from the mouth of the former. Doubt was soon exchanged for certainty, for by passing vessels we learned that the river was frozen at Hamburgh that morning, and our pilot decided on our going no further than Glückstadt, which is on the left bank of the river, in the Duchy of Holstein, and about thirty English miles below Hamburgh. The Martello, accordingly, stopped off the town at 6 P.M.,

and boats put off from the shore for the passengers. As both myself and M. Lofgrén were exceedingly desirous to get on to Hamburg that night if possible, we hailed to know when the train left for the latter place—as there is a railway, which passes from Kiel through Glückstadt to Altona (joining Hamburg). The reply was that the last train had left half an hour before. After a brief consideration, we both agreed to land, and four stout oarsmen propelled us towards the town. As we approached the shore, they had to pull hard to force their way through the floating masses of ice.

On nearing the pier, we were eagerly hailed as to the name of the steamer. The only medium for ascending this pier was a number of strips of wood, nailed in one place from pile to pile, precisely like the staves of a ladder. It was perfectly easy for me to go aloft this way, but how would it have been with lady passengers? for apparently there was no other means of landing, as the river was frozen all the way beyond the pier. Despite fingers tingling with cold, I climbed gaily enough, and then, stooping down, grasped the hand of my companion, and raised him by my side on the pier of Glückstadt.

CHAPTER II.

GLUCKSTADT TO KIEL.

HAVING effected a landing, it may be supposed that I was forthwith marched off to undergo the custom-house ordeal. No such thing. By the law of the Duchies, travellers whose destination is beyond the place they are landed at, are there subjected to no examination whatever, but may walk off, bag and baggage, just as they please. My destination was Copenhagen, and that of my companion Hamburgh; so we were both in the favoured category.

The first impression on gaining the pier was a vivid idea of the extraordinary contrast of scenery which a few days' swift transit had enabled me to realise. Here was literally a new world. All around was ice and snow. The snow lay to the depth of perhaps six to nine inches, was fine as dust, and creaked sharply beneath the tread. Overhead hung a cloudless sky, with a brilliant moon, surrounded by a slight halo; and, scattered few and far between, in the gleaming expanse of heaven, were stars of dazzling beauty, which sparkled in the keen air, and seemed to the eye to be enlarged to an unusual size.

The boatmen who conveyed us, joined by some amphibious-looking hangers-on, after a long discussion apportioned our luggage among themselves, and for

each article it appeared there were two able-bodied men. With this regiment at our heels, we accompanied one Henrich Falck to his hotel, at no great distance from the harbour. Contrary to my expectations, the troop were not very exacting in their demands, and gathered round the bar to swallow the fruits of their labour. We were soon comfortably ensconced in a quaint apartment, with ceiling of planks overhead, and heated, as usual, by a stove. The kitchen strongly reminded me of an English one, for it had its rows of plates of the English willow pattern, to be found all the world over.

My sleeping apartment was a narrow double-bedded room, the tenant of the other bed being a military officer. The bed, as it was a model of others which I saw in a very respectable hotel in Kiel, and I have no doubt all in the country are similar in fashion, consisted of a frame, with deep sides of wood, and four posts rising a few inches above the said sides. The bottom of the bed was of planks, and the body was filled level to the top of the sides with straw. Over this straw was simply doubled a strong unbleached homespun sheet, on which you reposed, with a bottle of hot water at your feet, and for covering had a slight and perfectly loose bed, probably filled with down of the eider-duck, mixed with feathers of other northern wild-fowl. A pillow of the same description supported the head. There were no blankets, and the whole couch had a steep declination from head to foot. It proved a very comfortable bed.

Instead of starting for Hamburgh, I had resolved to proceed to Kiel by the first train in the morning. Conversing with M. Lofgrén (a very intelligent young man, who spoke Danish, Swedish, German, and English,

with equal facility) on my purpose, he gave me a ~~vice~~ and information, and a letter of introduction ~~to~~ his friend, Mr. Marolly, likewise a Dane, and ~~B~~ ~~British~~ Consul at Kiel. Accordingly I started, at 8 A.M. ~~for~~ the railway station, guided by my obliging host, ~~w~~ ~~whose~~ house may be conscientiously recommended.

Glückstadt is the third largest town in the ~~Duch~~ ~~of~~ Holstein, and has about six thousand inhabi ~~t~~ ~~ants~~. From the superficial glance I had of it, it appear ~~ed~~ ~~to~~ be in no respect remarkable. The most distingui ~~s~~ ~~hing~~ feature of the neat houses was the great number of ~~g~~ ~~ood-~~ sized windows which each contained. The ligh ~~t~~ ~~of~~ heaven cannot be taxed here. One large and curi ~~ous-~~ looking building, full of large windows, on the oppo ~~site~~ side of the harbour, attracted my notice, as we w ~~alked~~ along. This, it appeared, is a place appropriate ~~d~~ ~~to~~ the confinement of *prisoners for life*, most of ~~th~~ ~~em~~ convicted of manslaughter. Executions for murder ~~are~~ exceedingly rare, and are only inflicted in very a ~~re~~ ~~are~~ vated cases. Many vessels, including two Green ~~la~~ ~~and-~~ men belonging to Glückstadt, were frozen up in ~~the~~ little harbour.

At the station, having paid for my carpet-bag ~~g~~ ~~and~~ trunk about twopence English each, I took a third ~~ce~~ ~~class~~ fare for Kiel, a distance of about sixty English ~~mi~~ ~~les,~~ the charge being three shillings English, or only a ~~ab~~ ~~out~~ one halfpenny per mile; the carriages being decide ~~de~~ ~~ly~~ more comfortable than second-class carriages gene ~~ra~~ ~~lly~~ are in England. In size and internal arrange ~~me~~ ~~nt,~~ they resembled English third-class, and were well lig ~~ht~~ ~~ted~~ with glazed and tightly-fitting windows. The rail ~~wa~~ ~~y~~ itself appeared excellently made, constructed, it ~~sh~~ ~~ow~~ said, by Scotch engineers. On starting, the sun ~~sh~~ ~~ine~~ brightly; and feathery particles of snow drifted, ~~like~~

glittering fragments of diamonds, across its slanting beams. The rate of speed at which the train proceeded was slow.

At Elmshorn, we had to change carriages for Kiel, and staid about half-an-hour at the station, the refreshment-room of which is really very elegant; and, although the decorations are probably very much less expensive, as well the structure itself, than those of most English stations, much good taste is shown in them.

On the route to Kiel, from the glimpses obtainable of the surrounding country, it appeared very similar to a well-cultivated flat English county. There were numerous fields, and neat wayside cottages, with occasionally little secluded hamlets. In other parts of the Duchies the resemblance is still more striking and minute.

Arriving at Kiel, I lost no time in going in quest of Mr. Marolly, and after some search succeeded in finding his residence. He is a young Dane, but speaks good English, and is of very superior intelligence. After perusing my letter of introduction, he at once offered his best services, evidently in a most sincere spirit. Having explained to him the object of my journey, and my anxiety to get to Copenhagen as soon as possible, he said there were only one or two very small vessels bound for Copenhagen, but forthwith sailed out with me to make inquiries. Having found the captain of one of them, he bargained on my behalf for a passage, as the vessel was to sail that evening. It was arranged that whatever length short of five days the voyage might prove, I was to stay on board full that time; the Danish quarantine law being still in strict operation, by which no traveller is permitted to

land until he has been five clear days from the last port he left. Passing quarantine at Copenhagen is frequently most expensive. Mr. Marolly told me that in September he had himself to pass it there for a short period, and that it cost him, in fees and other expenses, six pounds sterling. In some cases it is even more serious. By remaining on board the vessel five days and getting the same certified (if necessary) on my passport, by the captain, it was hoped further detention and expense would be avoided.

This matter arranged, we dined together at the *table d'hôte* of the *Stadt Copenhagen*, kept by a good fellow named Carl Heinrich, who humorously described himself to me as being the first citizen of the state (*erster staatsburger*). The table was tolerably well supplied; the guests were nearly all military and civil *employés* of the Schleswig-Holstein government, who habitually dine there at 1 P.M., and meet again for coffee in the evening.

After dinner, I went forth alone for a ramble over the town, which is seated on a *fjord* or firth of the Baltic, with a population of between 8,000 and 10,000 souls. It has a University, and is the seat of the present Government of the Duchies. It is celebrated for its noble canal, navigable by vessels of a considerable size, which connects the Baltic with the German Ocean. It is a far more lively place than might be expected, with good streets (although rather narrow), and decent, but apparently scantily-stocked, shops of various kinds. The houses seemed well-built, with abundance of windows, those on the ground floor being frequently of peculiar shapes. The first floors of the better sorts were generally fitted with folding wings, after the French fashion. The rooms are heated with stoves, and it is doubtful whether such a thing as an

English fire-grate is to be found in any sitting-room in the place. Some of these stoves are very elegant. The large stove in Mr. Marolly's sitting-room was about eight feet high, with a handsome gilt statue placed on its square top, and would not have disgraced a London drawing-room. Little stands, in his room, sustained glass basins, &c., imbedded in moss and artificial flowers, which had a very pretty effect. This apartment had such a light cheerful appearance, that but for the snow seen through the large windows, one might have thought one's self in a continental room in summer time. Its floor, like all others in Kiel, was of polished hard wood, much after the Parisian fashion. The stairs were also of similar materials: carpets are rarely used in any part of the houses.

There is an immense church, built entirely of brick, with a huge square tower, and a very lofty hexagonal spire. In the market square, foot soldiers were on parade, and the number of them to be met with, posted as sentinels in the streets, reminded me strongly of French towns. They appeared to be nearly all very young men, being doubtless levies raised during the late war. Their physical appearance was good, and they were well dressed in neat uniforms suitable for the season. They wore bronze helmets, with a peak, and brass ornaments. Their arms were musket and bayonet, and a short straight sword, similar to that used by the French troops. Sledges of different fashions, occupied by ladies, were rattling through the streets. Some of these elegant vehicles were drawn by one, and others by two horses, with a handsome white net-work thrown over their backs, and each with a row of three or four little bells jingling from a frame on their shoulder-harness. A leopard or a bear-skin apron is in front of

the vehicle, and behind projects a stout piece of wood, covered with leather, about eighteen inches long, which a man holds on by, to balance and, in some measure, guide the sledge whilst in motion. The children in the streets and outskirts had little rude sledges of their own, on which they were drawing and propelling one another; and, in some instances, a boy standing upright on a simple piece of plank, about a foot square, with two parallel smooth-edged riders underneath, forced himself over the frosted surface with an iron-spiked shaft, at a considerable speed. Throughout the town, merchandize of every description was being conveyed along on strong sledges. On a piece of frozen water, scores of youths were skating, most of them smoking cigars, which here may be had for a halfpenny, equal to those which would cost from threepence to sixpence in England. The open air felt most exhilarating when walking briskly, and so keen was it, that five minutes' exposure sufficed to turn my moustache into a frozen mass, by the medium of my congealed breath.

The feeling with which the people of Kiel regard the Danish quarrel, seemed significantly expressed by the fact that, in numerous shop windows, there were various prints representing the explosion of the Danish ship-of-the-line, "Christian VIII.," and the capture of the "Gefion," with appropriate exulting letter-press.

The oil lamps which light the streets are large and handsome, and are suspended from a light iron crane fixed to the walls. One end of a small chain, passing over sheaves in blocks, on the under side of the crane, is attached to the top of the lamp, and the other end of the chain goes round a small roller, protected from the weather by a box fastened to the wall, with an orifice for a key, by means of which the lamp is lowered or

raised for the purpose of lighting, &c.; thus obviating, by this simple and ingenious method, the necessity of ascending by a ladder, which, in the slippery state of the streets during the long winter months, would be very liable to slip out at the foot. In very narrow streets, iron bars are linked across, and the lamp is suspended from the centre, and lowered or raised in a similar manner.

A beautiful promenade, planted with trees, leads, from the side of the quay, a considerable distance along the shore of the upper part of the white fiord. This public walk commands a novel and beautiful prospect. In some places it rises to a considerable height, the snow-wreaths fringing its side, and the fiord itself, with the opposite shore, presenting picturesque features. Here and there, on the precipitous side next the fiord, are very handsome villas, painted with lively colours, and full of windows. On the promenade near the town was a considerable body of troops exercising. Two or three vessels were building near the quay, at which lay a few brigs, and a number of small craft. The chorus of the sailors of one of the largest brigs, as they busily discharged her cargo, floated musically on the clear air; and occasionally the prolonged report of a sportsman's gun was wafted mellowly from the opposite shore. Altogether, in the summer season, Kiel must be a very agreeable residence for those who can dispense with the bustle and luxuries of large cities.

In the evening, Mr. Marolly met me by appointment, and brought news that the destination of Captain Piil (Arrow, *Anglicè*) was changed from Copenhagen to Rudkiobing, in the island of Langeland. Whereupon I made a fresh arrangement to go with him to that place, as Copenhagen could be reached from thence by sea and

land in two or three days. He particularly begged
 would be on board at 10 P.M. With that view a
 was sent with my luggage to the vessel at eight o'clock;
 but, to my great disappointment, he soon returned
 the intelligence that Captain Piil, not having the fe
 broken promises before his eyes, had sailed alre
 without me. On this, Mr. Marolly sent for the cap
 of a Danish craft, bound for Svendborg, in the islan
 Fünen, which was to sail that night. The cap
 promptly attended, but was most reluctant to take m
 a passenger. He started objection after objection;
 my powerful friend combated them at every po
 Finally, he consented to receive me aboard his ark
 five days or upwards; but he hoped I would lay
 stock of food for myself, as he had nothing but his
 nary ship's provisions.

This did not at all suit my views, as I particu
 wished to avail myself of an opportunity of clos
 observing the every-day life and fare of that numer
 class of his Danish Majesty's subjects who "go do
 to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in
 great waters." I assured him, therefore, that he
 not fear of failing to suit me, for I could eat any
 and sleep anywhere. This last bulwark removed,
 a bargain being struck on the captain's own t
 (viz., for my passage and food during five days, a
 equal to only about fifteen shillings English, and
 many Danish marks for each day beyond the five),
 grew more cordial over a stiff glass, and departed
 the understanding that I would be on board by
 o'clock.

When he was gone, Mr. Marolly (who frankly
 that he himself should by no means relish such a voy
 as I was about to undertake) told me that prob

part of the poor fellow's objection to taking me arose from the fact that men of his class frequently did a little smuggling, in which case the presence of a third party was, of course, no desideratum.

At the appointed hour, Mr. Marolly saw me on board; and I here cordially thank him for his most friendly exertions. Should any British traveller require advice or aid in Kiel, he will find in the above gentleman a British Consul worthy of the name.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE AFLOAT ON THE BALTIC—KIEL TO SVENDBORG, IN THE
ISLAND OF FÜNEN.

THE craft in which I was to make my first experience of life afloat in the Baltic, was a regular ship-of-the-line, be assured. She belonged to, and was bound for Svendborg, in the island of Fünen, in Denmark Proper. Her name was "Enigheetns Minde," and that of her skipper was Berthel Heinsen. Her crew consisted of one man—and no boy. Total of captain, crew, and passenger—three able-bodied men. Her dimensions were thirty to thirty-five feet long, by ten or eleven feet breadth of beam. She had one good-sized, upright, red-pine mast, with rattlins to its shrouds, and long bowsprit and jib-boom. She hoisted a large spread of canvas, consisting of gaff-and-boom mainsail, foresail, staysail, jib, and flying-jib, all of new canvas, and was well found in stores. Her burthen could not exceed twenty tons; her mould was very pretty, and she was a neat and strongly-built craft, as perhaps I may be allowed to say, having had considerable practical experience in vessel-building from boyhood. Over her counter-stern was suspended a neat little skiff from davits.

Descend with me to the cabin. The top is raised on a level with the bulwarks, and you enter, *stern foremost*, through a little folding-door, reaching from the front of the cabin-top to the deck, and just large enough to admit your passage. A ladder of four steps will enable you to reach the floor, but very possibly your legs are long enough without its aid. Once in, shut the door, and survey your domain. It is about eight feet square at top, but owing to the rake of the stern, and the shape of the "runs," not more than about five feet by three feet at bottom. It is just high enough for you to sit upright, if you are not very tall, and is lighted by two little stern-windows, and a piece of thick glass ridged on the under side, let into the deck overhead. Between the stern-post and the nearest timbers are little shelves, thickly studded with bottles, cups, pots, and other utensils, some of them being of quaint and primitive device. A little deal table, about two feet square, is fastened against the stern (on which table has been written all you have hitherto read of these notes), and underneath it is a barrel of Danish beer, with a plug in lieu of a screw. Looking forward, you behold a small chest against the bulkhead, containing the valuables of the skipper—his holiday clothes, vessel's register, bills of lading, &c. Above it is a tiny mirror and a shelf, and to its left is a stove, proportionate in size with the cabin. On either side the vessel is a sleeping-berth; that on the larboard side, which is partially closed, is the skipper's own, whilst that on the starboard side is quite open, and is intended for myself. Fast seats run alongside the berths, and a shifting one crosses them in a line with the side of the table. Loaves of rye, kegs of butter, huge parcels of tobacco, coils of rope, nor'westers, flasks of spirits,

and an almost inexhaustible variety of miscellaneous articles, "too numerous to particularise," as an auctioneer would say, are crammed in every nook and corner. Suspended from a hook, in close proximity to the stove, permanently hangs the captain's silver watch, a queer, old-fashioned thing, with the name of the maker, "Nelson, London," staring you in the face. From the same hook are suspended a leathern shot-pouch, and a bulbous-shaped wooden powder-flask, the springs of each encrusted with rust; but they respectively held a considerable quantity of lead and of "villanous saltpetre." Their close proximity to the stove would be somewhat startling to a nervous person. Honest Berthel Heinsen probably holds the same opinion as Oliver Cromwell did respecting the propriety of keeping his powder dry. Overhead is an array of knives and forks, of all sorts and sizes, thrust into the interstices between a beam and the deck.

This inventory may be concluded by describing my bed. Its foundations were unbent sails, with accompanying cordage; and for a covering a small feather-bed. The head of the bed, which went up to the stern, was raised tolerably high, and, on examination one morning, this tumulus was found to be composed of an old sail, a coil of ropes, two or three rye loaves, hard as stones, a cast-off pair of trousers, a nor'wester, and a pillow to crown all. Only two faults were to be found with the bed; one, that the size of the vessel did not permit it to be so long as was desirable; and the other, that the over-all feather-bed only reached from the feet to my waist.

We had a forecastle as well; but as that was the exclusive domain of the one man, and he had only just room to turn in it, we will not intrude on him.

In person the skipper was a stout, red-faced, good-looking man, of about five-and-forty years of age, somewhat stolid in expression, and exquisitely deliberate in all his movements; but, as he wore ear-rings, shaved closely, adorned his cabin with a mirror some three inches square, and smoked, in a long pipe, certain tobacco which never paid duty, and was "the best under the sun"—(this must be true, for it was so asserted on the package thereof in no less than four languages—Latin, French, English, and Dutch)—probably he had been a bit of a Baltic dandy in his younger days. His factotum was one Lars Andersen, a lively and most pleasant-looking old sea-dog, of sixty or upwards; so good-humoured, simple, and kind—so contented, cheerful, and self-denying, that my heart really warmed towards him from the first moment of our acquaintance.

As soon as I was on board, the vessel unmoored, and spread her light wings. We sailed till the "sma' hours," and then came to an anchor, the captain proposing to return to Kiel in the morning, to take in more cargo, providing the fiord was not frozen in the night—an anticipation, the great probability of which had induced him to leave harbour over night. We closely passed the mouth of the fiord leading up to Eckenförde, a name which, a few months ago, sounded through the world for the first, and, perhaps, the last time, in consequence of the attempt made by the Danish line-of-battle ship, "Christian VIII." and the steam-frigate "Gefion," to destroy the German batteries planted on the shore there, and commanded by the brother of Prince Albert. The result of that enterprise was that the "Christian VIII." took ground, and begged a truce for an hour or two. At its expiration,

she was riddled with red-hot balls, and blew up and sunk; five hundred of her crew perishing with her. The captain escaped, and I met with him at Copenhagen. He has a twin brother, also a commodore in the Danish navy. The "Gefion" was captured, and her name has been changed to Eckenförde.

In the course of the night I was awakened by the grinding of floating masses of ice against the sides of the vessel; and the skipper sprang out of his berth, and went on deck to "take an observation." The visitation soon passed; but occasionally stray pieces of ice struck us until morning. The air which came into the cabin through the ill-fitting doorway was piercingly cold, and the cup of steaming coffee which good old Lars brought me at daybreak, was verily welcome. On deck, the scene was neither extended nor remarkably inviting, yet, from its novelty, it had interest for me. Hoar-frost at least an inch thick, totally unlike anything of the kind seen in England, and resembling nothing so much as the sweet substance confectioners call "snow," coated vessel and rigging. Not a sound was to be heard, save the startling scream of passing wild-birds, and the gentle ripple of the water against the cable. A dense vapour arose from the surface of the fiord (a proof of the intensity of the cold), and closely shrouded us. We burned no light on deck, and certainly had a vessel of any size come looming upon us, down the bonny "Enigheetns Minde" must have gone, and the reader would, probably, have been spared the trouble of perusing these "Pictures."

Our breakfast consisted of black rye bread, butter, bacon, and liver fried in a "wee" iron pot; cold meat, rum, and *brændiviin*; a breakfast fit for a prince, that is, supposing his royal highness were afloat in the

Baltic in a tiny bark, and with a good appetite. The rye-bread was so hard that it required a very powerful arm and sharp knife to cut it, and had a sour taste. The *brændiviin* is a species of brandy, made from wheat. It looks precisely like water, and has a most peculiar taste, and a strong earthy smell.

For dinner we had a species of "lobscouse," consisting of bacon, bread, potatoes, carrots, and other ingredients. This was served up in a huge bowl, around which the trio of us sat, each with a light wooden spoon in hand, alternately dipping in the aforesaid vessel, and fishing in it for tit-bits. As to appetite! a single look at the face of that fine old Danish sea-cook, would have given a relish to any fare! No polished host in the world could have paid more constant and delicate attentions than did he throughout the voyage. The affability of his manner was indescribably winning. Lars never heard of such a thing as etiquette in his life—but he was a perfect master of the etiquette of the heart! The skipper also, phlegmatic as he was, behaved with great kindness, and perhaps never paid more attention to anybody in his life than he did to me.

Having seen the yellow bottom of our bowl, we selected our knives and forks from their convenient receptacles overhead, and attacked the boiled beef, with the accompaniments of rum, Danish beer, and a cup of steaming coffee, with barley-sugar, as a comfortable finisher. The beer in question has a singular smoky taste, but is very wholesome drink. The meals throughout the voyage were much of the same description, varied occasionally by bacon and apples fried together in an iron pot. Lars would beat Soyer hollow—on the Baltic!

In the afternoon the mist cleared off as swiftly as

though a curtain had been withdrawn, and revealed the shore, about half a mile distant, rising in lofty ranges of hills thickly clothed with trees, and houses perched here and there, and a snowy mantle over all. The scene glistened with magical beauty in the faint sunbeams, but in a few minutes the lovely vision faded instantaneously, and nothing remained but a wall of mist to look at. Awhile after, a large steamer, bound for Kiel, passed us close, ringing her bell without intermission, but the sound penetrated such a little way through the fog that she loomed like a gigantic apparition within a biscuit throw, before we knew of her existence. What would have become of us, had we been lying directly in her track, a few hours later, when we should have been fast asleep, without light or lookout? Her crew could not possibly have seen our "wee" craft until in the very act of running us down.

A little before daybreak next morning, we weighed anchor and spread the frozen sails, the skipper resolving to get away at all risk, lest his bonny craft should be in "icy fetters bound." The little boat was lowered from the davits, and Lars pulled a-head with a tow-line, whilst the skipper and myself wielded stowers to break the yet thin ice on either side the bows, to clear a channel for our passage. We soon got clear of ice, the sun shone pleasantly, and at noon we were running before a strong wind far out in the Baltic. The latter is a shallow and almost tideless sea, but is very subject to dreadful storms. Its water is a light green colour clear as crystal. Learned men assert that the bed of the Baltic rises several feet in the course of a century and some attribute this to the expansive action of vast subterraneous fire. The sturdy little craft pitched a good deal on the rough sea, but she made good head

way till sunset, when the wind died away, and waves subsided as rapidly as they had risen. On sweeping the horizon from the mast-head, not an object was in sight—no land, no vessel, not even a solitary *schiffs-vogel*, and not a sound broke the dead silence except a slight rippling of the water under our stern. There was also a most palpable sudden change in the weather, which became “mild as May,” though during the past night it had been severe enough to convert the little cask of water on the forecastle into solid ice, which by its expansive power had burst out one end of the cask.

About midnight a little wind sprang up again, and Lars, placing a candle in the binnacle, seated himself on the cabin-top, and grasping the tiller with his woollen-mitted hands, steered till 3 in the morning, when he dropped anchor in a calm. He weighed at daybreak, and we ran before a good breeze. About noon we neared the first of the archipelago of islets clustered around the extremity of Fünen, and had an interesting sail as they were threaded. Sometimes we were almost within hail of their shores, which presented an uniform swampy aspect, very little above the level of sea, and occasionally fringed with a few scattered willows, poplars, firs, dwarf-birch, beech, &c., all having a miserably stunted appearance. Dotted up and down, were cosy-looking cottages neatly thatched with coarse straw or reeds, their sides invariably whitewashed, and boasting five or six windows a-row. Many little eminences—and a mole-hill sufficed to make one!—were crowned with windmills whirling merrily round. The snow had now melted away, and only left “rucks” in shady spots, so that the well-cultivated fields could be seen, stretching down in some places to the water’s edge.

In the evening (Saturday) we came to anchor in the Bay of Svendborg, and while sails were furling and supper preparing, I read "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and thought of auld lang syne, and "them that's awa.'"

Exactly six months ago, stricken with the deadly cholera, I was in a Paris hospital, stretched on a couch whence none ever thought I should rise again, and thousands were literally dying around me—priest and soldier, diplomatist and philosopher, prince and peasant, believer and infidel. Yet a miracle, as it were, of God's mercy, I left that great receptacle of human misery, the first patient carried out again alive during many days. And now, afloat in a secluded bay, the very existence of which is almost unknown, and instead of the feverish hum of the most splendid, most restless, and most wicked city in the world, sounding through the casement of my sick room, I am seated here, powerful in body and hopeful in spirit, listening to the harmless ripples of the waves as they rise against our bark, and fancying them kisses welcoming it home again to its native waters;—instead of being thrilled with the perpetual groans of the dying, I hear the lusty hail and response exchanged between my ship-mates and some passing craft;—and instead of the solemn visit of the medical staff and the shaven priest, here comes the ever-smiling, heart-cheering face of good old Lars with smoking supper in his hands!

The next morning was Sunday, and I turned out early to have a look at our whereabouts. We lay half-a-mile from the shore, and in the centre of the bay, which is of a semicircular shape, formed by two long low islands called *Taasinge* and *Thorö* lying across its mouth just like a string to a bow, and thus leaving two

entrances. The population of Svendborg is three or four thousand, and looked very pretty from our anchorage, with its whitewashed houses and windmills, and two most extraordinary-looking churches, also whitewashed. The shores were wooded with beech, fir, and other trees. At the quays lay half-a-dozen brigs and schooners, and many little fishing and trading boats were sailing in and out. Such would be my prospect for this and the following day, which I must pass in quarantine—a thing much complained of by all travellers, but both a wise and humane precaution. It is, at least, a fact that Denmark has never been visited by cholera, but Sweden and Norway both have. At night the worthy skipper treated us to a famous bowl of rum punch. Before turning in for the night we had a tramp on deck, and although it was only a fisherman's walk—"three steps and overboard"—the evening was so deliciously fresh and mild, that I have trod moonlit terraces with far less enjoyment. A few lights gleamed over the water from Svendborg, and the deep baying of watch-dogs distinctly broke the otherwise perfect silence.

We had bitter wind and snow the next morning, and great flocks of sea-birds hovered slowly around. Friend Lars was somewhat astonished at seeing me merrily running up and down the rattlins, and singing at the mast-head. In the shrouds was fastened a very curious and primitively-fashioned augur, or fish-spear.

At noon a Custom-house boat hailed us, and the officer informed me I might land that night. Between 7 and 8 o'clock, P.M., an official boarded us in a skiff, and after examining the skipper's papers and my passport, obligingly offered me a passage to shore with him. Heartily shaking honest Berthel Heinsen by the hand,

I went on deck, calling for Lars. When I was seated in the stern sheets of the skiff, the worthy skipper leant over his bulwarks once more to shake my fist, and then, our little spritsail being let fall, the tiny boat flew through the water with hardly an inch of dry side, and in a few moments the "Enigheetns Minde" was left far astern, but long as sight availed, my hat was waved in farewell adieu to her crew.

CHAPTER IV.

SVENDBORG TO COPENHAGEN.

A VERY few minutes' sailing brought us to the low quay, and I lightly stepped on to Denmark Proper. It is always an interesting moment when we for the first time set foot in a new country, to us individually just discovered, and I deeply felt the truth which Goldsmith, who well knew what it was to "traverse realms alone," enunciated, when he exclaims in his "Traveller,"

"Creation's heir, the world—the world is mine!"

Walking through the streets, the prodigious number of windows every house contained struck me particularly; the lower parts, in some instances, actually seemed all glass. Even the "stud and mud" cottages in the outskirts, had their rows of windows in some instances not eighteen inches apart. Nothing in the appearance of this and the other towns visited by me on my journey towards the capital, struck me so much as this peculiar and pleasant feature. Many a little cot in Denmark has more glaziers' work about it, than a substantial house of three or four stories in Great Britain.

I was conducted to the hotel, where I spent a pleasant evening in the society of a number of the townsmen, one or two of whom spoke a little French and English. I was most forcibly impressed by the striking resemblance of their countenances and persons, to those of my own countrymen. Except two or three bearded military men, one would have imagined, judging by looks, that he was in a company composed of respectable middle-class Englishmen; but their manners were certainly more polished and free, and they had none of that *mauvaise honte* that want of mixing much in public imparts to so many otherwise gentlemanlike Englishmen.

Having secured a place in the ordinary *persons-poste*, I left the next morning for Roeskilde, which is within sixteen English miles of Copenhagen, paying in advance and receiving a written ticket and receipt. The charge was extremely moderate, being only about fourteen shillings English, luggage included. No fee whatever is expected by the drivers, nor by the steward of the packet across the Great Belt; and when the traveller has secured his place, he has no further anxiety, his luggage being responsibly forwarded either by the carriage in which he is seated, or by some other on the route.

At 4 o'clock the next morning, after a cup of coffee with delicious frozen cream, I seated myself in a low, light, four-wheeled vehicle, drawn by two horses abreast, the front part much resembling an English stage-coach, except that the seat behind the driver only accommodated two passengers, which, with a single seat by his side, made up the complement. The body of the carriage was fashioned like a shallow, shelving-sided cart, and in it the luggage and goods were placed, and covered with a tarpaulin.

We were a long time in clearing the town. Twisting and turning from street to street, and lane to lane, the *poste* rolled onwards, and when the last straggling row of houses was passed, the cutting blast from the wintry Baltic, forcibly announced that the open country was gained, and the wind blew strongly from that quarter all the way to Nyborg. My fellow-traveller must have been an old stager, for he secured the leeward seat. On looking at him several times with a view to address him, he was so muffled up in his fur coats and cap, that only just the tip of his nose and a corner of his mouth were visible, whence issued clouds of the weed he was consuming in a long pipe. The driver wore a red coat and had bugle horn, which he blew as we approached the villages. The country, as we advanced, was more thickly covered with snow, and was a dead, level, treeless land, without the least sign of the picturesque about its physical outlines. The roadside cottages were few and far between, and the scene in the gloom preceding day-break (which did not happen till about 9, A.M.) was wild, desolate, and melancholy.

I noticed a simple and efficient substitute for toll-bar gates, in shape of a beam of wood balanced across a low post by the side of the road. The short end of the beam was heavily weighed with stones, so that when the chain which was attached to the other extremity to hold it down in a horizontal position across the road was withdrawn, it instantly rose high in the air, and permitted the passage of the vehicle. The driver had frequently to blow hearty blasts on his bugle before he aroused the slumbering bar-keepers to come forth and loose the chain.

About noon we arrived at Nyborg, a town of two or three thousand inhabitants, situated on the edge of the

Great Belt, and here I said until nightfall, waiting for the steamer which crosses over to Corsøer, in the island of Siølland, or, as we call it, Zealand, on the eastern side of which is Copenhagen. The town of Nyborg is a considerable military station, and has some foreign trade. The passage across the Belt, only nine English miles wide between the two towns, proved stormy enough, and we were an extraordinary time about it—the sea sweeping our decks handsomely.

At Corsøer we remained a couple of hours or less, and then resumed our land journey in the same fashion as before. It was a glorious night, the stars shining with intense brilliancy, although at times the whole face of the heavens became obscured almost instantaneously. Sharp but transient snow-storms also occasionally occurred, and the wintry blast was truly bitter, piercing to the marrow of one's bones.

On we travelled the whole night, with little interruption, except a bait of a couple of hours at a village one stage short of Ringstead, and a most delicious supper. One of my present fellow-travellers was a young Danish soldier, who showed me, with commendable pride, the cross and silver medal he had received for good conduct in the celebrated action with the Prussians at the siege of Fredericia, in Jutland, in 1848. Recently this class of decorations was given by England to the few survivors of a battle fought in the Peninsula full forty years ago. If they deserved a medal at all, the veterans in question had as much right to it at the expiration of forty weeks as of forty years, and probably nine-tenths of all entitled to receive it descended to the tomb uncheered by the hardly-won meed. They "order these matters differently" in Denmark.

At 9, A.M., arrived at Roeskilde, an exceedingly ancient town, and formerly of high importance as the seat of government. It possesses a brick cathedral, in the vaults of which the kings of Denmark are interred. After a stay here of some hours, I left by railway for Copenhagen. This is the only line in Denmark Proper (16 miles long), and seems exceedingly well ordered. During my subsequent residence, much discussion took place in the newspapers, respecting the propriety of establishing electric telegraphs in various parts of the country, but the project died away. The fare for a seat in a first-class carriage was little more than the price by the English parliamentary trains, but the gentleman in the same carriage with me smoked pertinaciously all the way. Indeed, the Scandinavians generally smoke anywhere and everywhere without any notion of impropriety.

CHAPTER V.

GENERAL IMPRESSIONS OF COPENHAGEN.

NOTHING but a very long sojourn, a perfect familiarity with the manners of the people, and a thorough knowledge of the language, would enable an Englishman fully to depict life in the capital of Denmark, and to illustrate it pleasingly with legendary lore. My object, so far as Copenhagen is concerned, is to give a tolerably clear and faithful general idea of the place and people, with notices of a few objects of really surpassing interest.

Many a traveller who glances for the first time at a landscape bathed in golden sunlight, or who first visits a city when it is unusually prosperous, gay, and splendid, is impressed with a correspondingly exaggerated notion of the beauty of the one, and the attractions of the other. But let him first see the same landscape when a black storm is lowering over it, and first see the same city when its commerce is depressed, and its dwellers spiritless—his opinion would be just the reverse. And yet that opinion would, in either case, be an erroneous one.

Copenhagen (in Danish, Kjöbenhavn) contains about one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, and is

situated on the Sound, about nine English miles distant from the nearest point of the opposite coast of Sweden. It is as flat a place as can well be conceived, nor are there any elevated grounds very near it. The view of Copenhagen from the sea is very striking, owing to its having on the west side an enormous mass of dockyards, forts, batteries, &c. It is inclosed with ramparts, elevated to a considerable height, and forming delightful walks, planted with trees. There are also beautiful promenades in other parts of the city. Many parts of the town are intersected with canals.

Copenhagen is emphatically a city of palaces, of museums, and of public buildings. This is its distinctive feature, and to appreciate it fully, nothing but a personal visit will suffice. No person of ordinary intelligence can walk through it without, at every step, exclaiming—THIS IS A CAPITAL! The number of great edifices belonging to the State is astonishing, and yet, taking the city all through, there is not one of extraordinary grandeur—not a palace, not a church, not a square, which will bear comparison with those of many other cities. Some of the Government buildings, indeed, are of extraordinary extent, and well built; but, generally speaking, they are essentially plain in their architecture, and exhibit little grandeur of conception. Some of the churches are very extraordinary erections, and contain paintings and sculptures (especially the latter) of inestimable value. There are theatres, a very grand casino, and many places of exhibition. The generality of the streets are narrow, and the people are surprisingly mixed up with the carriages, on the middle of the road, in the narrowest streets; but as no vehicle is allowed by the law to drive at a greater rate than one Danish mile (about four and a-half English) per hour,

accidents rarely occur. The houses have all a substantial and yet a light appearance, owing to the great number of the windows. Some are lofty, especially those facing the ramparts. Although there is not one truly grand street in Copenhagen, there are few mean ones. Nearly every street throughout the city is at least respectable. You will search in vain for those dirty, dismal, fetid alleys and courts common to English towns; and you will look equally in vain for any of those repulsive street scenes common in the latter. Beggars are certainly not unknown here, but they are exceedingly few—no miserable objects in rags and tatters disgust the eye; and never yet have I met a drunken man in Copenhagen, although I have traversed it at all hours.

There is no lack of in-door gaiety at Copenhagen; but the general aspect of the city, to a foreigner accustomed to the stunning bustle of English towns, is decidedly dull. This arises partly from the very little show the shops make, the comparatively trifling business traffic in the streets, and also from the leisurely habits of the people themselves. The fact is, the Danes have *not yet learned to live in a hurry*; but, although they are “slow,” they are steady and sure; although they are a century behind England in many of the leading improvements of the age, they are more than a century ahead of England in generally diffused plenty and comfort; and although they do not gallop through life as though for a wager, they know how to enjoy it rationally.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EXIT OF THE OLD YEAR, AND THE ENTRANCE OF THE NEW
YEAR, AT COPENHAGEN.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE is looked forward to in Denmark as the great national holiday of the year. No extraordinary display heralds it in the shops, nor is there any outward indication whatever of its approach ; but from Christmas Eve to New Year's Day, both inclusive, is one period of general recreation and good-will among all classes. There are no very peculiar customs observed in Copenhagen on New Year's Eve—at any rate, none requiring particular mention.

On Christmas-day I was one of a happy party met to keep the anniversary in true Danish fashion. It was a delightful family re-union ; the guests, with few exceptions, being more or less akin. The hour at which all tradesmen dine in Copenhagen is one o'clock, but professional people and the upper classes dine at three, which was the usual dinner hour of my friends in question, although on this occasion we did not sit down to the hospitable board till between four and five. The scene I then witnessed appeared worthy of the genial pencil of Kenny Meadows ; for he alone, of all artists

whom I know, would have caught its peculiar inspiration, and, by a few bold strokes, have graphically delineated it with a masterly hand. At the upper end were seated the venerable grand-parents; and, as I watched their gentle smile, a volume of placid happiness might be read—an eloquent, though silent expression of their gratitude to the Supreme Giver for thus permitting them once more to enjoy the Day of Days in the midst of their friends, their children, and their children's children. Towards the centre of the table sat our host, and nearly opposite him presided his accomplished lady—myself being honoured with the seat at her right hand.

There were many charming, bright blue-eyed Danish lasses, and some of the loveliest children I ever beheld. Indeed, our hostess's eldest child, a little girl three years of age, was the most beautiful and engaging creature conceivable. She is the petted favourite, not only of myself, but also of another Wanderer, Hans Christian Andersen, who will play with her for hours, and can enter into the very spirit of her infantine delights. 'Tis his nature, and a guileless nature too! "Blessed is he whose hand prepareth a pleasure for a child!" and he whose nature assimilates itself to that of little children, is verily nearest Heaven.

At the conclusion of the dinner, the two little children of the host ran to him and said, "Thank you for my dinner!" This is the constant custom of Danish children every day. A few appropriate toasts were given by our host, and each guest—ladies as well as gentlemen—bowed to each individual present in succession, before they drained their glasses. On the company rising simultaneously from table, another national custom was strictly followed. The guests of both sexes shook hands all round, saying at the same time, "*Vel*

bekomme Dem ;” literally, “Good may it do you !” But those guests who were previously unacquainted merely bowed to each other. This is a custom observed at all dinner-parties throughout the year.

We then adjourned to the drawing-room, and certain whispers and movements intimated that something was in preparation likely to give me a pleasant surprise. Nor were we kept long in suspense, for the word came to “follow our leader,” and away the entire fleet of us gaily scudded, pell-mell, towards another room ; and, on sailing in, the secret was revealed at a glance.

The DANISH CHRISTMAS TREE ! There it towered in all its glory—with its countless sparkling lights, and its dangling tickets. A buzz of admiration burst from all lips, and bright eyes grew brighter, and smiling cheeks grew more radiant, and prattlers prattled faster, and little feet danced around with irrepressible joyous excitement.

The Christmas Tree is a beautiful living specimen of a species of evergreen pine, growing in a tub placed in the centre of the room. It was about nine or ten feet in height, and its horizontal branches symmetrically stretched around, shooting out widely at the base, and gradually lessening until the apex was formed by the straight single stem. In the branches were fastened scores of various-coloured wax lights, placed in wire-holders, and from root to top were suspended paste-board tickets, each inscribed with a certain number. Interspersed were gilded apples, bunches of grapes and raisins, nuts, and figs, to be plucked by the company at pleasure.

The host armed himself with a pair of scissors, and calling upon us to aid him in finding the successively numbered tickets, as the latter were purposely mingled

in pleasing confusion, he commenced operations by clipping off number one. This he delivered to the guest whose name it bore, and he, in turn, presented it to the hostess, who was the presiding Good Genius at a large and long table, completely covered with articles of all sizes, mysteriously muffled in paper, so that it was impossible even to guess what their contents might be. These were the *prizes*, each having a number answerable to some particular ticket, to indicate to whose share the corresponding prize was to fall. Having found the article bearing the duplicate number, the office of the Good Genius was smilingly to deliver the parcel to him or her, as the case might be. The fortunate party would then forthwith eagerly tear off the wrappers, and exultingly exhibit the prize to the company.

The prizes consisted of every conceivable variety of articles, and, were in most cases, not merely ornamental, but useful: not a few of them were elegant and expensive light articles of dress. Neither host nor hostess knew what all the prizes were, nor what would fall to their own personal share; for those which they designed for each other were privately deposited among the collection, and ticketed at the last moment.

Number after number was found and called, and prize after prize delivered; and such a gleeful, busy, rattling, chattering, happy set as we all were, never was seen since the world began to make merry. There was at least one prize for every body—from grandsire to the wee todlin' bairnie of only eighteen months of age, who, with more than the usual precociousness of Copenhagen infants, could run about and talk as well as many English ones thrice as old. It would have gladdened the very soul of the sourest misanthrope to have witnessed the scene! The silver-haired

grand-parents, the black-bearded fellows like myself, the gold-laced officer, the charming, bonnie sonsie lasses—all were children! Sometimes a prize would turn up designedly of a description to create a peal of cordial merriment at the expense of its owner—in which he himself could not but irresistibly join.

No less than three prizes fell to my share. The first was particularly acceptable—a portrait of Hans Christian Andersen, the gift of my host, who well knew I should treasure it. The second prize was—a *Danish wife*! To whom my gratitude is due for this gift, I deplore I am even yet profoundly ignorant. My third prize was a beautiful penholder (in use at this moment), the gift of the Good Genius.

The last prize was that magical number, ninety-nine; and it appropriately fell to the share of the Good Genius herself—a fitting reward for her graceful labours. She had not the remotest idea what it was, and closely did we circle round her as she detached fold after fold of paper. At length a square case appeared, and on its lid being raised, the prize was revealed in the shape of a beautiful new gold watch—a present from her husband. Her delight only equalled her surprise at this well-timed gift, and clinging was the fond kiss with which she tearfully acknowledged it. The entire distribution of prizes occupied nearly two hours.

The Christmas Tree is a genuine old Danish affair, looked forward to by the young with inconceivable expectation. The gifts it distributes vary in value, of course, with the rank and wealth of the host, and sometimes they are of so costly a nature that the aggregate value of the prizes amounts to a very large sum. On the occasion in question, an improvement on the ordinary custom of distributing the prizes was effected, but

in all other respects the orthodox usage was rigidly observed. Indeed, my kind friend afterwards told me that he had got up his Christmas Tree with extraordinary precision, expressly to give me an opportunity of beholding a perfect specimen.

The remainder of the evening was spent by the younger portion of the company in playing curious Danish games, of which there are an immense variety. One was a very antique kind of "mystery," founded on the Scripture parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins—candles being borne by the young ladies to represent lamps. While gazing at the innocent and animated groups around me, I muttered the exquisite expression of Goldsmith's "Vicar:"—"As some men by nature admire the gaudy colours of a tulip or a butterfly's wing, so I by nature am an admirer of happy faces." And then the laugh of the little ones! What music can vie with the laugh of a child!

The whole of the guests departed together, and as we grouped at the last moment, all united to sing a Danish Christmas Song; and as the sweet voices of the women blended in the touching chorus of "*Juul, Juul*," it sounded to me like a strain of delicious melody—like an echo of a hymn caught from heaven in my childhood's hours. So ended my Christmas Day in Copenhagen.

The week succeeding Christmas is an universal holiday. It is true the shops are open, but no business worth mentioning is transacted, and the streets swarm with well-dressed people. I was particularly invited to a brilliant party on New Year's Day, but circumstances beyond my control compelled me most reluctantly to fail in my promise to attend. The assembly only separated at three o'clock on the

ensuing morning; but my disappointment was materially mitigated by a knowledge that, as there were no peculiar national customs worthy of note in the observance of this day, my presence would not have enabled me to have taken any sketches for my English friends.

CHAPTER VII.

DANISH LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN.

THE booksellers' shops were a subject of particular interest to me. They make very little external show, having generally but one or two small windows, a considerable height from the pavement, with a few books and prints displayed against the lower panes. Glazed show-cases, also, containing new works, are attached underneath the windows and along the sides of the entrance passages. In many instances, the shop itself is only accessible by a flight of steps from a side entrance, strongly contrasting in this, as in other respects, with similar concerns in England. Some of the shops are well stocked with works in various languages, especially German and French; and the publishers are intelligent men, well-informed on literary subjects. English books are sold at the London prices; but the time occupied in procuring them is never less than one month, and sometimes more than three. One striking feature in large English towns—shops devoted to the sale of weekly literary periodicals, is altogether unknown in Copenhagen. There are no works whatever nor magazines published in numbers in Denmark, with the single exception of a literary and critical

weekly, entitled "Nord og Syd" (North and South). English cheap journals are utterly unknown; but the English and French monthlies and quarterlies have many subscribers.

The number of newspapers of all descriptions issued in Denmark is from seventy to a hundred. In Copenhagen alone there are ten daily and four weekly newspapers, and nearly every little village has one or more papers: under which designation of villages, Englishmen would, in fact, class almost all places in the kingdom, excepting the capital. The largest of the Copenhagen papers is somewhat larger than one leaf only of the London "Times," and the smallest are not quite double the size of an ordinary sheet of letter paper. The type is large and the lines leaded out, so that the mass of reading in one of these papers is actually much less than that contained in even half a page of some of the London weekly papers which use small type. These miniature papers give a little local and foreign intelligence; but the bulk of the matter consists of original leading political articles. One important feature in them is their *feuilleton*, which consists of either fiction or poetry, original or translated. At the time I was there, one of the largest journals, called the "Fædrelandet" (Fatherland), was publishing in its *feuilleton* a regularly continued translation of Dickens' tale of "David Copperfield," which occasionally occupied nearly half of the current number. The Government organ is "Berlingske Tidende" (Berling's Gazette). Some of these papers are printed in Roman character, but the majority are in German type. Their price is from one penny to twopence each number. There is also a weekly publication called "Corsaren" (The Corsair), of the same description as "Punch" of Lon-

don, and the "Charivari" of Paris. It was originally very able, but it is considered to have fallen off lately. Some of its illustrations struck me as being good, but most of them are puerile, without either wit or satire in them.

Denmark is really an intellectual kingdom. Education is so generally diffused by the State that it is a nation of readers, and, as a natural consequence, these readers have mental pabulum supplied to them by a very strong array of native writers. The number of works issued from the Copenhagen press is very considerable; some of them, especially gift books and annuals, are got up in a manner that would not disgrace the best London or Paris houses. The prices are moderate, and as an instance of the comparatively immense circulation works occasionally attain here, a poem of some length, entitled "Den Lille Hornbløser" (The Little Trumpeter), by H. P. Holst, on the recent war with the Duchies, was published just before my arrival, and *five thousand copies* were sold within the first fortnight.

Many of the living Danish authors are men of much talent—a few even are of great genius. Foremost among the latter is the veteran Oehlenschlæger,* whose tragedies are considered to deserve a place on the same shelf with those of Shakspeare and Schiller; and it is worth while to study the language, for the sole purpose of being able to appreciate him.

Nothing astonishes the Danes more than to be

* It is said that Oehlenschlæger has sold the entire copyright of all his works, which fill many volumes, for the sum of only 6,000 rix-dollars Danish, or 675*l.* sterling. There are English novelists who have earned twice as much within one fortnight! And yet, the works in question are the long-life labours of a mighty intellect.

informed that their countryman, Hans Christian Andersen, has attained so much popularity in England. Andersen, in their estimation, holds only a secondary place compared with some other Danish authors. Presuming this opinion to be correct, one certainly would derive a high opinion of the genius of the authors alluded to. Andersen's countrymen do not deny that he is a highly-gifted man, nor are they insensible to his peculiar merit; but they contend that his genius is essentially of a less lofty order than that of Oehlenschläger. They admit that he is a true diamond, but not a surpassingly brilliant one. Andersen's writings impress me with a notion that he is the Goldsmith of Denmark; he is so genial, so purely child-like in his temperament, and so filled with unfeigned heartfelt affection for mankind. Andersen is no hypocrite, but really only transfers his feelings to paper, and presents us with a sweet reflex of his own infantine yet finely-poetical and noble nature. This it is that gives that charm to his writings, which has been so universally felt. It is this which will impart to them an enduring vitality; for human nature is the same in all ages, and what is acknowledged to be a true transcript of it now will be relished as keenly a thousand years hence. There can, however, be no doubt that the circumstance of Andersen's being the first Danish imaginative author introduced to the British public, has aided materially in securing him his monopoly of their esteem.

It is also remarkable that Miss Bremer occupies the same position with regard to Sweden. She has won the first suffrages of the English people, who know few other Swedish writers; but both in Sweden and Denmark, she is accounted only a second-rate Swedish writer.

I felt naturally curious to learn what English writers of fiction are most read in Denmark, and learned that the four favourites are Bulwer, Marryat, Dickens, and James. The order of their names indicates their relative degrees of popularity. They are all much read; and nearly all the copies bought in the original language are of the cheap but very neat edition issued by Tauchnitz, of Leipzig.

The remuneration generally given to even first-class Danish authors is very small—not one-fourth so much as English writers usually get for magazine papers. We need not marvel at this, when we consider the very limited public addressed. All Denmark Proper contains one million less inhabitants than London alone. But then, nearly every Danish author of repute has a pension from the State, which thus nobly recognises the claims of literature—paramount, as Hume says, above all other professions whatsoever.

With all her countless wealth, England, as a state, grudgingly assigns but a niggard, a beggarly mite, for the reward and encouragement of men of genius, of literature, art, and science. The crown of Denmark also frequently aids in bringing out valuable works, which, from their abstruse nature, are not likely, of themselves, to command a remunerating sale, and consequently would remain unpublished. His late Majesty, Christian VIII., was a munificent and discriminating patron of literature and the fine arts. A few months ago, the Bishop of Copenhagen published a translation of Ossian.

There are in Copenhagen two literary institutions, principally devoted to reading. One is the Athenæum; and consists of a suite of many very commodious and handsomely-fitted reading-rooms, a refreshment room,

and also one devoted to conversation and smoking. It possesses a valuable library of upwards of twenty thousand volumes, principally in the German language; few shelves only being French and English standard works, including latest editions of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." It is plentifully supplied with Danish, German, and French journals and serials, but rather scantily with English ones. It only takes the "Times," "Morning Chronicle," "Examiner," "Athenæum," and "Punch;" the "Edinburgh," "Quarterly," "Foreign Quarterly," and "Law" Reviews; and "Tait's" and the "United Service" Magazines. None other than regularly-elected members of the first respectability are admitted to this excellent institution; but shortly after my arrival Mr. Philepsen, a Copenhagen publisher, very kindly made application on my behalf to the directors, who immediately accorded me all the privileges of a member—of which I have daily availed myself. The other establishment, which is called the "*Avis-salon*" (News Room), is a much humbler and less exclusive place, and has only very recently been opened. It is tolerably well supplied with newspapers, and the public can at any time go there, by payment of half a mark (about 2½d. English) per visit, or by monthly or quarterly subscriptions.

To conclude this chapter of literary gossip, I may just add, that, happening to say to a literary gentleman here, that the phrase, "*James's solitary horseman*," is a standard joke with the English critics, he replied—"Yes, and so is '*Andersen's solitary stork*' with us, for he introduces it into every book he has ever written."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WATCHMEN OF COPENHAGEN.

DURING the past year of 1849, it has been my lot to reside at four of the most remarkable capitals of Europe, and successively to experience what spring is in London, what summer is in Paris, what autumn is in Edinburgh, and what winter is in Copenhagen. Marvellous was the contrast of the night-aspect of each, but one of the most interesting peculiarities I have noticed in any of them was that presented by the watchmen of Copenhagen. On first looking on these guardians of the night, Shakspeare's Dogberry and Verges involuntarily occurred to my mind. The sturdy watchers are muffled in uniform great-coats, and also wear fur caps. In their hand they carry a staff, on which they screw, when occasion requires, that rather fearful weapon, the *Morning Star*. They also sometimes may be seen with a lanthorn at their belt; the candle contained in said lanthorn they place at the top of their staff to re-light any street lamps which require trimming. In case of fire, the watchmen give signals from the church-towers, by striking a number of strokes, varying with the quarter of the city in which the fire occurs, and they also put out from the towers flags and

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lights pointed in the direction where the destructive element is raging. From eight o'clock in the evening, until five o'clock in the morning, all the year round, they chant a fresh verse at the expiration of each hour as they go their rounds. The cadence is generally deep and guttural, but with a peculiar emphasis and tone: and from a distance, it floats on the still night-air with a pleasing and impressive effect, especially to the ear of a stranger. The verses in question are of great antiquity, and are said to have been written by one of the Danish bishops. They are printed on a large sheet of paper, with an emblematical border rudely engraved, and in the centre is a large engraving, exactly representing one of the ancient watchmen, in the now obsolete costume, with his staff and Morning Star in hand, a lanthorn at his belt, and his dog at his feet.

A copy of the broadside has been procured me, and my friend Mr. Charles Beckwith has expressly made for me the *verbatim* translation below. The chants are not merely most interesting in themselves, but a fine old relic of Scandinavian customs. At the top of the sheet are the lines:—

ORIGINAL.	TRANSLATION.
Þag og þæð,	Watch and pray,
Þí tíðin gæð;	For time goes;
Þænk og strý,	Think, and directly,
Þu þæð eí nær.	You know not when.

In large letters over the engraving of the watchman are the words:—

**Lobet hæere Guð! þar Herre, þam
þækk Loð, Þrið, og Hære!**

That is—

Praised be God! our Lord, to whom
Be love, praise, and honour.

COPENHAGEN WATCHMEN.

COPENHAGEN WATCHMEN'S SONG.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

When darkness blinds the Earth,
And the day declines,
That time then us reminds
Of death's dark grave ;
Shine on us, Jesus sweet,
At every step
To the grave-place,*
And grant a blissful death.

NINE O'CLOCK.

Now the day strides down,
And the night rolls forth,
Forgive, for Jesus' wounds,
Our sint, O mildest God !
Preserve the Royal house,
And all men
In this land
From the violence of foes.

TEN O'CLOCK.

If you the time will know,
Husband,† girl, and boy ;
Then it's about the time
That one prepares for bed.
Commend yourselves to God,
Be prudent and cautious,
Take care of lights and fire :
Our clock it has struck ten.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

God, our Father, us preserve,
The great with the small,
His holy angel-host,
A fence around us place !

* Burial-place.

† Wife is also understood.

He himself the town will watch ;
Our house and home
God has in care,
Our entire life and soul.

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

'Twas at the midnight hour
Our Saviour he was born,
The wide world to console,
Which else would ruined be.
Our clock it has struck twelve,
With tongue and mouth,
From the heart's depths
Commend yourselves to God's care.

ONE O'CLOCK.

Help us, O Jesus dear,
Our cross here in this world
Patiently to bear ;
There is no Saviour more.*
Our clock it has struck one,
Extend to us thy hand
O consoling man ! †
Then the burthen becomes light.

TWO O'CLOCK.

Thou, mild Jesu child,
To whom we were so dear,
Wast born in darkness wild :
To Thee be honour, love, and praise.
Thou worthy Holy Ghost,
Enlighten us
Eternally
That we may Thee behold.

* There is no other Saviour.

† O Consoler !

THREE O'CLOCK.

Now the black Night strides on
And the Day approaches;
God, let those stay away
Who us will distress!
Our clock it has struck three,
O pious Father
Come to our help,
Grant us Thy grace.

FOUR O'CLOCK.

Thou, eternal God, have honour
In Thy heavenly choir,
Who watchman wilt be
For us who dwell on earth.
Now it rings off watch,
For a good night
Say thanks to God;
Take good care of Time.

FIVE O'CLOCK.

O Jesu ! morning star !
Our King unto thy care
We so willingly commend,
Be thou his Sun and Shield !
Our clock it has struck five.
Come mild Sun,
From mercy's pale,
Light up our house and home.*

* Many of the Danish words of this song are obsolete, but Mr. Beck-
with has with great care given the precise equivalents.

CHAPTER IX.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF OEHLenschlæGER—THE
SHAKESPEARE OF THE NORTH.

ON the evening of the 21st of January, 1850, while at the Copenhagen Athenæum, the new number of "Fædrelandet," a daily paper, was laid before me. I took it carelessly up, but uttered an ejaculation of surprise and sorrow as my eye fell on the front page, for the very first column was enclosed in a deep black border, and printed in large type, with the startling heading of "*Adam Oehlenschlæger er død!*" (Adam Oehlenschlæger is dead!) In that single line might be read the eloquent cry of grief of a nation—the first burst of a prolonged wail for the mightiest genius Scandinavia ever produced. Happier was Oehlenschlæger than most great poets, in this—that he was universally appreciated by his countrymen whilst living, although there is strong reason to anticipate that his works will be more treasured, now the immortal soul which conceived them has for ever "shuffled off this mortal coil."

For many years Oehlenschlæger, and his contemporary and friend, Thorvaldsen, were sources of fond

pride, not only to the Danes, but to all Scandinavians ; for Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, each feel at heart that they are children of one family, descended from common ancestors ; and no son of genius and of fame can arise in either without the others jealously participating in the claim of having given him birth. They may have their own little bickerings, but whenever anything touches the national honour of one of them, or whenever they meet on foreign ground, they clasp each other's hands, and, with flashing eyes, cry—"We are Scandinavians! we are brothers!" In all probability, never more will two such lights illumine, at one time, the horizon of Scandinavia, as the surpassing sculptor and the grand tragic poet—both of whom flourished and grew in fame together, were inseparable friends, and were parted in death by an interval of less than six years.

After carefully noting the opinions expressed concerning the creations of Oehlenschlöger, both by his countrymen and my own, a fair general estimate of their character may perhaps have been given by me ; and after much deliberation, I apply to him the epithet, "Shakspeare of the North," for no other poet is so well entitled to that appellation, albeit he is *not* Shakspearian in two essential respects. It is admitted that the sources of the comic and terrible—of laughter and of tears—lie very close together ; and that almost all truly first-rate poets have possessed the power of almost equally exciting these opposite emotions. So wondrous was the mastery of Shakspeare over both, that to this day it is undecided whether he excelled most in tragedy or comedy. But Oehlenschlöger, by a remarkable idiosyncrasy of organization, was destitute of humour : that faculty seems to have been in a great measure

denied him. The second grand point in which he differed from Shakspeare is, the purely national scope of his works. Shakspeare could raise a superstructure on the legends, and paint the manners of various nations with such wonderful vigour and fidelity that one might momentarily imagine he himself must have been a citizen of them all. Oehlenschlæger, on the other hand, founded twenty out of his twenty-four dramatic pieces on old Scandinavian traditions; and they breathe such a spirit of nationality, as, in itself, does much towards accounting for the intense love and admiration borne towards him by his countrymen. It is as a dramatist only, however, that he must be regarded, for his few prose romances prove that his genius was confined to the drama. In universality* and humour, therefore, he is immeasurably inferior to our "Swan of Avon;" but is asserted by impartial judges, that in such qualities as may, with reasonable allowance for difference of language, be contrasted, Oehlenschlæger is worthy of ranking only second to Shakspeare.

During the last twenty or thirty years, the reputation of Oehlenschlæger has spread over the world, and his extraordinary merit was long since known to the best-informed students of foreign literature in England; but to the great bulk of the English public his name has hitherto been all but unknown; for, with the slight exception of "The Shepherd Boy," none of his works have yet been translated into our language. But among the Germans his popularity has rivalled the greatest writer of their own countrymen, and Oehlenschlæger, who was a perfect master of German himself, translated

* It is worthy of remark that Thorvaldsen's genius, on the contrary, was universal in its scope. As one of his countrywomen said to me, he plied his chisel not merely for Scandinavia, but for the world.

several of his later works into that language. His genius shone brilliantly to the last, and two of his finest works, "Kiartan og Gudrun," (a tragedy), and "Regnar Lodbrok," (a poem), were only recently composed.

On the 14th of last November, being the anniversary of his 70th birthday, a numerous circle of his friends gave him an entertainment, and the ladies encircled his brows with laurel. How fondly will all present on that occasion look back on that happy day! In his boyhood Oehlenschlæger was remarkably beautiful; in his prime a full-sized, handsome man, emphatically what is termed "good-looking," and of very pleasing features; and his old age was green and kindly. In society he spoke very little, resembling many gifted beings in that respect. His circumstances were easy, for, in addition to the profits from his works, he received, like nearly every Danish author at all distinguished, a pension from the State, and he was also a professor in the university of Copenhagen. Taken altogether, his life may be held to have been peculiarly happy. He had the rare satisfaction of feeling himself thoroughly appreciated; he anticipated, as it were, his own immortality; he lived to a ripe age, and at threescore-and-ten expired in the arms of his friends, lamented by his countrymen as though each of them had sustained, in his death, a personal loss.

For some time prior to his dissolution, he had been afflicted with gout; and at length he was attacked with a serious illness, which stretched him on what proved his death-bed. About the 18th of January an apparent improvement in the symptoms took place, so that his medical attendants entertained strong hopes that he would, for once, baffle the arch-conqueror of man; but

he himself had no such expectation. A relapse speedily ensued, and on the 20th the great change was evidently at hand. His wife has been dead some years, and his surviving family consists of two sons and a daughter. The latter is married, and resides at Bergen, in Norway; consequently it was impossible, in this winter season, for her to arrive in time to tend her father's dying couch, but both his sons were with him, and his intimate friends crowded around him in the last trying scene.

His death-day, the 20th, was the Sabbath; and his last moments were marked by what, to me, appears an incident of sublimity.

Oehlenschl ger's faculties, so far from being impaired, were probably rendered keener by the near approach of death. In the evening of the above day, he desired one of his sons to read him a long passage on the immortality of the soul, in his own tragedy of "Socrates." A scene more pregnant with moral grandeur can scarcely be conceived. Picture the expiring poet, listening to the lines his own spirit had dictated in the full vigour of its powers, on the grand secret which, in his own person, he knew would so swiftly be revealed to him; picture, too, the breathless groups of friends, and their absorbing emotions! In the hands of a great painter, few subjects would furnish elements for a theme fuller of surpassing interest.

When his son came to the conclusion of the last act of "Socrates," Oehlenschl ger remarked that his own last act had also now arrived; and blessing his children, he bade them and his friends an eternal adieu on earth, and prayed that the Almighty would be pleased to grant him an easy death. This aspiration was precisely realized, for almost immediately afterwards he sunk into a state

of insensibility, from which he never rallied ; and finally, at 11 o'clock that night, the soul of the mighty poet was released from its bonds of worn-out clay, and fled to the judgment-seat of its Creator, there to render an account of its stewardship, and receive, it is fervently hoped, admittance into the everlasting mansions of bliss, which the mercy of God, for the sake of our blessed Redeemer, alone can render accessible to us.

Oehlenschlœger's death was announced by all the papers within black borders, as though their sovereign were no more, accompanied by many eloquent testimonials of grief ; and for weeks afterwards numerous poetical laments appeared. It is worthy of remark that he died on the anniversary of the death of the late king, Christian VIII, two years ago.

The expenses of his funeral were voted by the Council of State, on behalf of the nation, and its arrangements developed on a voluntary committee of friends. The day fixed for the funeral was the following Saturday, 26th of January—a day which many considered premature, because it hurried the preparations in such a way that it was impossible to render the funeral so thoroughly national an affair as everybody desired. A deputation from Lund, in Sweden (the place where Oehlenschlœger was, with great solemnity, crowned *Digter-Konge*, Poet-King, of Scandinavia) was prepared to attend the funeral, on behalf of the Swedish nation, and wrote that they would be able to do so by means of ice-boats, if it were delayed until Tuesday ; but that was not done.

The body of Oehlenschlœger was conveyed, on the evening of Friday, from his winter residence in Amaliegade, to *Fruekirke* (Our Lady's Church). This church, erected twenty years ago, is a large, singular-looking

brick edifice, with a huge square tower. The triangular front, over the Doric columns, has a grand group of figures, in terra-cotta, designed by Thorvaldsen, representing John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness. In the porch, the entrance of the Saviour into Jerusalem is executed in bas-relief, and there are statues of some of the chief Prophets, also by Thorvaldsen. But the interior contains what renders Fruekirke richer than most sacred edifices in the entire world—viz.: the colossal figures of our Saviour, the twelve Apostles, and also an angel-font, all the work of Thorvaldsen, in white marble.

The statue of the Saviour is a truly sublime elimination of sovereign genius, and is admitted to be perhaps the most glorious conception of the Son of God which ever was realised by man. It is placed at the back of the spacious altar (up to which the single aisle leads straight from the entrance), and our Lord is represented with extended arms, in the act of saying, "Come unto me." The majesty of His attitude, and the divine benignity which floats, as it were, around Him, no words can express. The twelve Apostles stand on pedestals, six on each side of the church; and perhaps any one of them would have been sufficient to establish the fame of a minor sculptor. But the angel-font! I have hung with delight over that, and I could always gaze on it with increasing admiration. It is perhaps the most poetical and exquisite idea of a font which ever entered the brain of mortal man. Look at the kneeling angel! her long, half-folded wings drooping behind her, with their tips almost reaching the floor. In both hands she sustains a huge, shallow sea-shell—that is the font! The countenance of this matchless bird of Paradise is lovely beyond expression; not only are the proportions and

attitude faultless, but the workmanship and finish are indescribably delicate. The feathers on the wings seem almost real ; and were an enthusiast long to gaze on the entire figure, he would be apt to fancy he beheld the pinions gently fluttering, preparatory to the angelic creature soaring away to her kindred skies.

This wondrous font is within the railings, at the foot of the altar ; and if Fruekirke possessed no other internal wealth than this, pilgrims would come from afar to see what a living shape the intellect and hand of man can fashion out of marble. No one can look at this font, and on the statues, without being impressed with a strong feeling of the marvellous industry, as well as genius, of Thorvaldsen ; for really in themselves they would seem to constitute the labour of a life, and yet are only a small portion of the entire legacies bequeathed to the world by " the boatbuilder's son."

On the present solemn occasion, the church was hung with black, and this sombre colour being extended at the back of the statues, their proportions were set off with such fine effect, that one was tempted to wish that a dark drapery might be permanently suspended behind them. The coffin containing Oehlenschlæger's body was placed at the foot of the altar ; and on its lid reposed two wreaths, a lyre, and a harp, all of pure silver, *procured with the money subscribed for that purpose by the children of different schools*. The lyre was presented by the school *Efterslægten* (Posterity), at which school Oehlenschlæger himself was educated sixty years ago.

On the morning of the funeral, from a very early hour, Fruekirke was densely crowded with people, and even some relations of Oehlenschlæger themselves could not obtain admittance. The scene outside the church

was almost as striking as that within. Numerous carriages were drawn up in different parts of the streets, which were so densely packed with people of all ranks as to be almost impassable. In front of the church, far away on either side, a road was kept clear by a large body of soldiers, with fixed bayonets. This precaution was absolutely necessary. The funeral-car which conveyed the body of Oehlenschlæger stood near the front of the church, with its six black, pawing steeds, covered with cloth of the same colour.

The Danish hearses are very different to those of England, having literally no body, but consisting of a frame, on four wheels, the bottom covered with black cloth, and having two low-cushioned stools placed athwart it, for receiving the coffin, which is almost invariably hung with chaplets of laurel and evergreens. At the corners of this vehicle rise pillars, supporting a canopy, or roof, varnished black, and decorated either with silver or gilt ornaments, in the shape of eagles or chaplets. The fashion of the decoration of the whole is in accordance with the rank of the deceased. Some of these funeral cars are very plain, others extremely elegant, and richly furnished. Copenhagen possesses only one grander than that employed for Oehlenschlæger. The effect of the whole scene—the church, the soldiers, the hearse, and the agitated masses of people, with eager, sorrowful aspects—was extremely impressive.

At the appointed hour, the walking procession destined to follow the remains of the poet to the sepulchre, arrived at the church. This procession might be described as an embodiment of the Danish nation. His Majesty the King, and the Queen Dowager, did not attend in person, but were expressly represented by

their cavaliers; but the only other member composing the Royal Family, his Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand (uncle to the King, and Crown Prince, or heir to the throne) walked in the procession; then the Ministers of State; most of the foreign Ambassadors, and members of the various Corps Diplomatique; the authorities of Copenhagen; the Clergy; the University Professors and Students, and learned men; Civil and Military Officers; deputations from the Royal Navy, from the artisans, &c. When the procession had entered the church, which was lighted by wax candles in candelabras, suspended from the ceiling, the Bishop of Copenhagen delivered an oration. Afterwards, a very interesting ceremony was performed by a large choir of singers of both sexes, chaunting the "Evening Song" (a touching and appropriate piece of four stanzas, each containing six lines), written by Oehlenschlöger himself, and now sung with fine effect over his remains.

Prior to the procession leaving the church, which it did about 1 o'clock P.M., myself and some friends wended our way towards the spot destined to be the grave of Oehlenschlöger. He was to be interred in the churchyard of the suburb Fredericksberg, about an English mile and a half beyond the gates of the city. Vast masses of people filled not only the streets, but also thronged the adjoining ramparts, and every foot of the road, all the way to the burial-place in question.

Threading the ancient *Vester-Port* (West-Gate), we passed along the noble road, skirted with avenues of trees, until we arrived at the celebrated Obelisk of Liberty, erected by the peasants, in 1788, in gratitude to Prince Frederick, for certain privileges granted, and rights secured to them. Some of the emblematical

statues at the base are very good. Thousands wended their way past this obelisk, but none stopped to gaze at it. Onward the throng proceeded: the windows of the houses had groups of anxious expectant faces looking forth. We passed various places of popular summer resort, at all of which the flags* of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden were hoisted. Not many hundred yards beyond the obelisk is the entrance of the avenue leading up to Fredericksberg Palace, and at the extremity of that avenue is the churchyard, to which such mournful multitudes are moving.

Exactly opposite the avenue, on the other side of the road, is a little, old whitewashed house, low-built, with many small windows, and not very much unlike that of Shakspeare at Stratford-on-Avon, only that the latter is of "stud-and-mud," whereas this one is of brick and tile, and of a considerably later erection. About the centre is a low doorway, and on the window-shutters on each side of it are painted, in Danish fashion, representations of various trifling articles of domestic use, indicating that, if you descend a step or two, you will enter a humble little shop, for the sale of such things; and the name of the occupier may be read also—one R. Patersen. In front of this little old house, are several stacks of soldier's arms, as though it were a guard-house, and far away on either side of it, sentinels walking, with musket on shoulder. Immediately under the eaves, extended, from end to end, festoons of black crape, and just above the lower windows were corresponding festoons of laurel and fir, intertwined. Then, over the door, in centre of the

* The flag of Denmark is a white cross on a red ground; that of Norway is a tricolor cross, blue, red, and white, on a red ground; that of Sweden is a yellow cross on a blue ground.

front, is a large oval shield, encircled with laurel, and on that shield were the thrilling words—

“ HERE WAS BORN

ADAM OEHLenschlÖGER,

14th November, 1777.”

Here, sixty years ago, laughed and played the happy “ae bairn*” of fond parents, and every inch of ground was familiar to him.

We at length entered the avenue—one of the noblest I ever beheld. It is a very straight and excellent carriage-road, and on either side of it is a double line of trees, enclosing a promenade, with seats. From the entrance to the termination at the church, is probably full three-quarters of an English mile; and along this distance are houses, with few intervals, and many beautifully laid-out tea-gardens and places for open-air recreation, fitted up in a style superior to anything of a similar kind in England. In summer-time, especially on Sunday evenings,† this is a very favourite place of resort, and the scene on such occasions is said to be very animated. We duly reached the church of Fredericksberg. It is close upon the road, and is a quaint, squat octagon structure, with a steep, slated roof, and a curious slender tower, with a four-faced clock. About the centre of the little burial-ground, surrounding the edifice, a great heap of earth was

* I understand that OehlenschlÖger was an only child. His father was in respectable circumstances, being the inspector of the Palace of Fredericksberg.

† It must be borne in mind, that in Denmark, as I have elsewhere stated, the Sabbath is held to terminate at four o'clock in the afternoon.

freshly cast up, and on it many eyes were fixed, for it would soon be piled over *his* remains.

We returned down the avenue—the promenades of which were one sheet of ice, for the preceding evening there had been a thaw, which melted the surface of the snow, but in the night an intense frost succeeded, and the day also was clear, but bitterly cold. The entire avenue was strewn, according to the Scandinavian custom, with evergreens, branches of fir, and bunches of fir and box, mingled with artificial flowers. It is customary at all funerals to strew evergreens before the door of the house where the body lies, but it is only for some very distinguished person indeed that they are strewn all the way to the burial-place. The procession had left the church at 1 o'clock, and the coffin at starting was borne by the students of the University; but this honour was shared at intervals between them and the royal sailors. When the procession came in sight of the poet's birthplace, it was considerably past 2 o'clock, and then minute-guns were fired by soldiers, at two contiguous points. In a little while all that was mortal of Oehlenschläger rested for the last time before the roof which sheltered his natal day. A song, written expressly for the occasion, by Hans Christian Andersen, was here sung, and the reader will imagine how intensely interesting must have been the scene at this juncture.

When the song was concluded, the sailors raised the coffin on their shoulders, and the procession slowly entered the avenue. First came a very large military band, playing an impressive dead march. This was followed by an immense number of gentlemen, public and professional men, in ranks of about six deep. Next came a mass of royal sailors, two emblematic banners,

and then the coffin. The latter was borne without pall or any covering, and on its lid were the silver wreaths, lyre, and harp; but so many evergreen wreaths, and "everlasting" flowers, had been deposited and thrown on the coffin, by loving hands, that it seemed one mass of foliage. Immediately after the coffin came the sons of Oehlenschlœger, the clergy, official personages, &c. The authorities, officers, and clergy, were all in full costume, which added much to the picturesque and striking scene. The entire procession was immense, and a breathless silence pervaded the spectators as it passed. A few carriages brought up the rear.

When the body was lowered in the grave, an oration was pronounced over it by Pastor Grundtvig, an eminent preacher, and author of the "Northern Mythology," well known among learned men in London from his residence there. There is no regular burial-service at funerals in Denmark, but the clergyman delivers an appropriate extempore discourse. The words equivalent to our "earth to earth" are, however, invariably used when the first handful is thrown in. Many sobs broke forth, and many tears were shed both by stern and gentle eyes, when the first clod rattled on the coffin of Oehlenschlœger.

On the very evening of his funeral, Oehlenschlœger's tragedy of "Queen Margaret" was performed at the Theatre Royal, in Kongens Nytorv. As might have been expected, the house was crowded to excess.

On revisiting the birth-place and grave of Oehlenschlœger a few days afterwards, I made pencil sketches of the house and church. The crape, the evergreens, and the shield were all gone from the house; and on each side of the doorway were a number of coarse besoms, reared up against the wall, for sale. Several

large evergreen wreaths were placed on different parts of the heap. As to the silver wreaths, lyre and harp, it is contemplated to attach them to a monument to be erected over the grave. The day was bright, and the sun shone pleasantly on the crisp snow and the fresh mould, and glistened on the windows of the little church. Silence prevailed, and I felt myself alone.

CHAPTER X.

WINTER ASPECT OF THE STREETS OF COPENHAGEN.

ALL the world knows that when there is hardly a catpaw of wind throughout London, it yet blows great guns round the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard; that when the rest of Paris is panting for fresh air, you may have to hold your hat in crossing Pont Neuf; and that when not a zephyr eddies among the dust-heaps of the streets of Edinburgh, every wind of heaven is nevertheless frolicking around Nelson's monument on Calton Hill; but everybody does not know that when only a gentle breeze pervades the other quarters of Copenhagen, a very hurricane howls down Ostergade, as you enter it by the right-hand corner of Kongens Nytorv. Here the wind rushes down the narrow street so fiercely, that you might fancy it must be some tremendous famished monster tearing through a defile in pursuit of prey. On approaching Ostergade from Kongens Nytorv, you feel yourself seized on by invisible but very palpable hands, and must yield, as the bark does to the influence of the maelström. The propelling power in-

creases in intensity, till you are fairly whirled along over the icy pavement or road, down the street, helpless as a ship drifting before the storm. What funny scenes may be witnessed at the corner of Ostergade! Huge becloaked warriors are twisted and knocked about like puppets; young ladies scandalously whirled round until they don't know whether to laugh or to cry; elderly be-furred dames, who happen to be as bulky as Dutch galliots, fairly tack from side to side of the street, from inability to make an inch of headway when sailing in the wind's eye; hats rolling along like wildfire, and baskets jumping as though filled with hot dumplings and quicksilver; brawny fellows, who one moment step proudly along, but the next give a pitch forward, and glide with all their limbs in utter confusion over many yards of slippery pavement, until they "brought up" against the feet of some passer-by, whom the shock would perchance also "bring down." It is indeed amusing in winter to run the gauntlet of Kongens Nytorv entrance to Ostergade.

To give the reader an idea of the streets of Copenhagen, I will now chronicle my daily perambulation.

Setting forth from my own quarters, within a few doors of those of Hans Christian Andersen, in Nyhavn Byens Side, or Townside of Newhaven, (which is a large canal, navigable for vessels of considerable burthen, and running down the middle of a long street, until both terminate in Kongens Nytorv), I descend into a courtyard inclosed by lofty houses forming a little town in themselves, and having only one egress, a large gateway opening on the canal side. This gate is open every day (except Sunday) until evening, when it is closed and locked. To attend it there is an old porter, who lives just within the entrance. He always has a

pleasant "*God morgen*,"* or "*God aften*," ("good morning," or "good evening,") for me, even though I have roused him up, before now, at the "*sma*' hours!" and a polite raising of his hat as I pass, not in the spirit of servility, but of good-breeding.

The entire Danish nation, it may be remarked, is a bowing one—from the refined gentleman to the lowest hanger-on, a raising of the hat, or an entire uncovering of the head, is the universal mode of recognition or of salutation. This they do naturally and gracefully; and although by no means a stickler for mere outward forms, I hope this custom will long continue. "George the Magnificent" would return the bow of any beggar in the streets of London, and he acted rightly therein.

There are many similar private courts in Copenhagen, which, in this respect, somewhat resembles Paris; and, in another, is just like Edinburgh; for each flat or story is frequently occupied by a separate family, and there is one common staircase for all. Some of the houses thus portioned off are very extensive structures.

I pass into the street. Between the pavement and the canal is the road, and a narrow strip of open quay, which, this winter time, is only diversified with a few stray barrels of tar, and some straw-muffled pumps, of huge calibre. The canal itself is both wide and deep, although, before the frost set in, the water was so translucent, that the smallest fish could be counted swimming about, and every object seen at the bottom. But Nyhavn is now frozen up, probably for three or four months, and contains a score or two of lifeless

* The word "*Herre*," or "*Min Herre*," (sir) is seldom used in addressing individuals; but, as in the above instance, is tacitly understood.

vessels moored along its sides. Most of them are sloop-rigged craft, having one immense mast (at least seventy feet high in a single piece) raking forward, and the hull itself actually as large as that of many English schooners, and even brigs. There are not a few canals in different parts of Copenhagen. These run into the very heart of the city, and impart to it a peculiar character, reminding one strongly of Dutch towns, only that the houses here do not project fantastic gables towards the street, nor are there rows of trees along the borders of the canals. Before these Copenhagen "water-ways" are ice-bound, numbers of tiny craft (all similar to the one which conveyed me to Svendborg) may be seen in them, moored conveniently to the shore, selling their cargoes on board, under awnings, by retail; the said cargoes consisting of apples, or game, or fish, &c. The latter are kept alive in wells in the hold of the boats, and thence taken out for the inspection of customers by means of a landing-net. I presume these curious fishing-smacks only sail to catch a fresh supply of the finny tribes when their old one is exhausted.

As I walk along Nyhavn Byens Side, my hat occasionally touches little double mirrors, meeting at an angle, permanently fastened in frames, outside sitting-room windows. These mirrors are disposed to receive a reflection of every passing object, so that *Madamme*,*

* In Denmark, the wife of a tradesman, or of any middle-class non-professional man, is called *Madamme*, and her daughter *Jomfru*; but the lady of a man of rank, or of an officer, is addressed as *Frue*, and her daughter as *Froken*; while the wife of one of the lower classes, is termed *Moder*. Husbands usually speak of their partners for life as *min Kone*, "my wife," and not as a "Mrs. So-and-so," which is generally the fashion in England.

or Jomfru, by only raising her eyes from the needle or book, can behold at a glance whatever is going forward in the street, without approaching the window. I need hardly remind the reader that this custom is very common in Holland, far more so, I believe, than in Denmark. In fact, it is said to be in a state of gradual decadence here.

At length I fairly enter Kongens Nytorv (King's New Market), although no market whatever is now held there. It is a very large, paved square, or rather place, having in its centre a bronze equestrian statue of Christian V. Under the feet of the horse is a struggling naked man, typifying Envy conquered. Four colossal statues at the base, also of bronze, represent Wisdom, Bravery, Honour, and Generosity. The whole is a very fine and striking work of art, and was erected in 1668. The Palace of Charlottenberg, which for nearly a century has been turned into an Academy of Fine Arts, occupies one side of the square, and near it is a college for military students. Close by is the Theatre Royal. It is not very large, but the acting is said to be excellent. Opposite the theatre is the Hotel du Nord; and in other parts of the square are Hotel de Svea, and Hotel d'Angleterre. The latter is one of the best in the city. The style and quality of the viands at the *table d'hôte* are of a very superior description. The master, Herr Kruger, is a German; and the English traveller will find either German or French of great use among the attendants, as little or no English is spoken. This hotel, like others in Copenhagen, is accessible by one large gateway, opening into a quadrangular courtyard, of which three sides are occupied by the hotel, and the fourth by stables and offices. Some idea of its extent may be gathered from the fact that the guests'

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private rooms, of fair dimensions, and well furnished, amount to about one hundred. There are many very handsome edifices in Kongens Nytorv, and twelve of the principal streets radiate into it—thus rendering it virtually the “key” to Copenhagen.

Ostergade (East Street) is the grand artery of the whole city. This street, the name of which is famous throughout Scandinavia, is narrow, with lofty houses, which, like most of the ordinary streets in Copenhagen, are of plain architecture, with a prodigious number of upper, large-paned windows, the framework of which is almost invariably that of a cross—a very ancient form, once universal in England. This, like all other streets, is well paved with boulders, but its foot-pavement is of slabs; whereas every other street has only small paving-stones, with an edging of granite. It is a mistaken notion which a recent very intelligent traveller entertains respecting the ineligibility of the common side-pavements of Copenhagen. It is, doubtless, true that the small stones are not so easy to walk on as slabs, in summer; but in the long winter-time they enable the pedestrian to retain a footing in walking over the icy surface after a thaw, and this is by no means an easy matter either on slabs or on the centre of the road, unless the latter is cut up by wheels. All the streets have very wide and deep open gutters; and at the crossings there are planks laid over them. They are also “bridged” over, here and there, at convenient intervals—a very necessary thing. But in Ostergade the whole length of the street has planks over the gutters, for the number of people thronging that street is so great, that more persons walk on the carriage-way than on the narrow pavement. Accidents hardly ever result from this practice, for no vehicle is allowed to

drive at a greater rate than one Danish mile per hour. The planks over the gutters in Ostergade afford a capital footing for pedestrians; and, like all others, are raised from time to time, for men to break up, with iron bars, the frozen mass collected beneath, and so clear them out, to be in order for thaws, which are of frequent occurrence. Were the gutters out of sight, as in England, it would be impossible readily to get at them in winter; and when a thaw took place, the streets would be flooded. Thus, what seems at first an eyesore, is, on reflection, a necessity. Much snow is not suffered to remain at any time in the streets, for it is regularly carted away after any great fall. We thus miss the picturesque sights of sledges, which I have never yet seen in Copenhagen streets, except some children's miniature ones; but handsome horse-sledges, do occasionally, it is said, glide along.

The shops in Ostergade are nearly all on a par, for size, with those of any very old-fashioned town in England of about ten thousand inhabitants. The windows are generally very small, with little display; and while some are high up, others are low down, quite reaching the pavement. You enter the latter shops by a downward flight of steps, much after the style of those in Edinburgh, only there is no area in front, and the windows are quite exposed in the street, so that it is marvellous how they escape constant breakage. The entrances to the shops are often wonderfully roundabout, and many have a glazed case (encroaching on the footway) in front of them, containing specimens of the goods on sale within. But no announcements meet the eye of "appalling reductions for cash," nor of any "tremendous sacrifices." There are many fur-shops in Ostergade, and these make a better display

than any others. All tailors' shops keep a large assortment of ready-made clothing, and clothes seem to be comparatively seldom made to order. The system must not be confounded with the English slop-shops, for here the ready-made attire is of first-rate quality and workmanship. Clothing is dear in Copenhagen, for the cloth is imported from England. Specimens of every description of shop may be met with in Ostergade; and a striking exterior feature is created by the general custom of painting representations of articles sold within, on each side the doorway. Some of these paintings are really very well executed; and some fancy subjects, in front of wine-shops for instance, display considerable poetical conception. The signs hung overhead are in many instances symbols of the trade. The hairdressers put forth a row of three brass basins—the sign of the barber-surgeons—with the words "*Barbeer Stue*" (Barber's Room). Tobacconists' shops are very frequent, with the inscription of "*Tobak og cigar-fabrik.*"

There are many shops for the sale of game with very fine does suspended at the door, and a great variety of northern wild-fowl, many of which are of most beautiful plumage. Some game is cheap, but hares are as dear as in England. The game-laws throughout Denmark are rather stringent. Fish is plentiful: the salmon from the island of Bornholm being very large and very coarse. A peculiar feature in the provision-shops are smoked geese breasts. The price of a fine one is about one dollar (2s. 3d.) and their flavour is delicious. Butter is consumed in vast quantities with the black rye-bread, and is invariably kept in kegs.

The stream of people in Ostergade comprises extraordinary numbers of civil and military officials, in

uniform; and nearly everybody is well dressed. The great peculiarity in ladies' out-of-door attire, is their habit of wearing white and coloured satin bonnets in winter. The cabs of Copenhagen much resemble those in England, and so do the omnibuses: but the latter are never to be met with in Ostergade, their avocations being confined principally to the suburbs. Gentlemen's carriages present nothing striking in their appearance, but the uniforms of the coachmen are peculiar. They are muffled in furs, or wear red cloaks, and huge, grand cocked hats of different fashions, or else bear-skin caps. The wagons in the streets are very light vehicles, with a long, extremely narrow body, and moveable sides, steeply shelving towards the bottom. Two horses are harnessed to them abreast. The bodies of these Danish wains resemble boats in some instances, and in others are not much unlike coffins. They have no decorations nor painting about them; and they seem to be built just in the fashion of five centuries ago. There are no street-criers, and street-vendors are exceedingly rare.

The whole aspect of Ostergade is certainly novel and foreign to a stranger; but when he has traversed it several times daily for nearly four months, it is undeniable that its aspect becomes monotonous and dull. The reason of this no doubt is—there is never any change—nothing new to be seen. Every shop front, every object in the windows, many of the faces I meet, the vehicles, are all the same—I cannot discover a single fresh object worthy of note. There is no influx (at any rate not in winter) of novelties of any description in the streets of Copenhagen; and when you have once grown familiar with their aspect, you might return after months of absence, without discovering the slightest change.

Such is the aspect of the chief street in Copenhagen; all others are more or less copies of it—some few being tolerably sprinkled with people, but the majority lifeless. Of some of the more remarkable streets, and also of some of aristocratic character, however, in a future section.

The aspect of the streets of Copenhagen at night is by no means lively. At present gas is unknown here, so far as the public is concerned; but a few manufactories, and even some private houses, it is said, make it for home consumption. The streets are lighted by good oil lamps, which in all cases are affixed to the walls. These are of a peculiar flat shape, with tin backs, and rather handsome in appearance. It is amusing to see the quaint-looking watchmen occasionally trimming and re-lighting them by means of their staves. The shops are lighted in most instances by elegant lamps of different descriptions, such as naphtha or camphine; but the light they reflect into the street is comparatively very trifling. It is this absence of the vast, brilliantly illuminated shop-fronts to which one is accustomed in an English city, which makes the Copenhagen streets seem still duller than they really are.

Except upon occasion of a grand masquerade, or something of that description, exceedingly few cabs and carriages are stirring in the evening; and only Kongens Nytorv, Ostergade, Kjömagerade, Göthersgade, and one or two leading thoroughfares, exhibit any animation. All other parts are as silent as a Quaker's city; and you may pass through many large streets without encountering a dozen individuals in any one of them, after seven or eight o'clock. A considerable stream of people certainly flows down Ostergade until

about ten, and Kongens Nytorv is always dotted over its wide surface with stragglers, and many are continually threading the pathway leading through the enclosure around the statue in the centre of that place. No street-vendors of any description are to be met with; and on Saturday nights, when any town in Great Britain of the size of Copenhagen would exhibit bewildering scenes in the main thoroughfares, here nothing whatever is to be observed to distinguish it from any other night. In fact, at no hour, and on no day whatever, can anything approaching bustle be observed. The motto of all true Danes is—"There's no need to hurry through life!" and they fully act up to it. There seem to be no particular hours for closing the different kinds of shops, but the great majority are shut by ten o'clock, from which hour, also, the passers-by very rapidly diminish.

If gay shop-fronts dazzle the eye in Copenhagen, there are no flaring gin-palaces; and if one feels liable to grow a little rusty and dormant with the slow current of life, at any rate one is not shocked by a single reeling bacchanal nor whining mendicant, nor accosted by unhappy females at the street corners. Such spectacles as these are not to be met with in Copenhagen; at any rate I have walked its streets in all directions, and at all hours, during four months, and have never yet beheld such things. There is no obtrusive profession of religion, but it is believed there is more real practice of scriptural doctrine than in England. The Danes, who never deny their devotion to amusement, nightly swarm to their theatres, hippodromes, balls, masquerades, and concerts; thus enjoying themselves without demoralization of character.

The shops, in very numerous instances, have no window-shutters, and in many cases only have shutters reaching one-third or half-way up the windows. Goods are never removed from the latter, not even on Saturday nights, but are openly exposed all day on Sunday. What would be the result of this primitive mode in Great Britain? A shopkeeper in London, or Manchester, or Glasgow, with all their vigilant police, would not sleep very soundly in his warm bed, were he conscious that only a frail pane of glass kept out cold air and thieves from his shop.

From eight o'clock the watchmen of Copenhagen play a distinguished part, by singing their verses as they make their rounds every quarter of an hour; a capital warning by-the-by, to evil doers, of the approach of the redoubtable guardians of the night. It may be well to state, for the information of travellers, that should he happen to be out at unusual hours at Copenhagen, and find it difficult to arouse the porter of the outer gate of the house where he may reside, he need only apply to the nearest watchman, for these worthies carry keys which will unlock all the gates on their beat.

About eleven o'clock the streets are nearly deserted; and at midnight they are quite so. In my opinion, they really appear to the greatest advantage, provided the night be clear, for they look extremely picturesque as starbeams and moonbeams play on their countless windows, and the watchman's song of the hour echoes through the frosty air from afar, probably the only sound invading the ear of night. Overhead, the serene firmament will sometimes be exquisitely transparent, and the stars shine brilliantly between the fleecy cloud-

lets driving with lightning rapidity through the vast expanse. Often have I keenly relished a long homeward stroll on such a night, with the strong-handed wind pinning my cloak tightly around me, and propelling me swiftly along the slippery street, which often presents at night one surface of glib ice.

This section may be fitly concluded by speaking of Sunday in Copenhagen. The religion of Denmark is almost universally Lutheran, and, as practised here, it is a very liberal faith; but other sects are, however, tolerated. Sermons are preached in the churches, morning and afternoon, but at four o'clock the Sabbath is considered to terminate. Till that hour the shops are all closed, but they then open for the transaction of business as usual; perhaps, indeed, they do more than on any other evening, as people have greater leisure to make their purchases. The streets are much more filled with well-dressed people on Sunday evening; and in summer-time, tens of thousands take out-of-door amusements of every description, at the public gardens, &c. In winter they spend it at evening parties, dances, concerts, and at the theatres, which are always open on Sunday nights. The observance of the Sabbath by the Danes, must not, however, be placed on the same footing with that of France and other continental countries, for here it is strictly observed until the hour when the holy-day is universally believed to terminate; for till that hour all business is prohibited. No doubt the Danes conscientiously consider that after four o'clock they are at full liberty to consider Sunday the same as one of the week days, and this fact takes away the feeling of pain with which an Englishman would regard what he must otherwise consider a desecration of God's

day. No good ever eventually comes from any kind of work done, or business transacted, on the Sabbath—unless in a case of necessity, for it is not required of us to leave our horse to perish in the pit because it happens to be Sunday.

CHAPTER XI.

COPENHAGEN POST-OFFICE—COPENHAGEN CEMETERY.

THE COPENHAGEN POST OFFICE deserves a few words of notice. It is situated in Kjömagergade, and has no exterior feature to distinguish it, except a huge board fixed on the wall, bearing the names of various foreign post-towns, and spaces to write dates (in chalk), announcing the arrivals of mails, &c. The entrance is by a large gateway, into a courtyard, whence a vestibule opens to the different departments of the establishment, all on the ground floor. To an Englishman, there is much which is novel and interesting about the place. The officials all wear quaint uniforms, some being gold-laced; and the letter-carriers have a red coat. Letters intended for the town-delivery cannot be pre-paid, but must be dropped into a tin box, affixed to the wall of a smaller vestibule, further down the court. There is but one town-delivery daily, and the charge is two skillings per letter (about $\frac{1}{2}$ d. English)—cheap enough in all conscience!

There are two large rooms, one on the right, and one on the left, of the principal vestibule; and into them the public enter with letters; and, whether they wish

to pre-pay or not, they must deliver them by hand to the clerks, as no box is apportioned for the reception of unpaid letters, except for the town-delivery, as already mentioned. This is a clumsy regulation, entailing much needless trouble on the public, and saving nothing in the shape of labour to the officials, but rather the reverse. The room to the left is principally devoted to letters for home and miscellaneous mails; that to the right has separate departments for different foreign mails. People do not deliver their letters through a window or a grating, as is the case in England, but merely hand them over a sort of counter, behind which the clerks are seated. The leisurely manner in which the latter functionaries, who are invariably very civil, perform their duties, delighted me. I have often formed one of a crowd congregated round a clerk, and perhaps half would have to wait nearly a quarter of an hour before our turns came. For the usual routine of business was for the clerk to take a letter, read the superscription, make some inquiries, and receive explanations from the owner who lounged over the counter; then deliberately snuff his tallow candles, one after the other;* next coolly weigh the epistle, and calculate the charge for its postage, according to the rules made and provided. These several occupations would occupy, say three minutes, and a couple more are sometimes consumed by the owner, fumbling in his pocket for coins to pay the postage, and chatting with the clerk, as he counts them over. No doubt your go-ahead, hurry-scurry, English folks would be distracted, were they kept

* The clerks receiving letters in the evening generally have candles before them, but it is fair to state that the rooms are lighted by good lamps.

dancing attendance in this fashion; but the honest Danes never exhibit the least impatience, bless 'em!

Great piles of letters, made up in parcels, sometimes lie on a sort of spare counter in the centre of one room, quite accessible to all comers; but I verily believe the innocent Scandinavians never entertain any idea of "appropriating" them, which is what many ingenious London gentlemen would do with ease. Altogether, the aspect of the Copenhagen Post-office is such, that on first glancing over it, I felt inclined to ask whether the days of Queen Anne had not returned.

Letters in Denmark are of course charged according to weight and distance; but the rate seems to me much less than that of England before the introduction of the penny postage;* and, considering the mode and difficulty of transmission, is certainly moderate. Newspapers from England come free, but only two Danish papers are permitted to go free to England, viz., "Berlingske Tidende" ("Berling's Gazette," the organ of Government), and "Adressecomptoirs Efterretninger" ("News-Office Advertiser"), devoted entirely to advertisements, which here are free of duty, like very many other things heavily taxed in England.

This winter, two mails are made up for England weekly, on Tuesdays and Fridays. The time occupied in the transmission of letters from London has been on the average about as long as from Liverpool to New York. Indeed, they are very uncertain. Since I have been here, no mail has arrived from London in less than about eight days: but sometimes they are a fortnight or more. As an instance of this, in consequence

* On the 1st April, 1851, a new postal regulation came in force in Denmark, by which single letters are transmitted any distance, at an uniform rate of four rigsbank-skillings—equal to 1½d. English.

of the Great Belt between Zealand and Fünen being full of drift ice in the middle of January, no bags could be forwarded either way, and the mails and travellers *en route* congregated at the little island of Sprogö ("language island"), an appropriate name! Had the Great Belt been entirely frozen over, of course all would have been well; but as it was, no steamer durst face the terrific drift ice, and the Sound being frozen on the other side of Zealand, we were literally cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, of the doings of which we knew nothing, except a scrap or two of important political news telegraphed over the Belt. At length, two regular ice-boats were got to the spot, and then the mails crossed, reaching us about January 24th, till which time the latest papers and letters from London were dated 4th, or just three weeks old. It is a curious fact, that when the Belt is free, papers from Paris are received from two or five days later date than from London. The French papers frequently reprinted the leaders of the London daily press, full three and four, or even more days, before the originals come to hand. This clearly proves that, to whatever superior arrangement, on the part of the French authorities, this dispatch is attributable, it may be quite practicable for Englishmen to send their letters to Copenhagen at least two days quicker than usual by first transmitting them to Paris, to be thence re-posted! It must be borne in mind that the observations here made only apply to the winter, for in summer the Elbe route is open, and steamers also occasionally ply direct from London and Hull.

This gossiping section may be concluded by some notice of the COPENHAGEN CEMETERY. This was one of the very first places visited by me, and I

have not failed subsequently to become familiar with it.

Passing through Nørre Porte (North Gate), we got a long way into the suburb of Nørrebro, before we reach the Copenhagen Cemetery, open to the public every day. It is a very extensive place, naturally quite level, nor have any artificial means been used to give it a picturesque inequality of surface. Nevertheless, it is neatly and attractively laid out, and the great variety of tombs renders it interesting. It hardly contains one monument of any pretension to grandeur; but the whole ground is pleasantly diversified with trees and shrubs, and intersected with walks. The family graves are enclosed with low stone walls, or iron or wood railings, or with little hedges of privet, or other evergreens. The turf "heaves in many a mouldering heap," not (as in English churchyards) the whole length of the grave, but almost invariably in the shape of a round mound, in the centre, planted with flowers. Every fresh grave has wreaths of evergreens, moss, and flowers, upon, or suspended over it; and the hand of affection often replaces these testimonials during many years.

None of the tawdry pictures of saints and relics, which too often disgust the eye in the French cemeteries, find place here—not even among the graves of the Catholics, who have a particular portion of the cemetery allotted to them. Every conceivable variety of memorials are erected over the graves—except, perhaps, the broad upright slab so common in England: a cross is a very common form, often elegantly designed, either of wood, iron, or stone, with inscriptions. On many tablets, a funeral wreath is carved, or a serpent with tail in mouth—the old emblem of eternity. At the heads of some graves are tasteful little grottoes

containing urns. A few pillars are surmounted with fine marble busts, and others have a profile bust, or likeness of the deceased, painted on a tablet. There are some family graves, having very large slabs (fixed at the back of the wall next the road, and sheltered from the weather), on which are painted, in a peculiar style, groups the size of life, and of artistical merit. The conception and execution of one particularly affected me. It represents the dead reposed on a couch, at the head of which a pitying angel is seated, and, by the side, a weeping female, who has raised and is kissing one hand of the dead. On the other side of the body stands the poor widow, bending towards the face of him whose eyes will never more return her glance of love, and in her arms is an infant, which piteously stretches its little hands over the cold breast, unto which it will never more be fondly clasped. A second child sobs, broken-hearted, by the side of its mother, and a third distractedly clings to a venerable old man at the foot of the couch, who points consolingly to that heaven whence the spirit of the departed may be supposed to look down on the thrilling scene.

CHAPTER XII.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE lives and characters of some men may be traced in their writings with extraordinary accuracy; and of this class the whole range of literature does not furnish two more eminent examples than our own Goldsmith, and Hans Christian Andersen of Copenhagen, who may emphatically be styled the living Goldsmith of Scandinavia. Without instituting anything like a close parallel between the career and the writings of these two eminent men, it may be observed, that both earned fame slowly by the persevering legitimate exertion of their genius; both led for some time an adventurous, wandering life; both are remarkable for the frequent personal revelations they introduce into their works; both have a style which, for grace and geniality, is unrivalled in their respective languages; both draw the most enchanting pictures of domestic felicity, although passing their lives in bachelorhood; both are noted for their childlike simplicity and love of little ones; and both have won the warm and enduring esteem of all who have enjoyed their friendship. Goldsmith's career

has been closed three-quarters of a century: what Andersen's may yet be, One alone can tell; but that it may be long, and increase in happiness and lustre with its length, is the fervent wish of many besides the writer of this sketch.

The number of distinguished men produced by *lille Danmark* (the oldest kingdom in Europe), is extraordinary, when it is considered that the whole of Denmark Proper contains only one million and a half of people. Six years ago, there were living at Copenhagen three Danes, all united in the closest bonds of brotherhood, all enjoying more than European celebrity. The first of these was Bertel Thorvaldsen, one of the mightiest sculptors which perhaps the world ever produced; the second was Adam Oehlenschläger, the Shakspeare of the north; the third, Hans Christian Andersen—now, alas! the only survivor. At the present day, the array of Danish authors, in every department of literature, who may be styled not merely men of talent but of genius, is greater than that of many kingdoms boasting ten or twenty times the population of Denmark. The Government of the latter nobly encourages its gifted subjects, by granting *stipendia* to young authors, sculptors, and painters, to travel abroad for a term of years for improvement in their several professions; and also bestowing liberal permanent pensions to nearly every deserving author and artist, besides presenting them with University professorships, and other sources of honourable emolument. Were it not for this munificent fostering aid, the remuneration derivable from so small a public as the Danish authors are confined to, from the peculiarity of their language, would be utterly inadequate for their support in most instances. Denmark, taking it all in all, is probably

the most intellectual country of modern times—or possibly, of all times.

A more interesting example of genius bursting the trammels of poverty, and winning itself, with resistless impulse, a position commensurate with its worth, cannot be furnished than does the career of Hans Christian Andersen. He was born at Odensee, the chief town of the Island of Fuën (in Denmark Proper), on the 2nd of April, 1805. His father was a shoemaker, a man of gloomy temperament, dashed with a spice of dreamy enthusiasm. He also possessed latent germs of poesy, and is understood to have made some desultory attempts to develope this power. He died during the childhood of his son, who was shortly afterwards put to work at a manufactory, where for a time his position was easy, as he conciliated the men by singing to them whilst they laboured, having at that time a voice of extraordinary pathos and beauty. After a while, however, he experienced so much ill-treatment, and, on account of his timidity and awkwardness, was so ridiculed and persecuted by other boys, that he was compelled to leave.

As poor little Hans grew older, his passion for poetry and theatricals was strikingly evinced. He doated on every play-bill he could lay his hands on—spelled over some plays he procured (including a translation of one or two of Shakspeare's)—and actually composed some tragedies, which astonished the neighbourhood, but exposed the sensitive child-author to remorseless ridicule. No matter; the electric spark of genius had been struck, however faintly, and all the sneers of the world could not extinguish the sacred fire. A single expression of commendation will, in the estimation of an aspiring boy, far outweigh volleys of derisive laughter.

Yet, even then, Hans seems to have been not altogether destitute of encouragement. His poetical efforts attracted the notice of one or two families in the higher walks of life, and one lady especially took him under her protection. His mother, with a mother's intuitive perception, had hopes, though not of a very tangible nature, that her child would become "something more than common," and wise women of her acquaintance fanned the idea by sanguine predictions to the same effect. Hans, himself, fed his ardent yearnings by recalling the stories of great men, who once were poor little boys, as lowly, despised, and buffeted, as he then was. Still he continued childlike in his ordinary amusements and pursuits, but the notion of working his way to distinction by the medium of the stage, took strong and abiding hold of his fervid imagination.

When about fourteen years of age, he finally got his mother's consent to go to the capital to seek his fortune. With a little hoarded money in his pocket, and a note of introduction to a lady belonging to the Theatre Royal, he set out. The solitary young adventurer arrived in Copenhagen in the autumn of 1819, but his bashful, awkward address, and his utter ignorance of life, added to his very imperfect education, proved bars at the outset, and his reception was sadly disheartening. There was no employment for him on the stage; and he had next recourse to a mechanical trade. For this he was still more unfitted—planing boards, and hammering together boxes, was no congenial work for a delicately-constituted and poetic dreamer. No doubt, with regard to such a calling, he felt the lines of Shakspeare suitable in his case:—"There was small love between us in the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance!"

His occupation was once more gone—plank after plank slipped from under his feet, yet his hopes were not all shipwrecked; he did not yield to despair—his nature was too buoyant for that. When the clouds gathered darkest, a light shone through them. Some eminent professional people took him by the hand, and obtained for him vocal instruction. His voice broke after a time, and his patrons sent him to a public school for general education. The master of it was far from properly appreciating the character and genius of his pupil, and deeming him a stupid fellow, treated him with a harshness which he afterwards deeply repented.

Step by step did Andersen struggle on; and about his twenty-fourth year he produced a work, entitled “A Pedestrian Journey from Holmen’s Canal to the East Point of Amager,* in the years 1828 and 1829.” This is only a small work, and has never been translated into German and English—probably on account of its local nature, and because the greater portion of it is poetry. It at once, however, made the fame of the author. The public were surprised and delighted by the grace of its language, and the charming play of fancy and fertility of imagination it displayed. Andersen doubtless now regards it with the affection which every author feels for the firstborn of his genius. Still, it was only a promise of better things; and from that time forward, the author found himself becoming a man of note, and had a willing audience for his future efforts. Several minor works followed, including “Love on St. Nicholas’ Tower,” a vaudeville, and some volumes of poems (in 1830), which became very popular. His next work of

* Holmen’s Canal is in Copenhagen, and Amager is a very remarkable island joined to the city by long bridges.

any extent was entitled "Skygge-billeder" (literally "Shadow pictures"), and was translated by his friend Beckwith into English, under the more explicit and comprehensive title of "Rambles in the Romantic Regions of the Hartz Mountains." It ought to be observed that he had previously received a *stipendium* from Government to travel, and this work was one fruit of it. Various pieces for the theatre followed, all more or less successful. In the year 1835, appeared the first series of his "Eventyr"—a work of world-wide celebrity. He has continued it to the present time, with undiminished success. In 1835, he also produced the most enthusiastic and most highly esteemed of all his works—"The Improvisatore," translated into English by Mary Howitt. In 1836, was published "O. T." (a novel); and also "Part and Meet" (an idyllic drama), for the stage. In 1837, appeared "Only a Fiddler!" a novel. During the next two years he brought out several poems, and in 1839, "The Invisible on Sprogö," a farce.† In 1840, he produced the "Mulatto," a romantic drama, and this was quickly followed by a tragedy, entitled "The Moorish Girl." He visited Italy a second time in 1840; and on his return, appeared, in 1842, his very delightful work, "The Poet's Bazaar," which has also been translated into English. After that, "A Picture Book without Pictures," and a volume of poems. His last novel was "The Two Baronesses,"

* We have no equivalent in the English language for this word. "Fairy Tales" comes nearest, but that does not convey the correct meaning, for there is greater latitude of subject in "Eventyr" than would be presumable from "Fairy Tales." The popularity of these "Eventyr" in the North, and throughout Germany, is incredible.

† Sprogö means literally "Language Island." It is situated in the Great Belt, between Corsoer, in Zealand, and Nyborg, in Fünen.

also translated into English. A long poem, called "Ahasuerus," followed. His own "Autobiography" alone remains to be mentioned; and a most delightful new work, the result of his late visit to Sweden, has just been published in London, entitled "Pictures of Sweden."

Andersen has travelled in Germany, Italy, France, Greece, Sweden, and England; and many a glowing page of description has he given of the scenes he has beheld. He has enjoyed the friendship of the most eminent men of literature and science in every land he has visited. He received the honour of knighthood in four different countries.* Perhaps fewer of his works have been translated into English, than most other European languages. Nearly all of them have been translated into Swedish, German, and French, and have enjoyed a large circulation in those countries. Some of his works have appeared in Russian and Dutch. A number of his poems have even been translated into the Greenland language, and are said to be sung daily by the hardy natives of the regions of "thick-ribbed ice!"

Rarely a week passes without one or more small poems by Andersen appearing in the daily journals of Copenhagen. Never was any poem of his heard for the first time under such intensely affecting circumstances as the one on the death of Oehlenschläger, the *digter-konge* (poet-king) of Scandinavia. As the body of that poet was being conveyed to the tomb, on the 26th of January, 1850, the immense procession stopped opposite the house in which he was born, and the verses, by his bosom-friend Andersen, composed for the occasion, were sung over the inanimate remains. Andersen's

* In the kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, Prussia, and Württemberg.

"Farvel" (farewell) to Oehlenschläger, a noble tribute, was published on the same day in the Copenhagen "Fædrelandet" (Fatherland), a daily paper.

No English author can be fitly compared to Andersen—Goldsmith, perhaps, alone excepted. The style of these two authors is, however, essentially different. They chiefly resemble one another in the benignancy of their tone, the exquisite play of their fancy, their truthfulness to nature, their deep feeling, their winning geniality, the *purpureum lumen* which they throw around their ideals of loveliness. But Andersen is far more impassioned, more enthusiastic, more imaginative, more abrupt, than Goldsmith. His mannerism is purely original, and it may be said to be in its degree inimitable. There is a charm in his way of telling the most ordinary everyday occurrences which everybody feels, but which is too subtle to be described. Who but Andersen could sit down, and pen a delightful chapter on the fact, that *his old boots were worn out*? He has done this, in his "Poet's Bazaar," in a way which irresistibly enchains the interest of the reader, although, in any other hands but his, the subject would have proved ludicrous and absurd. He has a loving heart, and an imagination steeped in poesy. He thus sees everything through a medium so different from the majority of people, that when he tells us his sensations and thoughts about any object whatever, we are delighted to recognize our homely household familiars dressed up in garbs celestial. His religion is unfeigned, and from childhood, has been of a deep, absorbing character; it is the religion of the heart and soul, not the lip-service of the mere professor. A manly, touching spirit of Christianity pervades all his writings. A profound philosopher he is not; neither is he pre-

eminent for his knowledge of human nature in all its depths. He scatters the seeds of goodwill, faith, hope, and charity, with a profuse hand. The great secret of his power is in speaking unpremeditatedly and unreservedly *from the heart to the heart*. He appeals to all the finer and more ennobling feelings and aspirations of humanity, and never appeals in vain. He desires to reconcile us to our lot in life—to show us that we are surrounded with the elements of joy and happiness, if we will but make use of them—to induce us to feel the holy truth, that we are all children of one Father, heirs of immortality, brothers in spirit as well as in flesh. This he does by touches of the kind which “make the world one kin.” In a word, he emphatically finds “sermons in stones, and good in everything;” and realises his own happiness in diffusing happiness around.

In person, Andersen is extremely tall, with a slight stoop in the shoulders, and a somewhat peculiar gait. His head is well developed; his features are open and cordial as his nature; and there is a sparkle and luminous depth in his eye eminently suggestive of indwelling poetic power. His manners are peculiarly frank, genial, and prepossessing. No literary man in any country has enjoyed more familiarly the society of the most gifted spirits of the age than he, and no one can pour forth such inexhaustible reminiscences of their conversation and daily life. Andersen has an ardent thirst for roaming over foreign parts, not to “spy their nakedness,” nor to moralise upon their scale of civilisation, but to note every little touching or fanciful scene that falls within the sphere of his observation, and to work up the most simple incidents into charming “pictures,” as he delights to denominate his sketches.

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Much as he has sojourned in different countries, it is believed that he cannot speak any language at all with facility but his own. Like many highly imaginative men, he is a very poor linguist; and his friends have been heard to marvel how it is that he manages so well among people with whom he can with difficulty make himself understood. Moreover, once out of Scandinavia, let him travel where he may, he would not meet with one educated man in ten thousand capable of conversing with him in a language so little cultivated by foreigners as Danish, and the number of his own countrymen scattered abroad must necessarily be very small. A sort of instinct seems to guide him in lieu of the gift of tongues. The Danish language is by no means either plastic or copious.

Andersen is an author peculiarly difficult to translate, owing to the intensely vivid imagery which pervades every sentence; and it is a hopeless task for any one to dream of doing justice to his fine qualities, unless he himself possesses very considerable power of language, and kindred poetic feelings and fancy.

Wanderer as Andersen is, and enthusiastically as he speaks of fair southern climes, he nevertheless is passionately attached to his "Scandinavian home," as he calls it; and when on his frequent wanderings, many a sigh does he send towards his loved fatherland, *gamle Danmark* (old Denmark); and many a yearning remembrance of his endeared Danish friends does he gratefully indulge in. His "home" is Copenhagen; and there he resides, leading a very quiet, frugal, regular life. His circumstances are easy. He dresses fashionably, and with remarkable neatness, and is a frequent and welcome visitor in the best society. His conversation is lively and interesting; his manners amiable,

winning, and gentlemanlike. He is emphatically a kind-hearted man, happy in his vocation, his wide circle of deeply-attached friends, and the appreciation of the world. None can make his personal acquaintance, without speedily entertaining a feeling of sincere esteem for the man, as well as admiration for the poet. He is honestly proud of the fruits of his genius, and is tremblingly sensitive to the satirical attacks to which they have from time to time been subjected. Such onslaughts are common penalties to which celebrity has ever been liable, and in his case they are mainly attributable to envy on the part of less gifted and less fortunate aspirants. It is related that Andersen and his most able, as well as most bitter, literary foe, happened to meet at Rome, and from that time forward became warm and constant friends.

Andersen has a most extraordinary affection for children, and will play with them for hours together, joining heart and soul in their sports, entering into the spirit of their enjoyments, laughing and rollicking with them as though he were himself a child once more. It has been said, that when Andersen had attained an age when some precocious youths would have been inditing "a sonnet to their mistress's eyebrows," he was wont to indulge privately in dressing dolls and other pursuits of very young children. However this may be, it is a fact that he does at this day respond to the feelings and aspirations of children in a most remarkable degree; and is never happier than when he gets a merry group of little ones around him, eagerly listening to the amusing fairy tales he extemporises for their especial gratification.

He has never married; and, according to Copenhagen gossip, never will. A Danish lady told me that he *has*

been in love—once, and once only—but probably never will be again. Her statement is strikingly confirmed by a sweet little poem by him, entitled “What I love!” in which occur the lines:

“ And woman! ah, one only ever gained my heart,
But she became a bride! compell'd from her to part,
I love the sad remembrance cherish'd in my breast.”

When it is considered that Andersen, like Goldsmith, habitually introduces in his writings snatches of his varied personal experiences with undoubted fidelity, and that he ever speaks unfeignedly from the heart, these lines seem to settle the question. So far as fraternal friendships with the angelic portion of our race is concerned, Andersen has ever had his share. Among the Scandinavian celebrities of the fair sex with whom he has for many years been on terms of unreserved intimacy, are Jenny Lind, Miss Bremer, and Frue Flygare Carlén. He has paid touching tributes to the genius and goodness of Jenny in one of his works. With regard to Frue Flygare Carlén, it may not be generally known that her reputation as a novelist far transcends that of Miss Bremer in their native country—Sweden. I found throughout Norway, and even so far north as the vicinity of the North Cape itself, she is literally loved by all classes for her delightful fictions. The Swedes themselves told me that Miss Bremer is only a “parlour novelist”—meaning that she delineates merely the life of the upper classes of society in her beautiful works, and leaves an impression on the foreign reader that Sweden must be a sort of terrestrial paradise—which it most certainly is not.

Last March I called on Andersen at his rooms in Nyehavn on the morning of my departure for Norway.

He showed me a great variety of engraved portraits of himself, wishing me to select one. I preferred that he should make his own choice, and he accordingly took a Swedish lithographed one, which he considered the most faithful. He was about to sign his autograph at the foot, when he suddenly rose from the table, and taking a volume from his book-case, turned its leaves rapidly over. I could not imagine what he wanted it for, as it was a volume of Mr. Beckwith's English translation of his "Poet's Bazaar." He carefully copied a sentence from this translation, writing it at the foot of the portrait, and appending his signature. When he presented it to me, I read with a thrill of emotion the words—

"The first moment of arrival at home, is, however, the bouquet of the whole voyage !

"HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN."

Nothing could be more finely appropriate than this, for I was, and am a wanderer, long away from my kindred and home.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHRISTIANSBORG PALACE—THE EXCHANGE—THE ROYAL LIBRARY—
THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY—THE RUNDE TAARN—THE UNIVERSITY.

AN inspection of the celebrated Royal Library of Copenhagen at *Christiansborg Slot* ("the Palace of Christian,") afforded me high gratification. This palace is situated on *Slots-holmen* ("Palace Island"), a little island separated on the city side only by a canal, and covered with superb buildings. Besides the Royal Library, there are upon it Thorvaldsen's Museum, the Exchange, the Exchequer or Chancellor's Offices, the National Bank, the Palace-Church, the Military Arsenal, &c. Christiansborg Palace itself is one of the most stupendous buildings, as far as the space it covers is concerned, that I ever beheld. It was rebuilt little more than twenty years ago, and only a detailed description would give an adequate conception of the amazing size of the structure. That part which fronts the canal is grand and very lofty, with six Corinthian columns, and a bas-relief in the central portion; and near the entrance are niches containing four enormous and very fine bronze figures of Hercules, Minerva, Æsculapius,

and Nemesis, designed by Thorvaldsen. There is a vast quadrangle, &c., through which the public can pass. The building is occupied by gorgeous halls, picture galleries, the Supreme Court of Justice (where the King presides on solemn audiences); the unrivalled Museum of Northern Antiquities, the Royal Library, the apartments for the officers and servants of the royal household, &c.

The Exchange is one of the most remarkable edifices in Copenhagen. It may be justly styled unique. It is thoroughly foreign in its aspect, and especially attracts the eye of an Englishman, by its novelty of form and detail, and its general striking effect. It was erected about two hundred years ago, and is built, like the majority of structures in Copenhagen, of small red bricks of the most excellent quality. The manner in which they are laid is capital, and the walls look as fresh as though raised yesterday. No material is more durable than brick, when small and well made, and the Danes seem to have carried the art both of brick-making and brick-laying to a pitch of unrivalled excellence. I have examined in Copenhagen many brick buildings, both old and new, and have been much interested by the extraordinary beauty of the workmanship, and the extreme finish of the materials. It is notorious what disgraceful doings in the brick-and-mortar line prevail in England, especially in the largest cities, where the object kept in view generally is to "run up" something on the principle that "razors are made to sell." English speculators, however, cannot export these brick-and-mortar shams for sale abroad, otherwise they would bring the name of English productions into great disrepute. How wofully we have degenerated from the craft in brick-work of our ancestors, numerous speci-

mens of ancient date attest. Probably one of the most beautiful examples of brick-work in England is the old vaulted ceiling of a corridor in Tattershall Castle, in Lincolnshire. It is worth going a hundred miles to see. The fact that so many churches and public buildings are built of brick, is undoubtedly owing to the non-existence of stone-quarries in Denmark. There are, however, in Copenhagen, many noble stone edifices; and several palaces, &c., are of very costly Norwegian marble. The very oldest existing building in all Copenhagen is connected with Christiansborg Palace (near the wing occupied by the Royal Library), having originally been itself the palace of a bishop of Copenhagen, five or six centuries ago. I was conducted to view it and found it to consist of a tower and a range of buildings, all of brick. The exterior of the tower itself, and a portion of the edifice, have, at some modern period, been coated over, but the plaster has fallen off considerably, and one large wall evidently never has been covered. The bricks are the size of those in use in England, and their state of preservation is perfect. It is questionable whether the walls have ever been "pointed" since their erection, and brick and mortar alike seem as hard as iron. This extremely interesting relic is a very plain structure, with little square windows, and does not appear to be now applied to any use whatever. Travellers should pay a visit to it, simply to behold the most ancient edifice in Copenhagen, although perhaps this is not generally known.

The Exchange is a building of two stories of great length, running parallel with the canal, on which side it has the appearance of a continuous row of uniform gable-ended houses (a central one, and four on either side), all forming one structure, the windows being set in

stone, and the whole surface elaborately and profusely ornamented with carvings in the same material—having a singularly rich and pleasing effect. There are shops in the lower portion of the building facing the canal. The entrances to the Exchange itself are at each end, and that looking towards the palace is approached through a short avenue of trees, adorned with statues of Neptune and Mercury. Its front has costly marble columns, surmounted by a long inscription. From the centre of the building rises a very lofty and most extraordinary spire of copper, the base of which (above the roof of the Exchange) is formed by the heads of four dragons, facing the several quarters of the compass—their bodies and tails being turned upwards and wreathed together in a corkscrew shape, tapering finely to the summit.

The hall in which the merchants meet (from 2 till 4 o'clock), is somewhat gloomy. It is adorned with pictures, especially a large historical painting of the visit paid by Christian IV. to the famous astronomer, Tycho Brahe. The king, attended by scowling jealous courtiers, is represented as entering the very humble abode of that illustrious philosopher, who is studying a book, with his wife and child by his side. There are suites of shops in a semi-circle, within the body of the Exchange, to which the public has free access.

The National Bank is a plain stone edifice, close by the Exchange. The arsenal, also near to it, contains a vast accumulation of military stores, and arms for eighty thousand men. Of Thorvaldsen's Museum separate notice will be given.

I was most obligingly conducted over the Royal Library by one of the librarians. The principal room is magnificent, and full three hundred English feet in length. Down the centre of the room is a pavement of black

and white marble. On each side of it are nests of open shelves, five or six feet high, with spaces between them for passing on to the slightly raised floor of the narrow side aisles, at the back of which are the principal shelves. Over these runs a gallery on each side of the room, also filled with shelves of books. This gallery is supported by pillars, which have a tastefully gilt band around them at top and bottom, and other portions of the room are gilded, and it is beautifully painted throughout. The appearance of it, both as a whole, and when viewed in detail, is very pleasing. The regularity, the systematic order, and the extraordinary care evinced in the arrangement of the volumes, and their perfect accessibility, are worthy of admiration. No drawing-room is more spotless—less tainted by dust.

Over the principal room extends a suite of many others of great size. My conductor successively favoured me with an inspection of all. One contains the rare and costly collections of Persian, Hindoostanee, and other Eastern MSS., &c. There is a comparatively very small reading-room, where perhaps a dozen gentlemen were seated. It appears that only few availed themselves of this privilege. Books are freely lent to every known respectable householder, and any resident who bears a recommendation from such a person, has similar privileges.

The general catalogue of this library is contained in from four hundred and fifty to five hundred thick octavo volumes. I call them volumes, for to outward appearance they are such, when arranged on their numerous shelves, with handsomely lettered backs; but, in truth, they are boxes, opening at the side, and filled with separate slips of paper, not bound together

at all. On each slip is neatly written the title, number, &c., of one book only, with space for remarks. There is also a distinct classified catalogue. The librarian gave me a practical illustration of the excellent arrangement of the volumes, and the astonishing ease with which any book whatever can be instantly found. He took at random a paper from one of the catalogue volumes, and read the number of the book to which it referred. Each of the shelves bears a number, as also does every book they contain. Suppose the slip in his hand was $\frac{72}{985}$, it would thus indicate that the number of the shelf was 72, and the number of the book 985. He went instantly to the shelf, and in literally a quarter of a minute found the book. He assured me that any work in the library could be found with equal ease. When a book is lent out, its title and number, and the name and address of the borrower, are written on a slip of paper which is put in the place of the volume until the latter is returned. One thus sees numerous ends of these slips projecting among the rows of books. Respecting standard works on important classical and legal subjects, in the various European languages, it is usual to procure every new edition as it issues from the press. I was shown successive editions of English works of the above description, down to the present year.

The librarian told me, that in 1845 he went to Paris and London, expressly to inspect their public libraries, in order to derive, if possible, useful hints in management and arrangement, but he said his journey was fruitless. I mentioned to him the very much disputed subject of the actual number of volumes in this Royal Library, and asked whether he had seen the recently published able letters on that and other foreign libraries,

in the London "Athenæum." He said that he had, and on my particularly asking if he really believed there were upwards of four hundred thousand volumes (the number usually ascribed), he distinctly asserted that there was full that quantity. I inquired, also, whether they had many duplicate copies? He replied, No, very few; for some years ago they presented fifty thousand volumes of duplicates to found a public library in Norway. The number of officers employed in the establishment appears to be small. At leaving, I inscribed my name and address in a little album kept to record the visits of strangers.

A few days later I visited the University Library, having been introduced to the chief librarian by a personal friend of that learned doctor, who, in consequence, kindly gave me every possible facility to view it. This library is also public on a similar principle to the Royal Library, and contains upwards of one hundred thousand volumes. It possesses Persian and Oriental MSS., which, though only filling a few shelves, the librarian assured me are considered the richest collection in Europe, with the exception of one at Paris. Above all it has an unrivalled mass of ancient Scandinavian and Icelandic MSS. Many of these I examined. They are generally written on parchment, in a book form, bound together with thongs of leather, some of them having thick oak covers, black with age; but the majority are bound in parchment. The Icelandic MSS. are so exquisitely written, that at first sight they appear to be print. This error is much favoured by the circumstance that many of them, even those in duodecimo, are written in double columns. One of the most ancient and dilapidated volumes among them particularly excited my curiosity. It was a bulky, square little

volume, and I requested a Danish clergyman with me to decipher its subject, if he could. He did so, and it proved to be a moral treatise on Pride! Only think of some Icelandic sage thus deeming it necessary to devote several years of his life (as he must have done) to compose a warning to his countrymen on such a theme as that, perchance a dozen or fifteen centuries ago! Had it been penned by a monk in some luxurious court of the South of Europe, one would not have marvelled; but to be addressed to a handful of Icelanders, living in the most simple and hardy manner conceivable, and shut out from general intercourse with the world by icy seas, does appear strange! Some of the numerous devotional treatises in the collection, are beautifully illuminated like missals. This is unquestionably the largest and grandest collection of the kind in the world. It was presented to the University half a century or more ago, by an Icclander, who, during the greater portion of his life, had been possessed with a perfect mania for accumulating these treasures in a very unscrupulous way. "Ah, sir," said (in substance) the librarian to me, "he got them honestly when he could, but when he could not do that, *he still got them!*" I was surprised to learn that such was the manner in which this priceless mass of unique literature was obtained.

The poor Icelanders, who are nearly all well-educated, and frequently learned, possess few printed books, but nearly every family has MS. volumes which descend from generation to generation. Hardly any bribe will induce them to part with these venerated heir-looms, in which are enshrined the religious aspirations, the morals, the legends, and the history of their isle, and the faithful record of each individual family. It seems that the infamous bibliomaniac in question made a

practice of going from house to house, and watched his opportunity of rifling it of its only treasures. Such was the manner in which he gradually accumulated the great majority of the works—the rest he honestly bought. The Copenhagen University was totally ignorant of the manner in which the greater portion of the gift they accepted had been come by, at the time; and now, after a lapse of fifty years, it is impossible to make a restoration of the works to their rightful owners. The librarian also showed me a number of drawers filled with Norwegian documents, some of which I was permitted to examine. These were title-deeds to property, diplomas, commissions, and various other deeds either of importance or of antiquarian interest. These also have in some way been wrongly acquired whilst Norway was united to Denmark. The former has repeatedly demanded their restoration, even very recently, but the Danes, while admitting themselves to be little better than holders of stolen goods, refuse to give them up. It is true, say they, that we have no legal right to these papers, but you can show no better; therefore we may as well keep them as you. No very clear understanding of the precise merits of the case could be obtained, but I believe that, considering the documents as state-papers, Norway, as a nation, has no fairer claim than Denmark to their custody.

The University Library is not at the University itself, but is kept in the Runde Taarn (Round Tower). This very extraordinary ancient structure is unique, and consists of a vast round brick tower, rising to a great height, with a large handsome church attached to it, where four clergymen preach in rotation. This tower was originally designed for an observatory, and its summit is still so used. It is not mounted by steps,

but by an inclined plane of brickwork, which goes spirally round the interior, at such a gentle inclination, that a legend asserts that Peter the Great, of Russia, drove his Empress up and down in a carriage and four. This is certainly practicable. The "road" is lighted by large stone loop-holes, barred with iron, which was done at a recent period in consequence of numerous suicides (chiefly by young girls disappointed in love) having been committed through their medium, as well as from the summit of the tower. The latter is now only open to the public, a couple of hours or so, on two days of the week, and my visit to the library did not happen to be on one of these, but I was favoured with a private ascent. The quaint room dedicated to the astronomical observatory is perched aloft, and it was well worth while to glance at the instruments and appliances it contained. The view of Copenhagen, the surrounding country, and the sea, from the battlements, was very interesting. It was at the latter end of February, a very clear day, with bright warm sunshine, and a strong breeze. From hence, Malmö, on the Swedish coast, is plainly discernible, and even Elsinore—twenty-six English miles distant by land.

I was conducted the same day to the Copenhagen University by one of its members. The grand new portion of the building was only erected in 1836. The frescoes in the noble vestibule are not yet completed. They are mainly illustrative of Northern mythology, and are admirable works of art. The great hall for solemn convocations contains a throne for the king, and has a gallery round the upper portion for an orchestra. It appeared to be meagrely decorated, and of very ordinary architectural design; but it is not completed. There is a fine collection of mineralogy, and also

museums of anatomy and zoology. This renowned University has probably about nine hundred students. Some said there were only from six hundred to eight hundred of them, and others above one thousand : the discrepancy arose from individuals including or omitting in their estimate certain classes. The University has many first-rate professors, and is richly endowed. Comparatively speaking, many of its students are Icelanders, who are noted for their application and mental powers. About one hundred poor students have each a free room in the old part of the building, with fire found them, and an allowance of eight rix dollars (18s.) per month. I had an opportunity of viewing one of the rooms : its tenant was a very intellectual-looking young Icелander, who seemed pleased with the visit of an English stranger. The room was humble, but clean and comfortable. He and a fellow-student, it appeared, jointly occupied that and another similar room, opening one into the other. I noticed a nest of shelves full of neatly-arranged books—the combined stock of the friends, more prized and enjoyed by them, probably, than many a nobleman prizes and enjoys his library of twenty thousand gorgeous bound tomes.

CHAPTER XIV.

COPENHAGEN BEYOND THE GATES—ISLAND OF AMAGER.

COPENHAGEN is a regularly fortified city. The lofty earthen, tree-planted ramparts, which entirely encircle it on the land side, afford beautiful promenades and carriage drives; and it is easy to conceive how animated an aspect they must present in summer. Even in the depth of winter, considerable numbers of citizens frequent them on every fine day, provided the ground is not moistened by a thaw. When a keen frost succeeds a thaw, the whole surface of the walks becomes like one sheet of ice; and it is not unusual then to find gangs of "slaves" (of whom in a future separate section) spreading ashes, and brick-dust, to render footing safe. Many windmills sing their airy song on the elevated level of the ramparts; and all along their base, on the town side, are numerous rope-walks. These ramparts on fine Sundays (especially in February and March), are a favourite resort of the peasant women, who enliven the scene by their gaudy national costumes. They wear fringed petticoats, and stiff, glazed gowns of the brightest hues, with very deep borders of a lighter colour, sprinkled with flowers, and spangled with gold. A sort of

snow-white hood, sometimes a black one, is generally worn by them; and frequently a beautiful close cap of stiff, rich lace, simply bent in an oval shape over the head, or enriched with a back part of sparkling golden plate and ornaments—occasionally solid gold, and therefore of considerable value. Their appearance altogether is very picturesque and striking; and as rosy, agreeable faces peep out of those quaint hoods and caps, as ever bloomed around an English maypole! Sentinels are posted at intervals along the ramparts, but no artillery is mounted; and I trust there will never more be occasion to plant the grim engines of destruction there.

Copenhagen has four gates, through one or other of which it is absolutely necessary to pass, except when landing from the Sound. These gates are respectively called *Nörre-porte* (North-gate), *Oster-porte* (East-gate), *Vester-porte* (West-gate), and *Amager-porte* (Amager-gate). The latter is the Southern gate, communicating with the island of *Amager* (or *Amak*), whence its name. These gates are, in fact, brick tunnels, pierced through the ramparts, thus continuing the road on a level. The archways, lighted at night by lamps, are of very great length, and have handsome stone fronts of various ages,* and some of them are ornamented with statuary. At the town entrance to each gate is a guard-house, and sentinels are posted day and night. Strong gates are at either extremity of the *porte*, which are of course wide open in the daytime. On passing through, there is a moat, which encircles the city on the land side; this is crossed at the *portes* by bridges, defended by barricades and outworks.

A little further on is a much wider moat or lake, to different parts of which different names are given, as

* That of *Vester-porte* bears date 1668.

Peblinge Sö (Schoolboy Lake), *St. Jorgens Sö* (St. George's Lake), &c. Beyond are the *contoirs*, where all the provisions coming into the city are weighed, and charged duty for admission. Thus meat is a penny per pound cheaper outside the gates than within, and probably this naturally helps the rapid growth of the suburbs. The gates are all closed at midnight, but at one of them (the *Vester-porte*), by a regulation introduced only about a year ago, persons can pass throughout the night on payment of only two skillings ($\frac{1}{2}d.$).

Nørrebro, *Vesterbro*, *Osterbro*, *Amagerbro*, the suburbs, are named after the four quarters in which they are respectively situated. There is nothing particularly novel in their general aspect. Many pleasant villas, and many places of summer resort, such as *Tivolis*, Theatres, *Sommerlysts*, extensive and beautiful summer tea-gardens, &c., are however to be met with. There are also numerous fine promenades, between avenues of trees, along the roads, and bordering the shores of the lakes; but, from the flatness of the whole country, nothing picturesque is to be met with.

In *Osterbro* is the marine cemetery. There rest the remains of the gallant seamen who fell under the fire of Nelson, in the famous fight on April 2nd, 1801. Some of these suburbs extend a very long way into the country. Beyond *Vesterbro* is the palace of Fredericksborg, the summer residence of the King. It is situated on the most elevated spot of ground near Copenhagen; but there is nothing of interest either about the exterior or interior of the building: the gardens, however, are extensive, and said to be very beautiful.

Of Copenhagen beyond the gates, we must not omit to speak of the very interesting island of Amager (*Amak*). It is to the south of the city, and, as nearly

as could be judged, is about eight English miles in length, by four in breadth. English geographical authorities vary much regarding its size, one stating it to be nine by three miles; another, four by two miles. Having traversed Amager from end to end, I am sure the size assigned by me is correct. It is separated from Copenhagen by a narrow strait called *Kallebostrand*, which is crossed by two bridges to that division of the suburbs called *Christianshavn*, built on the island.

The history of Amager is remarkable. It is said that the Queen of Christian II. of Denmark persuaded that monarch, in 1516, to bring to Amager about a score of families of Hollanders, or rather of East Frieslanders, for the double purpose of teaching the Danes the art of gardening, and of cultivating Amager to an extent sufficient to supply Copenhagen with vegetables and milk. From that time to the present hour, Amager has remained unchanged. It is still chiefly peopled by the descendants of the original colonists, and is laid out in gardens and pasturage. The number of inhabitants is variously computed: some give seven thousand—others only half that number. Judging by own personal observations, the latter is nearest the truth. They have their own civil and criminal tribunals, but are subject, for heavy offences, to the supreme court of Copenhagen.

Several villages are to be found on Amager, among others *Dragö* and *Hollanderbyen* (Hollander's-town). The latter, as the name hints, is especially peopled by the descendants of the first settlers, who still preserve the Friesland costume in full rigour, as, indeed, do the majority of the Amagerites. This dress varies little from the oldest Flemish costumes, and is extremely picturesque, particularly in that of the females. An extraordinary number of windmills relieve the tame

surface of the island. There were quite a dozen within a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards. It is windy enough at Amager, Heaven knows! Copenhagen itself is subject to fierce winds, but their force on Amager is astounding, for it has no ramparts nor any thing else to protect it on three sides. I have been repeatedly brought to a stand-still, in crossing the island, from sheer inability to make headway against the "powers of the air." Of all unearthly, howling, ferocious, marrow-piercing, invisible, yet most palpable monsters, commend me to a wintry evening blast on Amager! It is no marvel that the fruit-trees are so stunted and dwarfed with moss, it is truly surprising how they can survive at all such killing winds. As to ordinary hedge-row trees, hardly one, except small forlorn willows and poplars, is to be seen, and these few and far between. The gardens and fields have rarely any inclosure or hedge worth the name, and vast low and swampy tracts are overgrown with a peculiar kind of moss, and also are knee-deep in water after the first melting of the snow. The whole isle is as level as a bowling-green, and but slightly above the level of the sea. There is a most excellent main-road, straight as an arrow, with bye-roads to the different villages. On the former are indicators for every Danish half-mile. They are of grey stone, resembling short squat obelisks, rising from a pedestal to the height of eight or ten feet. I have seen "crosses" in English villages precisely similar. On their upper portion is carved, in relief, a crown, and the initials "C. VII."—showing that they were erected in the reign of Christian VII.

Sermons in both Dutch and Danish are preached in the two churches on the island. On going over the

churchyard of the largest of these edifices (a singular structure, as nearly all Danish churches are) I saw huge *flat* tombstones, many of them having wide borders elaborately carved in the most curious fashion. None of them were a hundred years old. There are also numerous wooden memorials, in every variety of shape; and new graves are surmounted with wreaths of moss and evergreens, as is customary throughout the North.

Towards the extremity of the isle there ceases to be any road, but I scrambled onwards, over dykes, and through snow and water, until I reached the shore, whence, far as eye could discern, the Baltic was one lifeless sheet of ice. Nearly at this end of the island, are two quaint fortalices, isolated by moats. From the other end of Amager, the batteries adjoining *Christianshavn* terribly mauled some of Nelson's ships at the bombardment of 1801.

The build of the fishing-boats at one of the villages interested me very much. They are strikingly like the famous boats of Newhaven (near Leith), but are built of oak. There are some very comical sea-beacons at this place, and large flocks of enormous geese.

Many of the houses throughout Amager are thatched. They have a clean, pleasant aspect, are full of windows, and invariably whitewashed. The wells of fresh water are immense square holes, lined with bricks, and fenced with planking breast high above the brink. Near them is a lofty upright post, crossed at top by a long beam, one end of which is weighted by a large stone, and the other has a chain or rope attached to it for the bucket. It appears a cumbrous mechanism to raise water from very shallow wells. The hostelrys on the

isle are numerous. One by the roadside struck me by its graphic sign of a gigantic arm starting from the wall over the doorway, and bearing in its hand a cup of proportionate size—a sign to be seen, marked, and understood, by all thirsty wayfarers.

CHAPTER XV.

THORVALDSEN'S MUSEUM.

THE pride of Denmark is Berthel Albert Thorvaldsen; the crowning glory of Denmark is Thorvaldsen's Museum. If a traveller has only three hours to spend in Copenhagen, he must dedicate one of them to this museum; for truly should he behold nothing else in Copenhagen, he has nevertheless seen enough to give him a subject to think about and talk about for the rest of his life.*

* "The British bombs have demolished the towers of Copenhagen; the British have robbed us Danes of our fleet; but, in our just indignation and bitterness thereat, we will remember that it was an Englishman who rescued for us and for our land's greatness—thee, Albert Thorvaldsen. An Englishman it was, who, by the will of Providence, raised for us more than towers and spires; who cast more honour and glory around the nation's name, than all the ships of the land, with flag and cannon, could thunder forth—it was the Englishman, Thomas Hope.

"In the little studio which the artist was about to leave, stood Hope, before the uncovered '*Jason*.' It was a life's moment in Thorvaldsen's, and, consequently, in the history of art. The rich stranger had been conducted there by a hired guide; for Canova had said that '*Jason*' was a work in a new and gigantic style.

"Thorvaldsen demanded only six hundred zechins for the completion of his work in marble. Hope immediately offered him eight hundred. His career of fame now began. This was in 1803."

Gottskalk Thorvaldsen came to dwell at Copenhagen, and there he earned a livelihood, not by boat-building, but by carving figure-heads for ships. He married a respectable Danish girl, daughter of a Jutland clergyman, and to them was born Bertel Thorvaldsen, November 19, 1770. For many years they laboured on, the father with gouge and chisel, the mother with her spinning-wheel; the little blue-eyed Bertel helping the former to make the chips fly, and, if legends speak rightly, even at thirteen years of age giving an extra finish to the works of his father's hands. Being intended to follow the same calling, Bertel was sent to the Academy of Arts to learn drawing. He remained there, a modest, reserved student, for six or eight years, and after receiving minor medals, eventually won the great gold medal of the Academy, thus gaining, at the same time, a *stipendium* for travelling during three years, to improve himself in this art.

Denmark enables young wielders of the chisel, pen, and brush, to wander in classical lands at the State's expense, and pensions all who extend the renown of their country's name. What is still more surprising, there breathes not a Dane who begrudges his mite towards the fund thus applied. And so Bertel Thorvaldsen bade adieu to Denmark—bade an eternal adieu on earth to his weeping parents—bade adieu to his first love, she who half a century later sate a withered old woman, at a window past which his corpse was carried, followed by a nation as mourners! He arrived at Rome—he studied, he toiled, he grew heart-sick, he grew home-sick; his three years had long since expired, and he had yet earned no fame. His boxes were packed, and he was almost in the very act of starting on his return, when HOPE, the author of "*Anastatius*"

—Hope, the noble-hearted patron of young artists—Hope (auspicious name!) entered the little *atelier*, and saw the poor struggling young sculptor's unfinished statue of "*Jason, with the Fleece*." He bought it. Thorvaldsen unpacked his boxes, and remained in Italy for three-and-twenty years. In that space of time his fame extended over the world, for he produced masterpiece after masterpiece, and princes and kings became his intimate personal friends.

On October 3rd, 1819, he set foot in Copenhagen once more, having returned through Italy and Germany—his journey being, as it were, a triumphal procession all the way. Denmark composed one open-armed family to welcome him. But his father and mother—his poor old father, who first guided the hand of the great sculptor, and his doting old mother, who refused to be comforted when her darling boy left his native country, and who, on that occasion, pushed away the box of money, saying, "All I want in this world is my child!" and who took his old waistcoat from the closet, and kissed it, and wept over it,—were no more!

Thorvaldsen staid only a year in Denmark, and then returned to Rome, through Prussia, Poland, and Austria. The Emperor of Russia welcomed him at Warsaw, and the Emperor of Austria at Vienna, and his way back to the city of his adoption was another triumphal journey. There he lived and laboured till 1838. He possessed casts of all his works, besides very many of the originals, and an accumulation of curiosities and of paintings, which he had bought of young artists, to encourage them, and now resolved to present all to his native country. For some time previously he had sent instalments of them to Denmark, as opportunity served. The grand residue, accompanied by

Thorvaldsen himself, were brought to Copenhagen by a frigate sent expressly for that purpose. The welcome he received, on landing, was a thousand-fold more enthusiastic than if he had been a conqueror fresh from the field of victory. It was determined to erect a museum to receive the treasures of this one man's genius, and the king gave a piece of land (close to the Christiansborg Palace), then occupied by the Royal stables, whereon to erect it. Thorvaldsen himself gave twenty-five thousand dollars towards the building; and the Danish nation voluntarily subscribed seventy-five thousand more—the poorest proudly contributing their mite. The stables were pulled down, and the museum was commenced—the court-yard in its centre being set apart for Thorvaldsen's tomb, at his own request.

In 1841, he revisited Italy, returning to Denmark in the following year; and his last journey to his beloved Rome was literally another triumphal procession, both there and back again, for every city through which he passed arrayed itself in holiday attire to do him homage.

On March 24th, 1844, he went to Copenhagen Theatre, in the evening—an amusement of which he was particularly fond; indeed, he used to go almost every night, in company with Oehlenschläger, the poet. On this occasion he went alone, in unusually good spirits, but he had hardly sat down before his soul was summoned in an instant to its account. His funeral was attended by the King and Royal Family, and was even more national than that of Oehlenschläger. It was remarkable that Thorvaldsen's tomb was finished the day before he died, and he then requested that it might have a marble coping round its edges above the

pavement, and that rose-trees should be planted over him—requests of course literally complied with.

Thorvaldsen in his latter days was the very *beau-idéal* of a noble-looking old man. His bearing was impressive; his features were massive, regular, and extremely attractive; his eyes, blue and large; and his hair floated in long white locks. He had not much talent for conversation, yet his manners were peculiarly fascinating and frank. He never married, but had one natural daughter born at Rome. Her features, judging by the portrait at the Museum, bear considerable resemblance to those of her illustrious father, who failed not to acknowledge and tenderly regard her. She married a Danish gentleman, and, with her husband, visited her father at Copenhagen. She now lives at Rome, a widow, with only one child—a son.

The site of the Thorvaldsen Museum has been strongly objected to. It has been suggested that a very superior situation would have been that now occupied by the only ruins in Copenhagen—those of a partially built marble church, commenced on a magnificent plan, in imitation of that of *S. Maria Rotondo*, at Rome, but which, for lack of funds, was left in its present melancholy state three quarters of a century ago, without the slightest prospect of ever being completed. Its forlorn pillars irresistibly remind me of those of the proposed National Monument on Calton Hill, Edinburgh. The modern ruin in question is in *Norgesgade* ("Norway-street"), one of the finest parts of the New City, but, in my opinion, the actual site of the Museum is preferable. The style in which the latter is built, is that of Pompeii. It is quadrangular, huge in size, and runs parallel with a canal. It is built, no doubt, very substantially, of brick, but cemented over, and all the upper portion is

stuccoed. Over the façade of the west end, is a fine bronze "Victory" in a car, with four horses. The finest features of the exterior are the Etruscan frescoes, which run the length of the lower portion on both sides. One of them represents the landing of Thorvaldsen at Copenhagen; the figures of the spectators the size of life, and many of them striking likenesses of well-known men. Prominent among them is Hans Christian Andersen, depicted in the act of shouting an enthusiastic welcome, as he stands on the thwart of a boat, and holds on by the mast. This fresco, which is on the side next to the canal, is a noble and heart-touching picture. The other represents the landing of Thorvaldsen's works. Whoever first conceived the idea of these frescoes, deserves well of his country for that act alone. On first walking by the building, I had not the remotest idea that it was Thorvaldsen's Museum, until my eye fell on the frescoes of his landing, which instantly attested the fact. The history of these frescoes terminates with the grand scene of the venerable sculptor, with his old blue cloak, and his waving snowy hair, stepping out of the boat into the arms of his loving countrymen.

This is truly a national fresco. Far more artistically executed works there may be—but none so eloquent, none so true. The man whose heart does not warm towards the Danes at sight of this fresco—this pictured history—this marvellous poem on a wall—must indeed be cold.

The interior of the Museum is divided into numerous suites of rooms and corridors—those on the lower floor being filled with the larger statues, those on the upper floor with smaller works, and also with the paintings, antiquities, and library of Thorvaldsen. Each room is of small dimensions, containing only one statue or

group, and four to six bas-reliefs on the walls, which are of course of a plain, sombre colour. They have an arched ceiling over-head, painted by native artists, with classical and fanciful devices. No two ceilings are ornamented alike, and it is a delightful study to examine each of them in detail. The Museum would really well repay a visit for their sake alone. The floors are generally of a composition in imitation of marble, but the corridors are paved with tiny coloured bricks, prettily arranged. Each room communicates with that adjoining by an open door-way, but nearly every other room has a *spittoon in a corner!*

I can bear cordial testimony to the propriety of the conduct of the crowds of all ranks who flock to this Museum, which is open to the public free on Wednesdays and Sundays, from 12 to 2 o'clock. The majority of those who frequent it are quite capable of appreciating the objects they gaze upon. Deeply gratifying was it to find that not the slightest obstacle prevented each and all from examining the treasures of art in the closest manner. I may add, that at Thorvaldsen's Museum, a few officers, distinguished by a small red band round their caps, occasionally pass from room to room, to prevent any abuse of the pleasure thus afforded to the public.

It is not intended to enter in this place into any detailed account of the sculptures of Thorvaldsen here collected (although I have by me most ample materials for so doing), nor to criticise them. Of all the originals, however, none struck me so much, by its surpassing loveliness and exquisite proportions, as a "Venus," standing with an apple (or some similarly-shaped fruit) in her hand. Many of the numerous bas-reliefs ("Night," and "Morning," especially), are wondrous for their

spirited poetical conception, and beauty of execution. The subject whereon Thorvaldsen evidently loved to exercise his genius most frequently, is—Cupid; innumerable bewitching figures of that laughing rotund imp, are here to be met with. Thorvaldsen doated on the little creature, and has introduced him, with his delectable grapes and roses, wherever with any degree of decorum, he possibly could. It is marvellous to observe the variety of expression in these diversified workings of one idea; not only do we see scores of single, riant, roguish Cupids, but occasionally a nest full, and a cage full! It is impossible to realize an adequate notion of Thorvaldsen's fertility of invention in this one respect, except by actual inspection. Where can be seen such provokingly real Cupids as these! They seem instinct with life, and one almost listens for their wicked chuckle as the shafts whistle from their bows. It often amused me to observe how all young ladies fixed their bright eyes on these magical creations of a luxuriant yet chaste imagination!

An Englishman will doubtless gaze with interest on the cast of the gigantic "Jason, with the fleece," which formed the starting-point of Thorvaldsen's glorious career. The cast of the statue of Lord Byron, for which that mighty poet sat to Thorvaldsen, also deserves attention. The original was permitted to lie in the London Custom House vault for thirty years! In fact, the deal case containing it rotted away; but this beautiful work, justly valued at an enormous price, is now worthily installed at Cambridge University. The poet is represented sitting on a block of stone (at the ends of which are a skull, and other emblems), with a broken pillar for a footstool. He is contemplating the ruins of empires, and "Childe Harold" is in his hand.

His face is turned upwards, and his lips are parted, as in the act of uttering a poetic aspiration. The shape and expression of Byron's head and face by no means realize my preconceived notion. A mere cast, to be sure, gives an inadequate idea of the original, still the leading features of both must be identical. The attitude of Byron, and the disposition of the drapery, are fine, but the head appears to me little better than a failure. Indeed, Thorvaldsen's power as a sculptor of busts from life is comparatively of a very inferior degree. His bust of Sir Walter Scott, also, judging from the cast, is far from excellent.

The largest room is devoted entirely to casts of the sublime colossal statue of our Saviour, and those of his twelve Apostles, and the Angel-font. The casts are brought closely together, and have a grand effect. As to the Angel-font, although the cast is good, it would give any one who had not previously bent over the original a very inadequate notion of the transcendent beauty of that matchless creation.

The scope of Thorvaldsen's genius was not national—it was universal. A gifted countrywoman of his once observed, that his labours were not dedicated to Scandinavia alone, but to the whole world. His subjects are so diversified as to have a charm for every taste; and many of them are illustrations of things in which all nations have a common interest, a common source of admiration. The number, as well as the variety, of his collective works is incredible. His industry equalled his genius, and happily for the world, to whom the legacies of that combined genius and industry are bequeathed, his life was extended to a long span. Merely to gaze for a few moments at each work of this grand sculptor, requires many successive visits to his

Museum—but to study his *chefs-d'œuvre* as they deserve, is an occupation of years. So popular are they in Denmark, that not only has almost every house casts of them, but even the bakers impress very good imitations on bread and confectionery!

The gallery of paintings which Thorvaldsen had collected, is most interesting. The greater portion of these are works of young artists of different countries, who were sojourning at Rome, and Thorvaldsen bought them by way of kindly encouragement. Many of these paintings are vastly superior to what would be expected from the knowledge of that fact. Not a few are extremely good. The subjects are generally scenes in Italy, and altogether give a vivid idea of that land of sunshine and poesy. The most important paintings, however, are the portraits of Thorvaldsen himself. In one or two *tableaux*, depicting convivial meetings of artists in Rome, the figure of the illustrious sculptor is prominent, but there are also two large separate portraits. One of these, admitted to be exceedingly life-like, is by the celebrated French painter, Horace Vernet. It represents Thorvaldsen giving his finishing touch to the bust of the painter himself. In one corner of it I noticed the words, "*Horace Vernet, à son illustre ami, Thorvaldsen. Rome, 1835.*" Thorvaldsen himself invariably wrote his Christian name *Albert*—and not *Bertel*. There are also good busts of Thorvaldsen in the Museum, executed by himself.

One suite of upper rooms is dedicated to the extensive mass of antiquities and coins collected by Thorvaldsen in Italy. There are also his books—a goodly stock, in various languages. The last of this suite is the room of rooms—Thorvaldsen's own! It is

an exact reproduction, in every feature, of *his own* private room. Every object which was in his room at the time of his death, is here placed in the same position it then occupied. There are about a dozen very common hollow-backed chairs; a sofa; a large round table, apparently of rosewood; a library table, with a handsome gilt time-piece on it, under a glass case; a large ordinary *kakkelovn* (stove), in a corner, with a firescreen before it; a sculptor's stand, supporting an unfinished bust; a chest of drawers; and one or two other domestic articles. On the walls are a number of portraits, and some very trifling little paintings. The former include two of Thorvaldsen himself; another is a family group of his daughter, her husband, and child. There are also highly finished portraits of two or three royal personages, patrons and personal friends of the sculptor.

It was a fine idea of the Danes to set apart this little room, for it brings us as it were into direct personal contact with Thorvaldsen. On these old chairs he was wont to sit—at that table he ate his daily meals, and wrote his letters—at that stand he used to labour—that time-piece he used to consult—that *kakkelovn* he fed many a time with his own hands—on those pictures he often gazed. What would the world give could it behold the veritable fittings which were in William Shakspeare's or John Milton's own room!

In the inner quadrangle of his Museum is the humbly-marked grave of Bertel Thorvaldsen. On one side of the grey marble coping, is deeply cut the simple but eloquent words—"BERTEL THORVALDSEN;" and on the other—"F. den 19 November, 1770. D. den 24 Marts, 1844" (Born, 19th November, 1770. Deceased,

24th March, 1844).* Springing from the coping, is a slightly elevated glazed frame, enclosing small rose-trees planted over the sculptor, as he had desired. It was winter when I was in Copenhagen; these trees were therefore carefully bedded in moss, to preserve them from the keen and long frosts. In summer the glazed frame is opened, and the roses bloom in the air.

There lies Thorvaldsen in the very centre of his works, silently awaiting the trump which will awaken the tenants of earth and ocean. There moulders that cunning hand which gave wondrous semblance of life to marble—there reposes that man whose fame has circled the globe, and whose memory is so revered by his loving countrymen. There he lieth, and we see well that six feet of common mould suffices him! The conqueror who has made kingdoms his footstool; the poet who has walked among his fellow-beings as a demi-god; the sculptor who has given to divine and ethereal essences a tangible form—all finally lie on the same level, and possess the same space as the boor whose thoughts never pierced beyond the visible horizon of his native vale!

* The initial letters "F" and "D" severally standing for the Danish *fod* (born), and *død* (died).

CHAPTER XVI.

DANISH "SLAVES."

"SLAVES" is the designation universally given to criminals in Denmark, but the word "convicts" is more consonant with our English notions. Danish criminals are not transported out of the country; but Denmark and its dependencies are divided into "districts," and convicts are sent to the chief towns in those districts, no matter how distant. Thus "slaves" from Iceland, and even from the West Indies, are frequently sent to expiate their offences at Copenhagen. A young "slave" from the Danish West Indian Island of Santa Cruz, died during my residence at the capital; and a native of the same island, when mentioning the circumstance, said that many of his fellow countrymen were sent to Copenhagen on conviction of heavy offences. The depôt for the worst class of "slaves," answering to our "penal settlements," is a small chalky island in the Baltic, between Kiel and Svendborg. The punishment inflicted on Danish criminals varies, not only with their particular misdeeds, but with what the Scotch laws term their "habit and repute." They may thus be

classed:—1. Those sent to the *Bornehuus*, or Penitentiary, never have been convicted before (on that account their reformation being presumed hopeful); but they must, I believe, have a claim to be ranked as the best class of criminals, either for their previous good character or the respectable station of life in which they have moved. This penitentiary is situated in the quarter called Christianshavn, and contains about seven hundred men and three hundred women. The period of their detention varies from eighteen months to seven years. Two days in the week they have beef or pork, and their staple food on the other five days is peas or grits; and there is always an ample allowance of bread. Their lodging is very good, and the majority of the men sleep in hammocks, two and two; very recently, however, the separate system has been adopted to a small extent. For infringements of prison rules, as an extra punishment, they are actually *compelled to eat boiled horse-flesh, and to partake of the broth from it!* There is no treadmill, or any similar species of hard labour punishment; but they are all, according to their several abilities, set to weave, spin, or card wool.

As an incentive to individual industry, whatever profit results from the labour of each prisoner beyond the cost of his maintenance, is applied to his or her personal benefit; a small allotted portion of it being given to the well-behaved to purchase little luxuries, as tea or coffee, on Sundays and holidays, at a sort of shop within the penitentiary; and the rest of the overplus accumulates until such time as the prisoner becomes free, when it is given to him, and serves to smooth his return to society. No spirits whatever are allowed.

Not only are habits of industry and skill engendered during the prisoner's incarceration, but at his liberation

the little savings pave the way to enable him to permanently resume or attain an useful, honest livelihood. In England, when a criminal is liberated, it rarely happens that he has friends able or willing to assist him, and not a farthing of money has he to aid him. He is penniless, he is cast forth from prison, his character gone, his prospects blasted, his self-respect annihilated. A blight has withered his soul; he is spurned as though contact with him were contamination—nobody will employ him—nobody will trust him—nobody will take him by the hand.

2. An intermediate class of Danish prisoners are sent to what is called the *Tugthuus*, or House of Correction.

3. A worse class, for heavy offences, are sent to the *Raspehuus*, or Rasping House, for seven years, or even for life. This is a dreadful destiny, their sole occupation being rasping Campeachy wood for dyers. So deleterious, it is said, is the fine dust, which they cannot avoid inhaling, that comparatively few survive beyond a limited period, if their sentence is rigidly carried out. This rasping seems even more deadly work than sword-grinding or needle-pointing. They are also severely flogged for breaches of discipline.

4. The class called "slaves," *par excellence*, are the worst and most incorrigible offenders. None are condemned to be "slaves" who have not been repeatedly convicted—unless in rare instances for crimes of the highest magnitude—and their term is generally for seven years, or fourteen, or for life. Gangs of these "slaves" are very frequently met with, generally six or eight in number, marching to and from their prisons. Their dress consists of warm grey breeches, a waistcoat, and a huge grey jacket with black sleeves. They have thick worsted stockings, and wear on one leg an iron

clasp, just below the calf. It is upheld by a light bar, connected with a ring at the knee. To guard and order each gang, only one soldier is employed—very frequently a stripling, or even a one-armed veteran, with merely a short sheathed sword at his side. The convicts are not linked together, and are under no more personal restraint when at work than ordinary labourers. They converse freely, and perform their tasks in a leisurely manner; and will politely doff their caps and bow to passers-by. They look healthy, and I never noticed one decidedly repulsive countenance among them. You look in vain for the stamp of villany. The majority have a contented, subdued aspect, and their bearing is invariably inoffensive and respectful, even when (as sometimes happens) the guard is out of sight. Yet these men are indubitably the worst set of criminals in the country. Those who are capable of working at sedentary trades—as tailors, shoemakers, and watchmakers—are permitted to do so a certain portion of their time for their own benefit. When at work in the open air, if they have friends to hand them little luxuries, it is permissible; and they find no difficulty in procuring spirits or wine with their earnings or with money given them. I understand that citizens who require out-of-door work (such as gardening) occasionally done, may obtain the temporary “loan” of a “slave” for such object; but on what terms, I know not.

The “slaves” are chained in pairs by the legs at night, and sleep on straw with one blanket each; and forty or fifty being in a room, the stench is dreadful. Their allowance, so far as the public is concerned, is eight skillings ($2\frac{1}{4}d.$) per day, in money, to purchase what coarse fare they please at the prison shop; and a loaf of black rye-bread, weighing eight pounds, is given them every four days.

When a stranger sees the gangs on the ramparts or on the roads beyond the gates, with very slight watch or check on their personal movements, his first feeling is surprise that they do not attempt to escape ; but a reason is found in the extreme difficulty they would subsequently experience in getting off this island of Zealand : hence it is rare for an escape to occur. In winter such a thing is nearly impossible ; but, in summer, were a small vessel or boat in waiting on any particular part of the coast, in the vicinity of Copenhagen, by arrangement easily intimated to the " slave," if the latter were a daring, active fellow, he might undoubtedly successfully avail himself of the opportunity.

Altogether, the condition of the " slaves " appears to be decidedly easier than that of any other class of Danish criminals, for they may have any luxuries they can obtain ; and they go about the city and environs, and only work very moderately. But the peculiar punishment in their case is considered to be the disgrace of being public " slaves," and of having to wear the condemned dress and fetters, and labour in sight of all who previously knew them. Undoubtedly this alone is a very dreadful penalty to sensitive minds ; but whether the bulk of those who incur it have much moral sensibility left is doubtful.

It may be added that capital punishment in Denmark is by decapitation ; which is also the mode of execution throughout Scandinavia. It is inflicted for murder, unless extenuating circumstances can be proved, and also for arson, if life is lost by the fire.*

* There is no trial by jury in Denmark, but justice is said to be very impartially administered. There is a Court of Appeal, but should a confirmation of the sentence result upon any appeal, an addition is generally made to the original punishment.

Taking the treatment of prisoners in Denmark as a whole, we are led to believe that it is humane and merciful, in comparison with some other European kingdoms. Without any morbid compassion for criminals, it may be doubted whether the penal enactments of most nations do not defeat their objects by undue severity, especially for first offences. Justice tempered largely with mercy, and a recognition of the claims of humanity, may possibly soften the savage-hearted, and turn the wrong-doer from the evil of his ways; but treat him as a creature devoid of all moral feeling, and if he was not a monster before, he is likely to become one.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE NEW CITY—AMALIENBORG—NYRODER—ROSENBORG SLOT
CHRISTIANSHAVN—CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

COPENHAGEN is divided into twelve municipal districts, but is generally spoken of as containing three grand "quarters." 1. The *Old City*, formed by *Göthersgade* and *Nyehavn*, and one side of *Kongens Nytorv* (for they distinctly bound the New City on the north); whilst on the east and south is the arm of the sea separating it from Christianshavn, and on the west are the ramparts. 2. The *New City*, which contains all of Copenhagen north of the above named line. 3. *Christianshavn*, which is on a portion of the island of Amager.

When speaking of "the aspect of the streets of Copenhagen," my observations were confined to the Old City. Those of the New City comprise the aristocratic portion of the town—which is not the "West-end," however, but the "North-end." The principal streets of this fashionable quarter run direct southerly from *Tolbodveien* ("Custom-house-street"). The principal streets are *Norgesgade* ("Norway-street"),

also called *Bredgade* ("Broad-street"); *Amaliegade* ("Amelia-street"); *Storekongensgade* ("Great King-street"), &c. These are all noble streets of considerable width, contrasting strikingly in that respect with those of the Old City; and the houses in them are almost uniformly lofty, substantial structures, many of them being town residences of the nobility and foreign ambassadors, but, with few exceptions, these mansions of the higher classes make small pretensions to grandeur, although some of them, including the official residences, have stately and interesting exteriors.

Throughout the New City, only a very small number of shops are to be found, and they are chiefly of an extremely humble description, accessible by descending a flight of steps, after the fashion of most of the shops in Copenhagen. All the streets are well paved, and have open gutters and foot pavements of small stones, bordered with granite. There is not the least bustle in the New City, nor any influx of people in its leading thoroughfares; but in one or two, especially *Norgesgade*, a larger stream of well dressed people are frequently to be met than in any other locality. The most striking object in *Norgesgade* is the ruin of a superbly planned, but uncompleted modern marble church. Among the many buildings of note in the same street, are the Royal Naval and Royal Military Academies. *Amaliegade* is also full of public edifices, including the celebrated Casino, considered to be one of the grandest in Europe; a public library, containing forty thousand volumes, open to the public four days a week; Frederick's, or the Royal Hospital, and the Public Hospital, the latter containing not only sick, but aged and infirm, to the number altogether of one thousand to fifteen hundred persons. The medica

staff is of the first order, and it is impossible to speak too highly of the arrangements, the kind treatment, and the liberal scale on which everything connected with it is conducted. It is a common occurrence for highly respectable persons to be conveyed to this hospital, which receives them at almost a nominal charge, in preference to remaining at home, as the treatment is such that their chance of recovery is considered better.

Amaliégade runs straight through Frederick's Place, or *Amalienborg*, which is decidedly the most magnificent spot in all Copenhagen, and merits a particular notice. It is a considerable octagon place, formed entirely of four Royal Palaces, and as a short street, called *Fredericksgade*, runs through the place at right angles with Amaliégade, they are completely isolated from each other at regular distances. These palaces are uniform, built of costly materials in the French style, and though only of moderate dimensions, the richness of their architectural finish, and their relative bearings as they face the place, impress the spectator with a feeling of pleasure, which by no means wears off, even by daily observation. In the paved centre of the place is a pedestal of white marble, on which is a large and grand equestrian statue of Frederick V.

Copenhagen does not contain a single church, palace, square, or place, which many other capitals could not far surpass. Nevertheless, all Europe cannot probably show such a peculiar, such a gorgeous *miniature* place as this of Amalienborg! The palaces composing this octagon place were erected nearly a hundred years ago for members of the royal family. Their interior fittings, decorations, and paintings, are said to be superb, and one of them is enriched by a grand collection of antiquities and mineralogy, gathered by the late King

Christian VIII. Near the guard-house at the southern entrance to the place, a sort of flat archway of noble appearance crosses Amaliegade between two of the palaces.

A very curious part of the New City is called *Nyboder*, and consists of numerous streets of one-storied houses, inhabited by the sailors of the Royal Navy, and the shipwrights of the Royal Dockyard. There is a hospital for the sick and disabled attached, and also a school for the children. North-east of this quarter lies the immense citadel of *Frederikshavn*, extending along the Sound, and the Quarantine Station is just opposite to it.

I must not quit the New City without speaking of *Rosenborg Slot*, or Palace, which, with its gardens, occupies a very large space to the south-west. The celebrated Inigo Jones, a name familiar to every Englishman, built it nearly two centuries and a half ago. It is a most singular structure. It is not very large, but has a square tower of considerable height. It was built for Christian IV., but now only serves for a depository of the crown jewels, and an amazing mass of other valuable things which have been accumulated by successive monarchs; and also countless and almost unrivalled curiosities and collections of Greek, Roman, and Scandinavian coins and medals. This interesting museum can be visited by the public at the moderate charge of three rix-dollars for a party of twelve, about sixpence each. The adjoining garden, or rather park, of Rosenborg is planted with trees and shrubs, divided by avenues, and adorned by many fine bronze statues and groups, one of which represents a lion in the act of draining the life-blood of a vanquished horse, a fine work of art. This garden is open to the public.

throughout the year, and must be a pleasant resort in summer.

There remain other buildings which deserve a brief mention. St. Nicholas' Tower, a large modern brick edifice on the site of St. Nicholas' Church, was destroyed by the fire of 1795. It is a very striking object, one of the most prominent in Copenhagen, and is used as a watch or signal tower.* At its foot is a handsome meat market-house, built a few years ago. Many butchers stand with meat in the open air in *Nytorv*, "the New Market," a space devoted principally to the sale of grain and vegetables. Adjoining it is *Gammeltoev*, "the Old Market," which is embellished by a large fountain. Not far off is the market for Amager, and a hay-market. The fish-market also adjoins, being at the foot of the bridge which crosses the canal to *Slotsholmen*, already described. All these markets are in the open air. In an adjoining street a large plain house was pointed out to me as being a national pawnbroking establishment or *Mont-de-Piété*. It is said to answer well. There are no private pawnbrokers.

Christianshavn demands no particular description. It is pre-eminently the port, or shipping-quarter of Copenhagen, and its confused streets present no peculiarities deserving of mention. It boasts, however, the extraordinary church of Our Saviour, with its most beautiful and richly ornamented tapering spire, nearly a hundred yards high. Round the *exterior* of this spire a staircase winds to the very summit, which is surmounted by a ball or globe, sustaining a statue of the Saviour. The first sight of this wonderful spire is very impressive. It rises in the midst of dull, dark, narrow, out-o'-the-way streets.

* Hans Christian Andersen produced a vaudeville, entitled "Love on St. Nicholas' Tower."

It is somewhat remarkable that none of the churches possess a peal of bells—at any rate, my ear was never gladdened by a jocund burst of bell-melody. The Danes differ marvellously in this respect from their neighbours on the other side of the Baltic. The only sound of bells in Copenhagen is a dismal ding-dong call to service on Sundays. A merry peal, now and then, would marvellously enliven the heavy air of the city.

One locality, however, yet remains unnoticed—that part which borders on the Sound. The inner harbour is formed by the Island of Amager, and a mass of citadels, batteries, and dockyards. The *Tolbod*, or Custom House, is close to the quay, at the end of the harbour, and opposite it are moored ships-of-war of various rates, within a space called *Orlogs havn*, or men-o'-war's haven. Near the Custom House commences an exceedingly fine esplanade, carried along the banks of the Sound as far as the Quarantine Station. Frowning batteries of enormous cannon are planted at short distances along the whole length of this promenade, which commands a noble sea view. Among the objects which attract the eye, is the famous "Three Crowns Battery," built on piles far out in the Sound. Large ships have good anchorage in the outer harbour within a stone's cast of the shore. The water is usually transparent, the tide is almost imperceptible, varying in height from six inches to a foot, but there is no regular ebb and flow.

Reviewing the whole aspect of Copenhagen, I see no reason to alter my original opinion of it. It is not externally a living city,—it never was; and probably it never will be. This is not the fault of the architecture, so much as the real lack of animation in the people, and the absence of all stirring commercial pursuits. I

was especially surprised at the very modern appearance of every quarter. Even the "Old City" is suggestive of a misnomer; and in truth it mainly assumes this appellation because it stands on the site of the ancient town. There are exceedingly few venerable houses to be met with, and this admits of easy yet sad explanation. In 1728, a frightful conflagration destroyed an immense number of streets, and all the churches and noble edifices they boasted. Again, in 1794, and also in the following year, a similar scene of melancholy devastation occurred.* But the bombardment by the British, in 1807, gave the finishing blow to the oldest buildings. "See, sir," said a Danish gentleman to me, one day, as he pointed to *Fruekirke*; "We have built that church on the site of our cathedral, that your bombs demolished!" A little further on, he pointed to the University, with a similar observation. It is no wonder, therefore, that in all Copenhagen I could not find half-a-dozen really ancient structures. But the city, as a capital, is not very old, the seat of Government having only been removed to it, from Roeskilde, about a century ago.

Simply as a modern city, Copenhagen must now be regarded, and that it has been rebuilt at different periods is too evident by the most superficial survey. A cleaner, neater town, of equal size, Britain does not contain. It cannot claim the epithet "splendid," but

* As a precaution against the occurrence of fires, every householder is now compelled, under heavy penalties, to keep a cask of water, and a certain number of leathern buckets in constant readiness for use. A trifling fire occurred during my residence, and I had thus an opportunity of seeing the little antique engines (which are nevertheless said to be very effective), and the firemen, who wear a ludicrous garb, and a *cocked hat with feathers*! They reminded me, somehow, of my "Lord Jack," the London chimney sweeper, on May Day.

it has that which is infinitely better than mere show—it is thoroughly substantial from the highest to the lowest quarter, and there is no gimcrack gingerbread work about it. In this it differs materially from some other Northern capitals. With regard to its objects of interest, their name is legion; and upwards of a quarter of a year's residence has by no means been too long to enable me to acquire a tolerably complete knowledge of them, and of the whole city. There are many minor churches, hospitals, museums, and exhibitions, which have not been at all alluded to.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WINTER CLIMATE—COST OF LIVING—GENERAL COMFORT OF THE
PEOPLE—THE REIGNING DYNASTY—COMMERCIAL INACTIVITY.

MY sojourn at Copenhagen was from December 5th to March 23rd. Prior to my arrival, there had been an intense early frost of a fortnight's duration, but a thaw had set in at the commencement of December. The Jutlanders, capital weather sages, had prognosticated a winter of unusual severity, and the result fully bore out their predictions.

In the earlier part of December the ice melted from the canals, and the weather throughout the month was by no means what might be considered severe. There was very little snow, and I learn that, although a fall to the depth of two or three feet sometimes takes place, yet, as a general rule, comparatively a very small quantity falls. In January the cold usually sets in very intensely, and so it did on this occasion. Frost continued almost without intermission from the new year till the end of January, and about the middle of the month the Sound was sufficiently frozen over for horse-sledges to run between Copenhagen and the opposite

coast of Sweden. Thus, to the nearest point is nine or ten English miles, but to Malmö it is fourteen, and it was to and from the latter place that the sledges ran.

The adventurous Swedes are always the first people to cross the Sound, which is perhaps thus passable once every half dozen years on an average. The ice was rough, as the waves break it up into minute fragments before the whole surface becomes compact. I had an opportunity of watching the gradual progress of the freezing of the Sound, and shall duly describe it. The sledges make a loud rattling as the horses trot over the ice, which, from its roughness, affords a sure footing to quadrupeds; but, as to bipeds, it is about as easy to walk over a mile of newly-ploughed clay land as over the same space of ice on the Sound.

A pretty sight was afforded by the glittering surface in Copenhagen outer harbour, where about a score of ships, including some men-o'-war, were lying immovable. Where the ice happened to be tolerably smooth, skaters diversified the surface in the vicinity of the port, but not in such numbers as might be expected. As nearly as could be ascertained, the thickness of the ice all the way across the Sound averaged from a foot to sixteen inches—possibly very much more in places where snow had melted under the influence of the sun, the liquid mass solidly freezing again at night.

Towards the end of January an exceedingly violent snow-storm occurred, but it no sooner ended than a thaw set in, and before the end of the week the ice was broken up all over the Sound; for where it first grew weak the wind tore open a space, and that was like inserting the small end of the wedge, to be driven home with a vengeance in less than four-and-twenty hours. The ice lingered longer in the canals, and at length a

number of men finally cleared out *Nyehavn* by working ice-saws, and so dismembering huge sheets of the stubborn material. Three men worked each saw—the teeth of which were a couple of inches long—by means of a square frame in which it was set.

From this epoch until the end of February the weather was, with few exceptions, as pleasant as in England at the same season of the year. The sun shone clearly with considerable warmth, but there was generally a keen frost at night, which made the streets slippery in the extreme, for the snow disappeared very slowly, and small fresh falls occasionally whitened the ground one hour, to be melted the next, and converted into ice after sunset. The weather for many weeks was changeable in the extreme. Sometimes a fine bright morning would usher in an intensely cold and stormy afternoon, and the next day would be like one in May. The city was also subject in an extraordinary degree to winds, which blew for a week at a time with astonishing violence. This arises from the geographical position of Copenhagen, and its low exposed site. Whenever “downfall” came, it was almost invariably in the shape of snow—not in large fleeces, but very fine, glittering particles.

March set in with considerable frost, and during its first week the cold was truly piercing; but I cannot express much admiration at the hardihood of the Danes generally, for they do not bear cold a whit better than the bulk of my own countrymen. All classes seem to take as much care of themselves, and to wrap up as carefully as a London shopman might be expected to do.

When I left Copenhagen, the canals and harbours, which in the interval of mild weather had become crowded with vessels, were once more frozen up.

The cost of living in Copenhagen may be considered cheap; not so cheap as in some parts of the continent, but cheaper than in English cities. The most serious expense in Copenhagen, in winter, is the item of fuel. There is no coal in Denmark, but Newcastle supplies "black diamonds" at a rate much less than they sell at in many parts of England itself. The return cargo of these colliers is usually corn. Many of the Danish *kakelovns*, or stoves, however, will not burn coal well; and consequently beech, fir, ash, &c., is in the greatest demand for fuel. The cost of apartments in Copenhagen is much the same as in the great towns of England or Scotland. Rents of houses are comparatively very high; and I was astonished to learn what large sums were paid for the purchase of suburban dwellings. Tea, coffee, and sugar, are very little cheaper than in England, but the recent disturbances in the Danish West Indian islands, whence the supply of the two latter is drawn, have caused an advance in their price; and the home government has been compelled to lay an additional tax of twenty per cent. on them to meet the expenses of the late campaigns.

The war with the Duchies has increased the price of other articles of large consumption; but the main supply of meat, butter, cheese, &c., is drawn from Jutland, which is emphatically the larder of Copenhagen.

The best cuts of very excellent beef (which in some parts of Jutland itself sells at 1*d.* to 1½*d.* per pound) are here about 5*d.* per pound,* within the city, and a penny per pound cheaper beyond the gates, as there is a local duty to that amount charged on the entry of all provisions from the country. Cheese is very cheap,

* A Danish pound is 1-10th heavier than the English.

and also very mean. The bread which is chiefly used by all classes is rye-bread, of various shades, from a light brown to almost a black colour. The invariable shape of the loaves is that of scantling, about twenty inches long, and four or five inches square. The coarsest and the blackest of this rye-bread is to be preferred, in my opinion, to the finest snow-white milk-loaf that ever graced the table of an English duchess. It is only $\frac{1}{2}d.$ per pound, and the quantity of butter usually consumed with it is extraordinary—the Danes spreading layers of butter nearly as thick as the slice of bread itself. Danish wheaten bread is always made in the shape of rolls, and never in loaves. Scarcely any bread is home-made, for few private houses have either ovens or hearths.

It might be supposed that the great consumption of butter argued a corresponding cheapness, but this is not exactly the case, for fresh butter this winter was $9d.$ to $10d.$ per pound. It comes in casks, and it is amusing to see the country people in the markets weigh a pound or two to their customers—not in scales, but thanks to the keen air, simply by inserting the hook of the balance through the slice. I have bought delicious smoked hams at about $5d.$ per pound. Fresh eggs are $\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $\frac{3}{4}d.$ each (winter time). Spirits, wine, and tobacco are exceedingly cheap. A bottle of good rum is about $9d.$; ditto of *brändeivin* (corn-brandy) $4d.$ to $5d.$ The latter is drunk raw at every meal. Claret, sherry, and French wines, are also proportionately cheap. Fine flavoured tobacco is $\frac{3}{4}d.$ per ounce, and good cigars $\frac{1}{4}d.$ each. The Danish beer is a cheap, wholesome, and pleasant drink. Abundance of excellent milk is brought in from Amager, and the country around Copenhagen, in neat and beautifully scoured barrels, conveyed, a

dozen or two together, in a light waggon. Vegetables are abundant and very cheap. They are excellent in quality, especially potatoes, which are sold by measure. Fish are consumed in large quantities, and are generally fine flavoured—salmon, perhaps, excepted. The small, well-fed herrings are delicious. Huge cod, haddock, and varieties of fish of kinds unknown to me, are sold “all alive, O!” on board the fishing-boats in the canals and havens. I have only to add on this subject, that the supply of water is yet, as it always has been, of an inferior quality, but by no means so bad as some have represented.

It is evident that the blessings of education and of physical comfort are more generally diffused in Denmark than among us. There are no noblemen of enormous possessions, and no merchant princes; but the easy independence of the middle class, and the plenty and contentment universal among the lower orders, are worthy of admiration. There is no reckless speculation, no intensely selfish battlings for hoards of wealth; but the machinery of the whole state goes on like the works of a clock, very slowly but very surely. If I am right in assuming that a sufficiency of the necessaries and even the luxuries of life, combined with a strictly moderate degree of labour, be a tolerably certain indication of the happiness of the partakers thereof, then the Danes are a happy people. It is ridiculous to talk about their living under a despotic constitution—it may be despotic in name, but in name only. In no republic in the world is there more true liberty enjoyed by the subject, than the Danes at this hour enjoy. There may be “something rotten in the state of Denmark” now, as there was in Hamlet’s time; but where is the state which at this moment has not something rotten in it—

some abuse calling loudly for remedy; some old festering sore requiring vigorous scarification; some new song to the old tune of robbing Peter to pay Paul; or laying burthens exclusively on the shoulders of one class to save those of another? Weigh nations in the balance; compute "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" in each of them—and Denmark will be in the foremost rank. It is not a land flowing with milk and honey, nor does corn wave in its fields without long and hard toil on the part of the husbandman; but it is a land of plenty, and a land of contentment.

The number of paupers in Denmark is much less than in other European States, and they are well provided for. If such a thing could happen as a human being dying of absolute starvation in Denmark, the occurrence would fill the land with a thrill of horror and indignation. During four months (in the depth of winter), I did not see more than as many beggars—and not one shivering, half-naked object. Yet just now the land is suffering more than it has done for many years, in consequence of the heavy drain on its resources by the protracted war.

About three years ago a system of suffrage for the election of representatives in the Danish Parliament came into force, which is something like the old scot-and-lot system in England, but more liberal. By it, all men of legal age, (which in Denmark is fixed at twenty-five years), who "keep their own table," as it is phrased, have a vote. It is not essential for a man to be a householder, for if he has only regularly occupied a couple of rooms for a certain period, and has a family or servants, and supplies his own table, he is deemed to have sufficient interest in the State to be entitled to vote. This is reasonable and right. How many well-educated,

intelligent men are there in the great cities of Great Britain, who all their lives (although occupying highly respectable positions in society) are deprived of suffrage simply because they live in lodgings! Denmark is divided into equal electoral districts; and whilst Parliament sits, each member, it is said, receives an allowance of three rix-dollars (6*s.* 9*d.*) per diem.

His Majesty the present King (Frederick VII.) never interferes in political affairs, and, indeed, he has an aversion to perform even the necessary acts of royalty. A Danish lady told me that when he was a youth, he used to say that he had only three wishes—1. That he might not be compelled to compose themes. 2. That he might not be compelled to marry. 3. That he might not be compelled to become king. He has, however, thrice married; and has been twice divorced. He is a capital horseman, and speaks French with extreme fluency. In person he is a very handsome man, and looks every inch a King. His age is forty-three, and he is at present childless. The next heir to the throne is his uncle, the Crown Prince Ferdinand, who is fifty-eight, and also childless. There are no other members of the Royal Family in what may be called the direct line; and the prince whom some consider the next heir to the throne is on one side of Russian descent. I have seen him personally, and he is a noble-looking young man. The question of ultimate succession to the Danish Crown, is, however, likely to become a painful and complicated question, of vital importance to the country.

Denmark is strikingly backward in many of the great commercial improvements of the age; and the Danes may be most unhesitatingly condemned for blindness to their own interest in some of these respects. Without

requiring them to lay down railroads over Jutland and the islands (for there is not sufficient traffic to render such things profitable or necessary), glaring deficiencies might be amended, and the resources which nature has given them in some of their colonies developed. For instance, in Greenland, where it is positively asserted, by competent authorities, that mineral wealth exists to a stupendous extent. Thither a Danish merchant is about to sail, in a ship expressly fitted out to explore the Arctic Eldorado. I am personally acquainted with the originator of the enterprise, who has repeatedly explained to me his views and expectations, and shown me specimens of the minerals, which are of a most valuable kind.

During my first walk through Copenhagen, I was astonished to notice that ships were repaired, not in docks nor on slips, but simply by careening them over, with tackle fixed to their masts, just as a crew will do to caulk their leaky vessel from time to time, in any out-o'-the-way isle in the South Seas! Even at this great port of Copenhagen, there is not one slip, and only one graving dock, which belongs to Government; and as there is no tide, the water is pumped out, not by a steam-engine, but by hand-pumps! This is only one instance out of dozens of a similar nature, which might be cited were it necessary.

I do not desire the Danes to plunge wildly into an excess of reckless innovation; but it may truly be said that they carry their conservatism of old customs and their leave-alone predilections much too far, and sooner or later they will find this out to their cost!

CHAPTER XIX.

DEN TAPPRE LANDSOLDAT—THE NATIONAL WAR-SONG OF
DENMARK.

No people in the world can be more devotedly attached to their country than the Danes. They are very proud of their ancient fame and honour, and, to a man, will preserve it intact at the expense of fortune and of life. The unwavering devotion with which the entire Danish nation supported Denmark's rights in the quarrel with the refractory Duchies and Germany, is extraordinary ; and great as have been the losses thereby entailed, the Danes will never yield a hair's-breadth in what they deem a righteous cause.

The most famous national war-song in the world is the "Marseillaise," but, in my estimation, it is decidedly inferior to that of Denmark—" *Den tappre Landsoldat*" ("The brave soldier lad"). The latter, moreover, does not partake of that blood-thirsty spirit which pervades the French hymn. " *Den tappre Landsoldat*" was written and set to music at the commencement of the war between Denmark and the Duchies, and so eminently rational is it, that one burst of enthusiasm from end to end of the kingdom hailed its advent.

The author and composer were both rewarded with knighthood of the order of the Dannebrog. There are two orders of Knighthood in Denmark: the order of the Elephant, and the order of the Dannebrog. The first is the highest, but neither are hereditary. The Dannebrog is the Danish national cross. It is of a beautiful oblong shape, and, according to an ancient legend, it fell from heaven. Hence the motto, "God protects Denmark." The reader will better comprehend some of the allusions in the song after this explanation.

During my residence in Copenhagen, "*Den tappre Landsoldat*" was in the mouth of old and young, at all hours, in all places, on all occasions. The gentleman hummed it over his wine, the lady at her toilet, the mechanic at his bench, the shopman at his counter, the maiden at her spinning-wheel, the child at its play. If you walked the streets you heard it, more or less, at every few yards; if you entered a drawing-room, the young ladies were sure to be thrumming it on the piano; if you bought a pocket-handkerchief you would find the words and music printed on it. I have heard it sung in grand chorus by whole battalions of soldiers on the march. So powerfully does it appeal to the hearts of all Scandinavians, that in Christiana and Bergen I heard it sung by the Norwegian troops and civilians almost as frequently as by the Danes in Copenhagen; and when I sailed into the harbour of Tromsö, close on the borders of Finmark, a boat came off from the town with a bugle, playing the spirit-stirring air with great skill. Subsequently, in Sweden, I heard it sung almost daily by the natives of that country.

Having said this much, I feel I am only preparing a disappointment for the reader in presenting him with

my English version. No version of any foreign song can possibly preserve both the spirit and the equivalent words of the original, so as to satisfy those who understand the latter ; but in this instance the original is so intensely Danish, that it is difficult even to find words answerable to the many idiomatic phrases. It is versified here in the exact metre of the original, from a careful literal translation made for the purpose by my friend, Mr. Beckwith, who warned me of the impossibility of doing justice to the song in a metrical version, and I feel how miserably tame it is, in comparison with the breathing, burning Danish. But I enthusiastically appreciate the original, although I find it is impossible successfully to transfer its spirit to a foreign tongue, and preserve its metre and its equivalent words. This latter has here been nearly done, but somewhat, though very little, at the expense of the former. There is not a line of fine poetry in the original ; its marvellously inspiring effect depends altogether on the homely truth and vigour of its heartfelt allusions, the martial swell of the rhythm, and the racy idiomatic language employed. These elements of interest are almost or altogether lost in a foreign version. Some lines, also, which in English may convey rather ludicrous ideas, are the very reverse in Danish ; and the music of the piece is beautiful, and highly exciting. A literal translation of the song would convey a still fainter idea of its merits than even this poor version now presented to the reader, preceded, however, by the first stanza in the original, that those who understand both languages may judge how closely I have endeavoured to adhere to the verbal expressions, as well as the appropriate rhythm in which they are couched.

Den tappre Landsoldat.

1.

Dengang jeg drog afsted,
 Dengang jeg drog afsted,
 Min Pige vilde med,
 Ja, min Pige vilde med.
 Det kan du ei, min Ven!
 Jeg gaaer i Krigen hen,
 Men hvis jeg ikke falder, saa kommer jeg igjen.
 Ja var der ingen Fare, saa blev jeg her hos dig,
 Men alle Danmarks Piger de stole nu paa mig.
 Og derfor vil jeg slaas, som tappre Landsoldat.
 Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

THE BRAVE SOLDIER LAD.

I.

When away I marched,
 When away I marched,
 My girl with me would go,
 Yes, my girl with me would go;
 That cannot you, my friend,
 To the wars away, I wend,
 But home again I'll come if I 'scape a soldier's end.
 If danger did not press, I here would stay with thee,
 But all the girls of Denmark, they now depend on me.
 And therefore I will fight, like a brave Soldier-lad.
 Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

II.

My father and my mother,
 My father and my mother,
 They these words did say,
 Yes, they these words did say:—
 If these we trust in so,
 Unto the wars must go,
 Who shall drive the plough a-field, or who the grass shall mow?
 Yes, that's the very reason we all must march away,
 Or else will come the German to cut our corn and hay.
 And therefore I will fight, like a brave Soldier-lad.
 Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

III.

If the German cometh here,
 If the German cometh here,
 I pity every one,
 Yes, I pity every one.
 To Peter and to Paul
 He says—"Thou art a drawl!"*
 And if in Danish we retort, he says to us—"Speak small!"†
 For people who all tongues can parle, why that is just the same,
 But unto us who know but one—the Devil? it is no game!
 And therefore I will fight, like a brave Soldier-lad.
 Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

IV.

Of Dannebrog‡ I know,
 Of Dannebrog I know,
 From Heaven it fell down,
 Yes, from Heaven it fell down.
 In our haven 'neath the sky,
 From the staff behold it fly,
 No other banner e'er hath won renown so proud and high.
 Yet even this the German mocked, and under foot it trod;
 No, for fate like that our Dannebrog is much too old and good.
 And therefore I will fight, like a brave Soldier-lad.
 Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

V.

Defiance to the foe,
 Defiance to the foe,
 When the king is with us,
 Yes, when the king is with us.
 He stands with drawn sword,
 He strikes—without a word,
 Of a king so truly Danish, past ages have not heard.
 Yet they pretend to think he no longer here is free,
 And they even hope to bind him in German slavery!
 See, therefore I will fight, like a brave Soldier-lad.
 Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!

* In Danish—"Du bis faul;" literally, "thou art idle."

† In Danish—"Hols Maul;" literally, "hold your tongue!"

‡ The Danish flag, which is of a red ground, with the cross of the Dannebrog upon it in white.

VI.

For the girls and our land,
For the girls and our land,
We combat, every man,
Yes, we combat, every man.
And woe to the wretched dog,
Who loves not his mother "*sprog*,"*
And will not offer life and blood for dear old Dannebrog !
But if I my parents old, should never return to see,
King Frederick will them console, by saying this of me—
His vow he has kept, the brave Soldier-lad.
Hurra ! Hurra ! Hurra !

It may be worth adding that a nephew of Mr. Laing, the traveller, has for several years served "*som tappre Landsoldat*" in the Danish army. He entered the hussars as a volunteer, and after serving some time in the ranks, has been presented with a commission in the regiment as a reward for his gallant conduct, and has also been honoured with the cross of the Dannebrog. An English gentleman of the name of Bennett, also served (as a volunteer) a campaign with the Danish troops—but in a civil rather than a military capacity.

* "*Sprog*"—language.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DANISH CHARACTER.

HAVING incidentally spoken of various traits in the Danish character, it may be well to sum up the estimate formed by my residence in the capital, conjoined with some little contact with the Danes elsewhere.

In person the Dane is little, if anything, inferior to the Englishman, who is acknowledged to be the noblest physical specimen of humanity on the face of the earth. He (the Dane) is generally "good-looking," with fair complexion, light-coloured hair, and light blue eyes. His features, in many instances, are somewhat stolid, but stamped with an air of honesty and firmness, which his actions do not belie. He is not lively, he is not enterprising, he is not speculative, he is not foremost in the race the nations of the world are running. He is obstinate, slow of comprehension, yet slower to adopt and put in practice new views and systems, even when convinced of their being preferable to those to which his prejudices are wedded. He is indolent, prone to extravagance, slowly dreams away his life, with a meerschaum pipe in his mouth, and a bottle of strong

brændiviin by his side, which, however, he never empties to intoxication. He is exquisitely stoical on domestic and commercial subjects, but perfectly enthusiastic on any appertaining to poetry, music, sculpture, science, the fine arts, and all that is intellectually ennobling. He is hospitable, and a warm and generous friend. He is not free from envy, but is yet far less uncharitable towards the successful minions of fortune than are the people of many other nations; and the munificent manner in which he rewards his countrymen who attain eminence in literature, art, and science, is beyond parallel.

The Dane is scrupulously faithful in his engagements, and his word is better than many men's bonds. He is devotedly attached to all sorts of amusements,* some of them being childish in the extreme. He is a calm but sincere Christian, little given to polemical discussion, and quite content to profess the religion his fathers have handed down to him, without the slightest desire to introduce any innovation into its rituals; his passiveness on religious grounds does not, however, amount to indifference, and never degenerates into scepticism, but simply arises from the unquestioning faith he has in the judgment of his ecclesiastical pastors and guides. He is full of indomitable courage, both physical and moral, and when he has once made up his mind to a certain course of action, nothing can deter him from the execution thereof. He often possesses a most brilliant imagination, much genuine sentiment and taste, and a feeling heart. His mind is liberal, his

* One very favourite amusement in winter is the masquerade. The Danes have always been passionately fond of that ancient species of "ploy." When the reigning King of Denmark visited England in 1768, he gave a masquerade "to all the world," at Ranelagh.

judgment excellent, his observation keen, his satire piercing, his morals unexceptionable,* his eloquence of the first quality. He complacently sips the cup of life, and does not feverishly gulp its contents like the hot-blooded people of the south. He is somewhat vain, and has quite a sufficient opinion of his own worth. He fancies, and will doggedly maintain in the face of any odds, any facts, any figures, that his own little Denmark is not only the oldest, noblest, happiest, best, but literally the most lovely country under the sun. His ancestors all had profound faith in this pleasant dream before him: he has been brought up happily in this belief—he lives happily in this belief—he will die happily in this belief; and who can blame him? And who has any right vainly to attempt—for vain it would prove—to dispossess him of it? Whether at home or abroad, he perpetually exclaims, “O, my beautiful little Denmark! O, my charming lakes, and grey skies, and birch woods!” When he expands into enthusiasm in expatiating on the glories of his “*lille Danmark*,” do not evince the slightest scepticism, unless you wish to hurt his feelings, for from the bottom of his soul he does really and potentially believe in all he asserts. This pride in his country influences all his actions, for he thoroughly identifies himself with the glory and good repute of Denmark. And well in him to do so! And worthy of all his pride is little old Denmark.

* The high tone of morality of the Danish stage is admirable. The actors are, without exception, highly-educated, and emphatically gentlemen. Were a well-founded insinuation breathed against the fair-fame of any actress, she would not be permitted to perform any more. The clergy all patronize the drama as being an engine of moral power and utility.

CHAPTER XXI.

COPENHAGEN TO CHRISTIANIA—FROZEN IN THE SOUND—EL SINORE—
COAST OF SWEDEN—CHRISTIANIA FIORD.

I OBTAINED a passage in the first vessel bound direct to Christiania the present year (1850)—the Danish schooner "Prindsesse Caroline,"* skipper J. Momme. On embarking I watched with much interest the strict operations of the custom-house officer, who attended her clear out. He nailed wires across the hatchways, and various other parts of the vessel containing cargo, and sealed them with the large official seal. The crew carefully covered the seals with oakum and sail-cloth to protect them from injury, as suspicion would be excited that they had been tampered with, if they presented a mutilated aspect on the vessel arriving at her destination. The bill of lading, or invoice of cargo, is made up to the moment of closing hatches, and duly certified. When the vessel is delivered, the cargo must

* Hans Christian Andersen has, in a recent letter to me, written as follows:—"The 'Prindsesse Caroline' was wrecked last year on the coast of Sweden; Skipper Momme, and all the crew and passengers, were drowned, and lie buried in the deep! I showed the owner how his vessel still sailed in your book, and that Skipper Momme was not forgotten'"

exactly tally with this invoice. The "Prindsesse Caroline" was a small but large-masted, full-rigged schooner, of perhaps ninety to a hundred English tons burthen (dead weight), and our cargo was a very general one, comprising a great variety of goods and articles of consumption. The vessel was rather deep in the water, having about eighteen inches of dry side amidships.

We hauled out of our berth in Nyhavn in the midst of a violent snow-storm. The wind was powerful even in that sheltered haven, and the cold piercing. This was on March 22nd, and although a passage had been opened through the ice in Nyhavn, it had so far frozen up again, that it was with some difficulty the schooner hove through. We ran the gauntlet of the inner harbour at a dashing rate, but the snow was so dense that even the hulls of the big line-of-battle ships and frigates lying within a score of yards, or less, loomed quite indistinctly. The open Sound was soon reached, and then we felt the unbroken power of the gale. There were several extra hands on board to help to work the vessel fairly out; and they were needed, for it was rough weather. No other vessel seemed on the move but ours, and the elements battled so fiercely, that our captain prudently let go both anchors about a couple of miles from the shore. All was secured, and we rode tolerably easy when the cables were well paid out, although the storm howled savagely, the snow beat mercilessly, and the waves roared like angry lions all night.

The next morning, Saturday 23rd, at 10 A.M., preparations were made to get the vessel under weigh again. "A little help is worth a deal of pity," and now and henceforward during the voyage, I cheerfully bore a hand whenever needful, and hauled, heaved, and sprang

about with as hearty a will as the best fellow aboard. It was heavy work getting the anchors home, for the strain on the cables was immense. By the time our flukes parted their hold of the bottom, it blew almost a hurricane; the snow was blinding, and the cold numbing. We tried to beat off under reefed mainsail and fore-topsail, but it would not do.

Let no one marvel at ships being lost, especially when weak-handed, as nearly all English merchantmen are, in a snow-storm such as this. Despite thick mittens, your hands soon become half-frozen, and you also hear and see very imperfectly. On the occasion in question the wind was so violent, that, as sailors say, it required two men to hold another man's hair on his head! We rapidly drifted shoreward, and in a very few minutes after getting under weigh had to let go both anchors again, and make all snug. The schooner pitched uneasily all day, and the cold increased in intensity.

I now closely witnessed the gradual formation of ice on the surface of fiercely agitated salt water,—a phenomenon which I had often desired to behold. First the light drifting particles of yeasty foam were frozen, and floated about without being broken. By degrees, small scales, as it were, of ice, varying in size from a sixpence to a crown piece, were next created on the clear water. They were very fragile, but gathered thickness hourly, and also conglomerated in circular patches of from one inch to one foot in diameter, but generally speaking they were about four to six inches across, and beautifully regular. All this time the waves rose and fell wildly, but towards nightfall, although the wind continued unabated, and the swell of the sea remained as strong as before, yet the waves seemed subdued and

smoothed down by the fast closing ice, and before turning in for the night, I was satisfied that in the long run King Frost would beat King Wind.

On gaining the deck in the morning (Sunday, 24th) shortly after sunrise, the scene, although not altogether novel or unexpected, was very striking and beautiful. The ice now formed in many places large loose sheets, rising and falling with the waves, which ran high, and the schooner's sides, from the top of the bulwarks to some feet below the level of her draught, were coated with ice varying from six inches to a foot or more in thickness. Forward, the figure-head, cutwater, and about the bows, nearly as far aft as the cat-heads, was one enormous mass of ice. The martingales, bobstays, foot-ropes along the jib-boom, and the lower rigging generally of the bowsprit, &c., were also covered with ice till they seemed thrice their real thickness; and several stray ends of ropes, which by some means had dangled over the sides, exhibited at their extremities masses of ice literally as large as small kegs, or anchor buoys. Some of these the skipper cut adrift with a hatchet, and also chopped much ice away from the bows and sides. In our wake astern, the water was tolerably free from ice, which in some degree was attributable, perhaps, to the fact that the schooner's boat was there yawing about at full stretch of her two painters. She was quite full of water, but inside and out her upper works, and all her bows, were coated with ice from six to nine inches thick, which made her float almost like a life-boat, although sometimes waves quite buried her.

The sun rose above a huge pile of black clouds, and shone dazzlingly on the wide-spread and really magnificent wintry scene. With pleasure my eye rested

on the spires, towers, fortresses, and every other familiar prominent object in Copenhagen, clearly revealed by the rays of the morning sun. The weather continued exceedingly severe, and the wind raged as hard as ever, with a very rough sea, despite the superincumbent ice.

As we "crooned" in the cabin in the afternoon, my worthy skipper, Momme, read a large book, with marginal references, and wonderfully resembling a bible. I was a little surprised, but pleased, to notice him so properly occupied, as I thought; but the very absorbing manner in which he pored over its pages, rather excited my suspicions, and on looking more closely, I discovered it to be—a book of navigation!

So uneasily did the schooner pitch and strain, and so bitterly exposed was our anchorage, that the skipper resolved to run for a better. At 5 P.M., we accordingly weighed, and once more, as it happened, in the midst of a snow-storm, got under sail, and beat nearer the port, till we came directly in a line with the Three Crowns' Battery, and between it and the shore. About a quarter of a mile to leeward of this capital break-water, the anchors were let go once more, and the benefit of the change of position was well worth the labour it cost. In making things snug again, the wind seemed fairly to pin one to the rigging when aloft, and the canvass flapped like thunder.

I was particularly struck with the very extraordinary resemblance of sea orders in Danish to the same in English. Although I had never heard before sea-phrases in Danish (for very few were uttered during my little voyage in the "Enigheetns Minde," last November), I instantly comprehended many of them as they issued from the skipper's lips. Any intelligent English sailor would, with a week's practice, well un-

derstand every order on board a Danish ship, and so *vice versâ*. As interesting instances of this striking resemblance, I take a few phrases:—*forud*, forward (but on shipboard we pronounce it *forud*, or just the same as the Danish); *midtskibs*, 'midships; *pompe*, pump; *sæt af*, set off; *masten*, mast; *sætte sail*, set sail; *heise*, hoist; *stybord*, starboard; *bagbord*, larboard; *driften*, leeway; *logline*, logline; *logbogen*, log-book; *læ*, lee; *skonnert*, schooner; *bark*, bark, or barque; *brig*, brig; *skib*, ship; *blokke*, blocks; *gaffel-topseil*, gaff-topsail; *mesan*, mizzen; *uftakle*, untackle, &c. &c.

At day-break on Monday, the 25th, it was a beautiful sight to observe the ice-incrusted shipping glittering in the bright sunbeams, and an immense expanse of water was more or less frozen over. Great flocks of gulls and other sea-birds enlivened the scene. Great numbers of these beautiful creatures are always, in fact, hovering about the Sound in the vicinity of Copenhagen. On fine evenings I have seen the yards and rigging of men-o'-war, lying in the inner harbour, literally covered with gulls, which would sometimes settle on the ships' stays so closely, as to resemble a string of beads. They are never molested, which accounts for their tameness and confidence. This pleasing characteristic trait of the kindly disposition of the Danes is particularly observable even in the streets of Copenhagen, for the swarms of sparrows are excessively numerous, and so fat and bold that it would be quite practicable to seize them sometimes by the hand. I never saw sparrows anywhere so astonishingly tame and impudent. Often have I walked through the midst of flocks of fifty to a hundred settled in the markets and other open spaces, and almost trod upon them before

they would get out of my way. In the course of the day the ice gradually closed around us, and there was every prospect that twenty-four hours would find us immovable.

Tuesday, the 16th, opened with a brilliant sunrise, and although the ice was in certain tracts thin in our immediate vicinity, yet nearer the shore it was very strong, and we had not a very favourable wind to force our way into the open sea, even if such a course would have been otherwise practicable. Of all outward-bound vessels in the roads, ours was lying nearest the seaward edge of the ice, for the latter did not extend more than three hundred yards from us in the direction of the Battery. A large Swedish barque, coming into port with a strong wind, tried the experiment of dashing through the ice at full sail, about two hundred yards distance, in a course across our bows, and she got a long way towards port. I went aloft to gaze on the grand panorama spread around; and had thus a capital bird's-eye view of our neighbour, the celebrated "Three Crowns Battery," which is of vast extent, rising from an artificial foundation in the Sound, about two English miles, I believe, from the entrance to the port. The cannon planted on it seemed of immense calibre—as indeed many are at the batteries on shore. As I sat on the fore-crosstrees, I managed to write a letter home, duly dating it from that breezy elevation! Vividly did I picture to myself the scene this part of the Sound must have presented at the time of Nelson's attack. Who can forget Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic." How finely he paints the breathing pause before the cannons belched forth their horrible messengers of destruction!

“There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.”

The ice continued to strengthen so during the day that it would safely bear us alongside the schooner. Our boat had been previously baled, freed from ice, and hoisted out of water. The large mail-steamer, from Wismar in Prussia, forced her way through in the same tract as the Swedish ship, but notwithstanding the mighty power of steam, she went at a snail's pace through the already broken ice, which must have cut her dreadfully, judging by the hideous crashing it made.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 27th, the wind proving favourable, we all turned to with a will, a little after daybreak, *to cut a way out of the ice*. We had about a couple of hundred yards to form a passage wide enough for the schooner, until she could get into the channel, so opportunely reopened by the steamer. Armed with hatchets and handspikes, we heartily set to work. The ice was exceedingly rough on the surface, and its solid thickness was about five or six inches. The first thing done was to track out a road, about twenty-five feet in width, and in a line with the direction our anchors lay in.

This road was marked out by handspikes set-on-end, and then the ice was cut through in straight lines from handspike to handspike. The cold was extreme, but labour kept the body in a fine glow, though hands and feet suffered much from the spurting of the cold water. When we had cut a complete way of about the length of the schooner, say sixty feet, we next divided this detached sheet into two parallel portions, and then cutting them up into transverse sections of from six to

ten feet square, we dragged them by main force, with boat-hooks, under the firm adjoining ice, so as to completely clear the channel. This was not altogether child's play, and both caution and dexterity were requisite to avoid accidents, for the ice we stood on, when thus dissected, quivered and cracked ominously. Our next task was to get on board again, and heave away at the pawl windlass, to draw the vessel a head. I here gave forth the English "*h-e-a-v-e h-o-h!*" with full lungs, and never worked with a heartier will in my life, for I dearly love to hear the cheery click-click-click of the falling pawl. This heaving proved, however, heart-dragging work, for the ice clung so to the schooner's sides and bows, that sometimes seven or eight of us could hardly spring a single pawl without reiterated efforts. We had a great length of the cables out, and heaved first on one anchor then on the other, till we brought the bows chock up to the firm ice. Then we resumed our hatchets and cut the channel another ship's length. This time, while stepping, handspike in hand, over a weak portion of ice, it gave way, and in a moment I was immersed to the middle. I opened not my lips, but very quietly spread out my arms till the mate came up and dragged me from my gratuitous bath. Laughing at my own plight, and shaking myself well, I clambered on board the vessel, shifted my garments, and in ten minutes was chopping away again, blithe as ever. This was happily the only little misadventure which befel us.

By noon we had hove our anchors short, or "up and down," and shortly afterwards we brought them to daylight, and catted them. There yet remained some thirty yards length of the channel to be gone through, before we could reach the open passage; so the boat

was manned, and a hawser and kedge carried to the firm ice on the other side the passage. We then hove the schooner ahead by the hand-windlass at the foremast; the bight of the hawser being of course passed along the vessel's side and over the taffrail. By 2 P.M. we gained the open channel, and setting sail, a quarter of an hour found us in the open Sound. Hurrah, mess-mates! hurrah, old craft! we are free! And now all hands splice the main-brace,* and then sheet-home and fill away, my hearties!

I practically learned some good seamanship of a peculiar kind during these few days of battling with King Frost. Our skipper was a Dane, the mate was a Norwegian; and we had also a Swede on board. These three were not bad representatives of their respective nations.

The sun shone brightly—the breeze blew briskly—and under mainsail, gaff-topsail, fore-trysail, foresail, fore-topsail fore-to'gallant, staysails, jib and flying-jib, we dashed along, and Copenhagen soon grew dim in the distance; but long as sight served, I gazed at its receding outlines with full heart. We had a fine view of much of the coast of Zealand, which is here lofty and romantic. This is, indeed, considered the most beautiful bit of coast scenery which Denmark, so poor in that respect, can boast. I was again particularly struck with the exquisite green hue and perfect transparency of the water of the Sound. To note it properly, the spectator should look towards the keel of a boat afloat upon it, for then it is set off, and its surprising beauty well displayed. The Danes call the Sound *Oresund*, from its fancied resemblance to the shape of the human

* On board English ships, this phrase means "Give out the grog!" On board Danish ships, it means "Give out the *brændeviin*!"

ear. At Helsingör, the entrance to the Sound is only about a mile and a half wide. Exactly opposite Helsingör (or Elsinore as we call it), is the town of Helsingborg, in Sweden. Elsinore has about seven or eight thousand inhabitants, and is said to be a busy thriving place, especially in summer. Its name is famous all over the world, on account of the Sound Dues which Denmark has levied on the tonnage of merchant-vessels of every nation, passing the Sound, during the last five centuries. Ancient treaties with maritime countries guarantee this right thus to collect tribute-money, in such a manner that the mightiest powers do not question or evade its operation. Ships bring up under the guns of *Kronborg* ("Crown Castle"), at Elsinore, and pay toll on cargo or tonnage. About twelve thousand ships per annum pass the Sound, and the amount Denmark realizes from them now averages, I believe, about 140,000*l.* sterling.

For the first time I was now approaching Elsinore—and it was not possible to approach it in a more thoroughly romantic manner. It was night; the schooner flew swiftly before the whistling breeze; the twinkling stars shone down in myriads, and the full moon shed her brilliant light on the dancing wavelets. It was night—a glorious ice-cold night, and I paced the little quarter-deck, and looked across the water in the direction of Elsinore. I stood by the side of the hardy Norwegian helmsman, and both were thoughtful, and both were silent, and both glanced keenly at a light ahead, which we were rapidly nearing, for he calculated the bearing of the ship by that light—and I read in it the one word—HAMLET! Nearer and nearer—more and more distinct it grew, and lo! we were abreast of Elsinore! There, in the moonlight, doth Kronborg

gather up his giant limbs—there standeth forth his huge quadrangular bulk against the dark back-ground of the heavens. I held a tiny copy of the “cunningly devised fable,” yclept “Hamlet!” From it I read lines of marvellous application to the hour and the scene. Above rose “this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o’erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with fire,” and though “the air bites shrewdly,” I heeded it not, for I was aroused, and my vision strained towards where the “liegemen of the Dane” keep watch and ward, and where “that fair and warlike form in which the majesty of buried Denmark did sometimes march,” yet to my fancy might haply re-appear!

The moonlight finely set off the vast proportions of Kronborg, and when we had passed it a little way, its great clock solemnly struck the hour, and a bugle brayed forth, as a signal to relieve guard. With what increased emotion the opening scene in “Hamlet” was glanced over by me, any one will conceive on referring to that wondrous work. Onward sped the “Princesse Caroline,”—Kronborg faded in the distance—its lofty watch-light grew dim—the glimmering from the long, low town altogether disappeared—farewell to Elsinore and the Sound!

The morning of Thursday, the 28th, opened with heavy snow and little wind, and we made small headway during the night. There was remarkably variable weather during the day—sunshine one moment, and a bitter blast the next. In the evening we had a view of Warberg Castle, on the coast of Sweden, and were favoured with a glorious moonlight night.

Throughout Friday, the 29th, we tacked and boxed about, subject to provokingly baffling adverse winds,

but the bonny little schooner made a mile of headway, where a square-rigged vessel would not have made a hundred yards. The weather was extremely clear much of the day, with a bright-haired sun. The latter set blood-red in the evening, and a dead calm ensued.

“There was not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady’s cheek.”

As I stood by the side of the mate, at the idly jerking wheel, we exchanged looks of dark import and simultaneously joined in the mystic rite of *whistling for a wind*, in the most approved orthodox fashion. To whistle at sea is forbidden, for they who brave the dangers of the deep, deem whistling when the wind blows a fearful profanity which will evoke the wrath of the spirits o’ the air, and bring down tempests and destruction on the doomed ship. When, however, a calm prevails, daring beings will at times unhallowedly arouse the slumbering winds by whistling in a very guarded and peculiar manner. If they have experience and prudence to guide them in the performance of this manœuvre, why, perchance, the wished-for breeze will gently answer their summons; but if they go through the invocation in a blundering, reckless way, woe betide them, their vessel, and their shipmates! The viewless storm kings are not to be trifled with, and ’t were better to beard a hungry lion in his den than to taunt them rashly. On the present occasion the mate and myself whistled so properly, that within one hour the schooner “walked the waters like a thing of life,” leaving a long wake sparkling and foaming in the moonbeams. About midnight we were abreast the fiord leading up to Götheborg, or Gottenburg.

Saturday, the 30th, opened with a clear, cold, sunshiny morning. We had a fine view of the Swedish coast, the bold, romantic features of which the captain's telescope enabled me to examine distinctly. Here and there were beacons on the rocks, and in shallow water pilot-buoys uprose. The latter simply consist of a pine tree, or beam, anchored by a stone at one end, and projecting many feet out of the water, with a huge excrescence at top, to render them more conspicuous. We passed many fishing-boats off various parts of the coast. These boats were quite open, shaped both ends alike, and very nearly resembled the well-known fishing boats of Newhaven, near Edinburgh. They were generally manned by two or three men, but some had only one hand on board. None of them seemed to be provided with nets, but with lines, which are dropped on the banks frequented by various finny tribes—which are here very abundant. Our mate told me that these fishermen have a favourite saying:—"Fine weather—no fish! Bad weather—no grog!" which he remarked was very true, as the fish won't bite in fine weather, and in stormy weather the poor fishermen rarely have any grog on board,—although, by-the-by, if they happen to get a customer for a few fish in any passing vessel, the very first use they put their tongue to on coming alongside, is to beg a glass of spirits.

At daybreak on Sunday, the 31st, I had my first view of Norway—and a very characteristic view of that country it was. Rugged lines of frowning fantastic rocks, chiefly of a dark brown, but in some places of a black hue, relieved by streaks of snow lying in their deep fissures, stretched all along the coast. In one place they rose perpendicularly, like a wall; in another, they sloped landward; in a third, they nodded grimly over the

waves which restlessly beat their base. Beyond this stern barrier of nature, no glimpse of the country was obtainable. Numerous islets, all of solid rock, precipitously arose from the sea, at various distances from the iron-bound shore. Many of them apparently had not a particle of vegetation, and were purely masses of sombre granite rising from fifty to two hundred feet above the level of the sea, exhibiting every variety of shape, except that of sharp-peaked elevations,—for of the latter I do not recollect having seen a single example. The water is exceedingly deep around these bleak and sterile isles.

At an early hour a pilot-boat came alongside. She was open, and constructed similarly to the fishing boats, but much larger, and bore her number on the head of the mainsail, thus:—Fs. $\frac{5}{34}$. She had two hands on board, one of whom took charge of our schooner, for we now approached the entrance to the Christiania Fiord, which is sixty to seventy English miles in length, and for half that distance is extremely wide. It is above a dozen miles across a considerable distance up. The pilot-boat, navigated by the solitary remaining pilot, kept us company, hovering a mile or two ahead, until towards nightfall, when it made sail for our destination. We had clear sunny weather, but very light breezes, all day. We sailed so leisurely and tacked so closely along the coast, that an excellent opportunity was afforded me of viewing the scenery, which may be characterized in a word as being, from beginning to end of the fiord, very romantic. As we advanced up the fiord, the bolder masses of the rock here and there receded, and gave place to steep upland hills and slopes, thickly fringed with pines and firs, all of them very stunted. A sort of brownish, mossy vegetation might be traced where

the snow had melted away, but nothing in the shape of pasturage. The whole surface of these tracts was sterile, wild, and inhospitable. Viewed merely with an eye to the picturesque, the whole length of coast, especially where diversified with promontories and isles (as it is in numerous parts), possesses fair claims to admiration. There is nothing to excite much enthusiasm, yet certainly the massive precipitous bare rocks in one place, and in another the lofty hills and slopes rising one above another, and clothed in some instances with dark pine woods, from their summits to the very water's edge, afforded beautiful points of view. Nor were these objects so monotonous as might be imagined from the fact of their continuous succession so many miles, for their physical features were agreeably diversified every few hundred yards. During the brief but bright Norwegian summer, a sail up this fiord is delightful, as I subsequently experienced. In a sort of oblique and jagged ravine, formed by some huge hills densely covered with firs, I beheld a romantic village composed of about a couple of hundred houses, all built of pine boards, and in many instances coloured red. Such a village, few countries but Norway or Switzerland could show. The houses were perched in all sorts of positions, up and down, high and low, at the bottom of the ravine, on the break-neck ascents of the slopes, on the level terraces of the rocks, and even in the midst of the woods, as the curling blue smoke from the chimneys testified.

In the afternoon, we were opposite Moss—the first town up the fiord. It contains three or four thousand inhabitants, and the final annexation of Norway and Sweden in 1814 was settled either at this little town, or in its immediate neighbourhood. A Custom House cutter put off here, and a remarkably bulky officer and

two subordinates boarded us. The former went into the cabin, and spent much time in an examination of the ship's papers, invoice, &c. Whilst so occupied, the assistants strictly sealed up several lockers and the deck-house, which had been left open at Copenhagen. Instead of using wire, like the officer of the latter port, they nailed tape across the doors, and sealed over it. My luggage was slightly inspected, and then the visitors left us, after a ceremonious mutual interchange of repeated bows of great gravity and politeness.

In consequence of many miles of the upper portion of the fiord being frozen, our vessel could go no higher than the town of Dröbak. This we hoped to reach that evening,—so laid out the cables, and mounted two small cannons on the pawl-windlass bitts, loaded ready to fire the customary signal and salute. We got within three or four English miles of Dröbak by seven o'clock that evening, but the wind was not only adverse, but at its last gasp, and we were actually under full sail, tacking from side to side, until the same hour the next morning, before we reached the town—thus averaging about four hundred yards per hour, or nearly as fast as a crab crawls away from you when you attempt to seize it on the sand of the sea-shore when the tide is down. The night was intensely cold, which rather aggravated the matter. The scenery disclosed by daylight was by far the most romantic of any hitherto seen on this magnificent fiord—which here is much narrower than in any other place, being, at a rough guess, about a mile and a half wide. On both sides the hills rose majestically one above another, and were fringed in all directions with firs.

The castle of Dröbak has very recently been erected on a low island, and was pointed out with much exulta-

tion, as a wonderful fortress commanding the further passage of the fiord ; and I have since found that this belief is fondly indulged in by the Norwegians. Wheugh ! as a fortress it is paltry, and the terrific sixty-eight pounders of two or three of our war-steamers, in my opinion, would half dismantle it at the very first brush. At any rate it is quite erroneous to suppose that an English fleet could not force its way past such a mouse-trap as that. The old buccaneers in South America have many a time successfully run the gauntlet of narrow straits commanded by more formidable castles ; as, for instance, that of Chagres, and have done so in little weak brigs and schooners.

At daybreak we fired our guns, and hoisted the flag of Norway at the fore ; that of Sweden at the main ; and that of Denmark at the gaff. A Norwegian pram put off from the shore as we were fetching our last tack, and I agreed to land forthwith in it ; so heartily bade all my kind messmates farewell. The pram is a light boat built of pine, in a very peculiar manner and shape. It has a large square ugly stern, and no bow whatever, properly speaking, for the head tapers away, and rises far out of water. It rows easily, and will live in very heavy seas. Hardly a nail, perhaps not one, is employed in its construction, for the planks are lapped together, not with seam-and-roof, but with wooden pegs, most ingeniously wedged in such a way that they present large heads, and hold exceedingly well. The little wooden pier of the town was soon reached ; here it is usual to again inspect travellers' luggage, but the officer courteously declined to do more than very slightly glance at mine. Passing along the pier, I for the first time set foot, not on the soil, but on the ice of Norway,

which coated the former to a considerable thickness, and was excessively slippery.

Close by was the hotel of the place, and this, like nearly all the rest of the houses, was built of pine boards in a neat style, with gable ends much in the Swiss fashion, but not so ornamental. I was soon seated at a comfortable breakfast, after enjoying an ablution in fresh water for the first time since I left Copenhagen, ten days bygone. The host himself kindly guided me in a stroll over the most interesting parts of the hills. The view from the romantic pathway which winds up their steep ascents, was such as to extort expressions of admiration from me at every step. The "Prindsesse Caroline" had cast anchor a few hundred yards from shore, and at the altitude on which I stood, she seemed at my very feet, and in size like a pleasure-boat. The firs grew in spots where there really appeared hardly a handful of earth, but their roots struck down every fissure of the rocks. Huge black detached masses of these rocks grimly reposed here and there on the level parts of the range. The pathway was constructed of trees cut into lengths, laid crosswise, interwoven with boughs, and thinly covered with earth; but in many places, especially where it happened to be excessively steep, it was now coated with ice, and one had to step very cautiously to avoid a rough tumble down the hill sides. The town itself is straggling in the extreme, and contains about one thousand six hundred inhabitants.

CHAPTER XXII.

DRÖBAK TO CHRISTIANIA.

To proceed to Christiania, a distance of about twenty-eight English miles, I hired a sledge—in shape much like those of Kiel—drawn by a hardy little Norwegian horse, of that breed so famed for spirit, sagacity, and sure-footedness. The “bells” attached to the harness were, in fact, hollow brass globes, inclosing metal balls, the musical jingling of which found vent through four slits cut in the shape of a cross at the top of the globes. An old, venerable-looking, yet still very active man, was the driver, and off we started through the picturesque streets, rapidly gliding over a glib surface of ice, until we gained the heights at the back of the town. We did not go by the usual Christiania road, because the state of the snow and ice was favourable to a more direct, albeit adventurous route ; so we struck off across fields, and over hills, and through plantations, where nothing but the most dexterous management saved us from being upset every minute, for the sledge whirled madly between the trees, so that every now and then it was thrown on its “beam-ends,” as a sailor would say,

and thus dragged along for many yards. At times the underwood closed upon us so that we were almost torn from our seats—the next moment perhaps we shot down a steep rugged declivity and emerged on a level free from shrubs—and no marvel, for it was a lake! Where the snow had melted much and the ground was soft, we walked by the side of the slowly moving sledge, and in one instance made a *détour* to the highway, which was frozen hard, so that we travelled on it a little way before again taking to the fields, hills, and woods. On the highway I first saw a *snee-plow*, or snow-plough, used in Norway to clear away snow for the passage of vehicles. It was composed of three stout planks, bolted in a triangular shape—the small end, shod with iron, forming the “nose.” This plough is dragged horizontally over the surface, which it clears with such facility that no simpler and more effective instrument need be desired.

In passing odd farm-houses, I observed, with curiosity, that in front of every one of them a pole was set up, from the top of which was suspended a large bunch of wheaten straw in ear. The following interesting explanation of this was afterwards given me:—On Christmas Eve, it is customary throughout Norway for the country people to tie a wisp of unthrashed wheat to a pole before their houses, for the Christmas Day dinner of the birds! The good people believe that if this fine old custom were neglected, they themselves would have no “luck” throughout the ensuing year. I certainly felt pleased with the prevalence of this innocent superstition, for setting aside every interested motive, it savours of Christian goodness and universal charity, and long may it, and every kindred observance, be kept up by the kind and simple-hearted *bonders* of old Norway!

About half-way between Dröbak and Christiania we descended a romantic, fir-clad mountain gorge leading down to a bend of the Christiania Fiord—over the frozen bosom of which the residue of our journey would lie. It was difficult to judge where the shelving shore ended and the fiord commenced, for ice and snow covered both so that the eye could barely distinguish the difference between terra firma and the vast sheet of very deep salt water; and this was in April!

A little hostelry (or rather a forester's hut extemporized into one) stood near the edge of the fiord, and here we had a welcome bait, in company with several other sledger-folks, also on the way to King Christian's city. The exterior of the whole hut was picturesque. It was built of moss-grown roughly-hewn pine-trees, and the pathway to the threshold was strewn with sprays freshly cut from the surrounding trees. The interior was very interesting. The wooden floors were strewn with small branches of pine and fir, and slips of juniper. In the room where the guests partook of coffee, or of new milk, as they preferred, was a singular antique cabinet, and a quaint bed, with a canopy rising to the ceiling, something in the shape of the cupola of a mosque. Above all was an enormous iron stove, about three feet by four feet, the sides and ends of which were covered with winged angels, venerable bearded priests, grim warriors, chubby children, flaming swords, and a variety of most incongruous emblems. It bore in large and distinct letters the date 1538; so that this solitary hut possessed a domestic article which had been more or less used above three centuries, and appeared capable of doing service for as many more! The people informed me that they believed it once belonged to a church, and that it was a most excellent stove, but

owing to its size and primitive construction, it consumed much fuel before it became properly heated. In the kitchen adjoining I found a huge fire glowing on a raised pile of brickwork, beneath an open chimney, similar to those formerly common in England.

With light heart I reseated myself on the sledge, and away we rapidly whirled over a broad well-worn track (made by preceding sledges), which looked so precisely like the surface of a highway on land, that it was hard to realize the fact that it was really an arm of the sea. Sometimes we diverged from it considerably, for the surface of the ice, added to a slight fresh covering of snow, enabled the fine little horse to keep his footing with never-failing firmness. Here and there branches were stuck in weak parts as warnings, but my experienced old driver (who now stood on a board at the back of the sledge, with the long hempen reins in one hand, and a black pipe in the other) fearlessly dashed close by, or even over them.

Trot, trot, trot went the snorting quadruped; jingle, jingle, jingle went the "bells;" creak, creak, creak went the snow, and onward we rushed. There were numerous other sledges abroad, and a long dark string of them were racing behind us. Shouts, jeers, and laughter rang through the clear air as one outstripped the other—only to be overtaken in turn. Onward! the April sun shines with unclouded brilliancy, and for miles there is one glistening level surface, inclosed on either side by towering ranges of hills, fringed from summit to base with snow-laden firs and pines. Onward! through the shrewdly biting but exhilarating air, that seemed pure as though this were the first hour it ever floated o'er mother earth. Onward! my heart longs for the first glimpse of fair Christiania. Onward! there are no turnpikes here;

but ah ! there is something far more difficult to bilk than a turnpike ! A huge split in the ice extends directly athwart the fiord, and the opposite edge has sunk out of sight for a breadth of many feet. *Der Fanden !* who would have expected this ? Many sledges are already brought to a premature standstill as well as ours, and others are joining us every minute. The drivers dismount and survey the yawning chasm, but no narrower part can be discerned than that where the main track thus abruptly terminates. The sturdy Norsemen look blank, and growl forth sundry eloquent maledictions on the treachery of the ice—second only, in their estimation, to that of woman ; but all the objurations in the Norse vocabulary will not throw a bridge over the gap, and it is too wide for even a race-horse to leap—leaving men and sledges out of the question. Some long sticks are procured, and it is found that the sunk portion of ice is only about breast deep below the surface of the congealed water, and gradually shelves upward to the sound sheet beyond ; but the question is whether that submerged section will not disappear altogether beneath the weight of a horse and sledge, leaving nothing but salt water between them and a bottom, Heaven only knows how many hundred fathoms down below ! A spirited young Norwegian loses patience, and vows he will dash across at all risks. Stand aside, comrades ! Faint heart never won a fair lady ! The adventurer backs his light sledge to gain a fair start—utters a cheering cry to his sagacious horse—and forward the latter bounds, giving a spring on the edge of the chasm sufficiently to carry him half over. A moment the sledge surges and floats helplessly, while the horse flounders and struggles to get a footing. A lash from his driver's whip, and an urging cheer from the interested spectators

of the experiment follow. Another anxious moment, and hurra! horse, sledge, and driver are all safe on the firm ice. The practicability of the thing being thus proved, I urge my old driver on in turn, and we are soon by the side of the daring pioneer.

Onward! once more. Dear old Dr. Johnson said he thought rapid travelling in a comfortable post-chaise along the King of England's highway to be the very poetry of motion, and the acmé of pleasure—which proves that he never rattled over Christiania Fiord in a Norwegian sledge, or he would have known better! Onward! Here comes an immense heavy sledge at a pace which makes one exclaim: "What a very slow coach!" It is laden with fish purchased at Christiania market. I wonder how the deuce that is to get over the chasm? Ah! what a contrast does the next sledge exhibit. It is a real fairy chariot, richly emblazoned, and lined with the softest furs. See! two lovely girls occupy it, and how bravely they drive! Profound is my bow as I uncover to them in passing, and welcome is the pleasant smile and frank nod with which they acknowledge the customary courtesy. Another and another sledge succeeds—the fiord is all alive with them. Hark! there is one behind determined to overhaul us. By my troth! I know that chuckle—and lo! as the sledge shoots along ours, I recognise my old skipper of the Danish skonnert. He laughs in his quiet way, and manages his sledge as cleverly as he did his vessel, but I echo his ironical cheer, and stretch forward to urge our bonny horse to the top of his speed. 'Tis needless, for he proudly tosses his mane, whisks his long tail, gives the bells on his harness an extra jingle, and redoubles his speed until he heads the rival sledge by a cable's length. And now, skipper, a sailor

like you must know that a stern chase is a long chase, so catch us again this side Christiania if you can !

Christiania ! why there it is ! We have just rounded the point of a long island, that has hitherto hid it from view, and now the longed-for first glimpse is realized. Merely a low cluster of white houses with shining roofs, and a few prominent buildings interspersed ; and that is Christiania ! It lies at the foot of a magnificent semi-circle of mountains garmented with glittering snow, and in front of it is the grand bay over which our sledge is whirling. We thread our way through the numerous rocky islets, and as we draw nigher our bourne, we lose our individuality amid squadrons of sledges manœuvring to every point of the compass. What Hyde Park is to the Londoners in spring, so is this Bay to the Christianians ! To our left are the powder magazines snugly located on a grim solitary rock, and before us rises the famed fortress of *Aggershuus*, perched on a black rock rising on one side of the city, and behind it we see the gleaming walls of *Kongebolig*, King Oscar's new palace, and there is ancient *Oslo* on the right, and the *Tolbod* straight a-head. Another minute, and we are in the harbour, brushing closely past the sides of great hulking ships which have been ice-bound for months ; and near them are fires on the ice, and waggons and horses, and piles of lading, and men, women, dogs, and children, and heaven only knows what besides ! Onward yet a little, and we leave the bustle behind us, and gliding noiselessly up the sloping ice, land on the pavement of a street in the Fishmarket !

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHRISTIANIA.

THE situation of Christiania is very romantic, impressive, and magnificent; the people are honest, intelligent, and hospitable; the ladies are very beautiful and lively, but the town itself, *per se*, is extremely dull and common-place. The novel panorama of great beauty and real grandeur through which I had for many miles travelled up to the very doors of this famed capital, augmented my sense of disappointment. I did not anticipate a splendid city, but certainly expected to see something which would at least present picturesque features. But street after street of decent houses, very respectable houses indeed, but plain as pike-staffs, and without a single distinguishing characteristic about them, alone met my view;—modern streets laid out with charming accuracy at right angles, and built in so exquisitely neutral a style as to defy anybody conscientiously to assign them to any particular nation in Europe, by look alone. Every schoolboy knows that Christiania was mainly founded by King Christian IV. in 1624, and it is not to be expected that it should

contain many ancient edifices. Most of the oldest houses have the initials of the builder, or first owner, and the date of erection, in large letters and figures, curiously wrought in iron, attached to their fronts and gables. The very oldest date I was enabled to find is on a gable in *Tolbodgaden*, bearing date 1637.

The population of Christiania is about 34,000, with every prospect that it will rapidly increase. By the constitution of 1814, the King of Sweden and Norway must reside at least three months every year in Norway; and his residence at Christiania, combined with the sittings of the Storting, have had a material influence on the prosperity of the city.

The principal streets are *Dronningens-gade*, *Kongens-gade*, *Kirke-gade*, and *Prinsens-gade*. They contain tolerably good shops. In one respect, Christiania claims a superiority over all other Scandinavian cities, except Gottenburg, for it is lighted by gas, introduced in 1847, by Mr. Malam, an Englishman. The houses are built principally of brick and stone, and by the new law wooden houses must not be built, except in the suburbs, on account of their liability to take fire. The pavements are of boulders, and some streets have slabbed *trottoirs*. Shakspeare makes Falstaff exclaim: "Fillip me with a three-man beetle!" *i. e.* a beetle having hand-holds to be worked by three men; but the Christiania paviments used a four-man beetle!

The street containing the High Court of Justice, and the Parliament House, is capitally paved with wood in a peculiar manner. The city is supplied with water brought in pipes from Mariendal Lake, a distance of five or six English miles. The expense is defrayed by water rates, but instead of the water being conveyed by pipes into the houses, there are numerous open wooden

cisterns at the corners of the streets. These cisterns are the grand rendezvous for the gossips, who congregate around them from morning till night, buckets in hand. A simple and effectual plan to prevent the water sloping over the edges of the buckets, is adopted by placing in them floats of wood, shaped like a cross.

The women work very hard, and many kinds of labour which in England are performed by men, fall in Norway to the share of the weaker sex. The dresses of the lower orders are very inferior to the same classes in Denmark, owing to the excessive cost of all articles of clothing. The signs of the shops in some instances are curious. Chemists and apothecaries invariably exhibit over the door the figure of an animal—as a lion, elephant, stag, &c., either carved in wood or painted. This system is adopted on the same principle as the different signs of public-houses with us, and each apothecary's shop is known to the inhabitants of a town in Norway, by its sign rather than by the name of its owner. Thus, they speak of the "*Löve-Apothek*," the "*Elephant-Apothek*," &c. (Lion-Apothecary, Elephant-Apothecary). Also, in speaking of any fellow-citizen, they do not term him Herr (Mr.) So-and-So, but prefix to his surname that of his profession or calling, as "*Skomager-Neilsen*" (Shoemaker Neilsen); "*Skoleholder-Olesen*" (Schoolmaster Olesen); "*Urtekræmmer-Duhrendahl*" (Grocer Duhrendahl), &c. The sign of a tanner and currier, a very common calling in Christiania, is a cow's head painted on a sheet of tin, and swinging over the door. The sign of a baker is a two-headed serpent, either painted or carved, the body in a circle, and the heads overlapping at top. A great variety of light bread and pastry is moulded in the same shape throughout Scandinavia. The sign of a

glazier is a round frame some couple of feet in diameter, bedecked with fancifully disposed coloured glass.

When builders raise the roof of a new house, instead of hoisting a flag, they set up a pole with three ever-green crowns, tapering in size, and a vane at the summit. Another curious feature in the streets, are the numerous projecting rain-spouts invariably terminating in a diabolical dragon's head, cut out of tin. The same species of spouts are common in other towns.

The market-place is near the principal church, and presents an interesting spectacle to the eye of a stranger. Meat is cheap, but the chief supply of butter, cheese, rye, and other meal, comes from Holstein and Holland. Norway cannot grow sufficient corn to support itself for more than four or five months out of the twelve, and the exquisite cream of the country is used to coffee, &c., to such a prodigal extent that very little cheese is made, and that little is of a correspondingly inferior quality. Wines and spirits are cheap, as in Denmark, and good home-brewed beer is also extremely cheap. There is an abundant supply of fish, which are sold alive from the smacks at the fish-market. I one day saw a very extraordinary fish exposed for sale. It was black and had a round head with teeth like those of a cat. The fisherman told me it was a "cat-fish."

The inhabitants of Christiania follow English fashions more closely than any other place in Scandinavia. They also have more intercourse with England and Englishmen; and many of the better educated shopkeepers and most professional men speak English more or less. It is curious that the three Scandinavian capitals are each influenced by as many different foreign countries.

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At Copenhagen, German is the foreign language generally spoken, and German manners and ideas have hitherto prevailed; at Christiania, English; and at Stockholm, French. It would be curious to trace the progress of those foreign influences.

The building deserving of first notice in Christiania, on account of its antiquity and associations, is *Aggershuus Festning*, the fortress of Aggershuus, perched on a rock close to the town, and commanding the harbour. As a military position it is not particularly strong, nor is the skill of its artillerymen much to be admired, judging by the degree of marksmanship I saw them evince when firing at targets, set up on the ice in the bay. For one cannon-ball that struck, or came near the target, half-a-dozen were "nowhere." The fortress is said to have existed above five hundred years, and was besieged by Charles XII. of Sweden in 1716, but he retired without capturing it. The national archives are at present kept there, but its chief use seems to be as a station for the regular troops, who are fine-looking fellows; and as a dépôt for the convicts or "slaves," who labour on public works in different parts of the city. For one cause or other, salutes were perpetually being fired from the batteries of this fortress, during my residence. Among other occasions, was the arrival of Prince Oscar, third son of the King of Sweden and Norway. This young man is captain of a frigate, and he was about to proceed with his ship to Holland to convey a princess of that country to Stockholm to wed his brother, the Crown Prince. The marriage duly took place, with great magnificence, a few weeks later. Prince Oscar was welcomed with extreme enthusiasm by the Christianians.

The Norwegians are devotedly attached to the Royal

family of Sweden (although they hate the Swedish people), because they naturally date their own political independence from the advent of Bernadotte. I conversed with a Norwegian who personally knew this celebrated man; and he remarked that Bernadotte had so piercing an eye, that he seemed to read the very soul of all with whom he came in contact. Either he could not or would not, however, learn the Swedish nor the Norwegian language. His son Oscar, the present king, of course speaks it like a native—as, indeed, he is. Oscar is a very noble-looking man.

On a lofty mound, within the walls of *Aggershuus Fæstning*, are planted two large and exceedingly beautiful old brass cannons, most richly ornamented with elaborate designs in relief. They are used to alarm the city whenever a fire breaks out. It happened that numerous fires occurred during my residence, and generally about midnight. The boom from these guns fairly shook the house where I dwelt, although it was at a considerable distance from the fortress. As though even this signal was not deemed sufficient to arouse sleepers from their beds, a drum also beat the devil's tattoo through the principal streets.

Kongebolig or *Kongelige Slot*, the king's palace,* is the most magnificent building in Christiania. It stands at the west end of the city on a rocky eminence, which has been blasted and smoothed away at vast expense. This is a building of chaste design, built entirely of Norwegian granite, at a cost of about two hundred thousand pounds. Adjoining it are public parks. *Carl Johan's Gade*, a street of very large and elegant wooden houses, leads straight to this palace, and on its north side the

* The old Palace is a single-storied slated building in the city.

grand new University is now nearly completed, at a cost little less than the palace itself.

The *Stadtholderbogilen*, or palace of the Viceroy of Norway, is in *Radhuus-Gaden*; and except for the two sentries marching in front of the building, nothing distinguishes it from other houses in the street. The High Court of Justice is a new and handsome building: it is principally used as a court of appeal, and its decision in all cases is supreme. I visited it one day while the Court was engaged in hearing an important case of appeal. On gaining the landing, on a level with the great room, I entered a lobby where an official and a soldier or two were lounging. They asked me a trifling question as to my business, and then permitted me to pass into the presence of the court. About seven judges and other high officers of judicature, were seated at the further end of a fine, well-fitted hall; and along a sort of gangway, crossing the hall about the centre, an official in uniform was walking to and fro, at the same time reading a voluminous document in a loud, monotonous voice. A partition at the lower end of the hall left a small space for spectators—but it was amply large enough on the present occasion, for I was the only one! Close to this partition stood a couple of stalwart soldiers, armed cap-a-pie, with the lion and battle-axe of Norway on their bronze helmets, and muskets in their hands. They paced the court, and at the feet of each was a large *spittoon*, of which they availed themselves from time to time. There is little doubt that each of the judges was provided with a similar indispensable utensil.

Nearly opposite this Supreme Court is the house of the Storting or Parliament, an ordinary, paltry old structure, but sufficiently large for the transaction of all

the affairs of the nation. The Storting sits every third year, for a session of three months: but the King can grant a longer sitting if necessary. The old University, as a building, is undeserving of notice. About six hundred students are educated here, and it has twenty-one professors, and nine lecturers. There are several excellent public schools, especially the *Borgerskole*, and the Latin or grammar-school. The latter is a large establishment, and under the superintendence of Government. I became acquainted with one of its most talented masters, a young Norwegian, of German descent, named Vogt. He could speak no less than ten languages with great facility, and had travelled in most parts of Europe by the aid of a Government *stipendium*. He remarked that all the English editions of Latin authors were miserable productions; and thought our system of classical instruction very inferior to that of Germany and Scandinavia. At any rate, Latin has been cultivated for centuries in the north, to an extent unknown in Britain. Nearly all the Scandinavian clergymen can converse in Latin. There is a good astronomical observatory, erected at a cost of fifteen thousand specie dollars; and of minor buildings may be mentioned the bank, the exchange, several interesting museums of natural history, antiquity, surgery; a theatre (Danes for performers), and a hospital. The *Bodsfængee*, or Penitentiary, also deserves a word of notice. It is a very conspicuous and picturesque brick building, recently completed at a cost of nearly two hundred thousand specie dollars; and contains cells for two hundred and fifty prisoners. The Philadelphia system is being tried; and the prisoners are employed chiefly in manufacturing cloth, which it is said is of excellent quality.

There are several churches in Christiania, but all are very poor edifices. "*Vor Frelzers Kirke*," the cathedral, is an ordinary-looking brick building, and at the time of my visit it was receiving a lofty, new wooden spire. One Sunday I attended service at the *Garnisonskirken*, or garrison-church, in *Aggershuus Fæstning*; and as an illustration of the Lutheran form of worship in Norway, I will describe the service. There were two services, one at ten o'clock for the garrison only, and the other at twelve o'clock, principally attended by the townspeople; and the cathedral being under repair, the castle chapel (or church) was closely filled by a very respectable congregation, the male portion (who sit apart from the female) especially being extremely well dressed, like all their countrymen. It often surprised me how the middle classes in Norway can afford to spend so much in dress and amusements as they do, considering the high price of clothing and of various articles of luxury in which they freely indulge. A more thoroughly plain place of worship than this "*Garnisonskirken*" I never was in. It resembled a huge, whitewashed barn more than anything else, and contained rows of open benches of simple forms, for the congregation. Its shape was oblong, and at one end was the altar, and at the other a singing-loft and organ. The altar had a long narrow devotional painting, set in a deep carved frame, with emblems, and a communion table, supporting two enormous candles. The pulpit was on one side of the room.

One little arrangement I observed which might perhaps be advantageously adopted in English places of worship, with some modification. On each wall was suspended a large black board, on which were neatly marked, in large chalk figures, the numbers of

the Psalms to be sung during the service, thus obviating the necessity of vocal announcement. Psalm-books were liberally lent to all persons unprovided with them, by one of the attendants. The dress of the clergyman (an eloquent and popular preacher, I was informed), and the ceremonials of the service, strongly reminded me of Catholic worship. The clergyman's vestment at first was a white gown with a girdle, and a thick ruff; and over his shoulders fell a rich mantle of red velvet, on the back of which was a large golden cross. He first prayed at the foot of the altar, with his back to the congregation. Next he chaunted from a large book held in his hands, sometimes facing the altar, sometimes the people. The clerk removed his mantle at the conclusion of this part of the service, and he then retired to robe himself in a black gown and high white ruff (the every-day costume of the Lutheran clergy), in which he subsequently delivered his sermon. He also read and chaunted in this black gown during a portion of the service. At intervals the congregation stood up for very brief periods, but whilst singing the Psalms they remained seated. The singing appeared to me good.

The Scandinavians generally seem to have much taste for music and singing, which their long winter nights render desirable accomplishments. The clerk was dressed in a gentlemanly suit of black, and two or three times stood forward before the altar, and repeated the Lord's Prayer, &c. The fasts and holidays ordained by the Church are numerous—at least three occurred during my stay at Christiania, and on each occasion there was an entire cessation of business.

There is no dissent whatever in the Lutheran Church of Norway, nor in Scandinavia generally. *None would*

be tolerated; and the power of the clergy is virtually as great as in any Catholic country. The conclusions forced upon me by a careful observance of the results of this state of things is, that the very absence of all dissent, although it precludes the painful polemical contests which schism often introduces, nevertheless is itself a great evil. The clergy have nothing to fear from the attacks of dissenting bodies, and they consequently have nothing to arouse them to vital exertion in support of their creed, or in correction of its errors and abuses; and the people, almost without exception, are lukewarm and apathetic on matters of religion. They simply accept the Lutheran faith as transmitted to them by their forefathers; they never trouble themselves to consider whether it is right or wrong; they calmly fulfil its prescribed rituals, and thereby fancy heaven sufficiently secured without any private religious exercises or earnest searching of the Scriptures for themselves. This is a melancholy picture, but it is unexaggerated.

Christiania contains three considerable hotels, the chief being the "Hôtel du Nord." I remained at the latter fifteen days before obtaining a private lodging in "Store Strandgaden." These suited me exceedingly well, except for one very extraordinary annoyance, which deserves a word of notice. At the end of the street was a guard-house; and ever and anon the sentinel at its front called out the word equivalent to "release!" (*i. e.* change guard!) in the most startling manner conceivable, resembling nothing so much as the prolonged war-whoop of the Red Skins. The soldiers pride themselves on excelling one another in the duration and loudness of this unearthly screech. Some lead off in so ear-piercing a key that their lungs cannot

sustain the utterance many seconds, and they abruptly quaver and stop. Others, cool, practised fellows, send forth a volume of screaming in a single breath for the space of a full minute. The guard is changed every two hours, day and night; and this constant repetition of the yell, to me, was anything but pleasant. At times it sounded very painful, for it closely resembled the cry of one in mortal agony.

Why such a senseless custom is still kept up is inconceivable, and is reprehensible, as being likely to prove injurious to nervous persons. At nine P.M. the drum beat a change of guard; or when a different regiment was quartered, a bugle played. The custom of screeching by the soldiers is said to be extremely ancient. Be it so. Once it might have had its use, but now it is simply a nuisance.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NORWEGIAN SPRING—THE ENVIRONS OF CHRISTIANIA.

THE Norwegian Spring! that unspeakably glorious season which links the winter and the summer of Norway so closely, that it seems an ecstatic state intervening between the death and resurrection of nature! For many long months the stern monarch of ice and snow has ruled with a merciless sceptre; when suddenly a gentle stranger steps to the footstool of his grim throne, and with one wave of a magical wand annihilates every material evidence of the despot's sovereignty. That gentle stranger is Spring; and almost heavenly is her transient existence. She is, however, only the herald of a more powerful successor, and after gemming the earth with flowers, and clothing the trees with verdure, she gracefully introduces Summer, and then herself dissolves in the fervid embrace of the god of fire!

The Winter of 1849-50 had been unusually protracted and severe, and when the Spring came, it seemed as though the languishing bosom of our common mother literally throbbed with eager desire to yield her fitting

welcome. Day after day, and week after week, I rambled amid the enchanting sylvan scenery. Ineffably exhilarating was every breath of air; nature and man seemed alike awakened from torpor to an all-pervading sense of delicious existence. The evergreen pine-woods gleamed brightly, diffusing aromatic fragrance through the transparent, voluptuous atmosphere; the valleys were luxuriant with fresh herbage; the warm banks were one gleaming mass of beautiful flowers; the prickly juniper bushes were loaded with green berries; the mountain streamlets joyously leaped, bubbled, and sparkled; the lark carolled in an ocean of blue sky; the mellow voice of the cuckoo echoed on every side; all nature was one superb temple, and all things animate one grateful choir attuned to harmony and love!

Never before did I feel the life of life so absorbingly. I drank draughts of pure delight at every step. All the cares, pursuits, and fantastic artificial pleasures of mortals were as much forgotten as though they had never been experienced. Visions of the golden dawn of life, and forms of dear beings who once made the sunlight of my existence, floated on every side.

Lovely, indeed, were the romantic environs of Christiania. In every direction I made long pedestrian rambles into the country around, and each fresh exploration was sure to reveal some new combination of the beauties of rocks, woods, vales, streams, and secluded hamlets. The road along a branch of the fiord, leading to Drammen, especially presents one continuous panorama of enchanting scenery. Once clear of the town, this road winds, with many a sinuous turn, along the edge of the water. On the right are hills bearded with dark waving pines, and to the left the bosom of the fiord is studded with little islands com-

pletely covered from base to peak with trees, and floating, as it were, in a sea of molten silver, gently rippled by the welcome breeze, with the hot sun of May pouring a flood of lustre from beyond a sky unflecked by a single cloudlet. Yet, so late as April 26th, I walked over ice on the deep waters of this fiord! Two days later on revisiting it, not a particle of the frozen mass existed, though even in the early part of May I crossed rivulets bridged over with solid ice, but of course they were shaded from the sun. Many very elegant villas of wood are perched on the heights looking over the fiord, and several of the islands have picturesque residences upon them.

His Majesty has nearly completed the erection of a residence, called Oscar's Hall, on *Ladegaardsöen*, a lofty peninsula projecting into the fiord, at no great distance from Christiania. It is a picturesque castellated wooden structure, of considerable size, rising amid clumps of firs and pines, and commanding views of great beauty. Passing on we come to the hamlet of *Vækkerø*, where timber from the neighbouring forests is shipped. The bay in front is so inclosed by two islands and by *Ladegaardsöen*, that it presents precisely the aspect of a large lake hemmed in with woods, and the stranger gazes with astonishment at the spectacle of half a dozen large ships anchored in the deep water close to the shore—for it is difficult to realize how they possibly got there, without sailing over the tops of the pine-clad isles! Mile after mile the road winds onward, sometimes diverging from the side of the fiord, and striking through dense woods, sometimes leading through fertile vales, sometimes ascending rugged hills; but everywhere affording the pedestrian, views which, for great variety, are said to surpass any other locality of Norway.

Passing through the ancient suburb of Oslö, the steep ascent to Egeberg Hill, abruptly rising on one side of the harbour four hundred feet, affords a prospect of the great Dal or dale of Christiania, of great beauty. The eye stretches over an immense expanse—a sea of undulating pastures, relieved by pretty white and red cottages, rivulets, and occasional clumps of trees, with dark ranges of mountains in the distance, like a frame to a picture. From the summit of Egeberg the whole city, bay, and environs, are spread out at your feet. The *coup d'œil* is magnificent, every object being clearly defined in the transparent atmosphere, and a soft dreamy air pervading the whole. At the foot of Egeberg the eye rests on Kongshavn, a village of fishermen, and far and near beautiful islets repose on the bosom of the bay, their quaint little houses and green patches of rye contrasting finely with the dark masses of firs which fringe them to the water's edge. I am speaking of the voluptuous month of May; very different, however, was the prospect in April. Then snow deeply encrusted not merely the mountains, but the entire landscape.

During the first week or two in April, I passed through cuttings in the snow, which formed walls from six to ten feet in height. The bay itself was traversed in every direction as securely as *terra firma*, nor until the latter end of April was it considered practicable to cut a canal through the ice for ships to get up to the quays. I walked out on the bay to witness this animating operation. The ice varied from sixteen inches to two feet thick, and a broad canal having been marked out, the lines were chopped and sawn through, and then the ice to be removed was divided into sections. Hooks attached to a long chain and rope, were fixed on one

edge of the section to be removed, and the other edge was forced beneath the surface with great levers. Then from seventy to one hundred men seized the chain, and hauled the section completely under the firm ice, thus leaving a free space. This canal was continued for miles, until it terminated in the open water lower down the fiord, and ships were thus enabled to leave or enter port, many days earlier than otherwise would have been the case. When the ice once grew rotten, it broke up in all directions, and disappeared with marvellous celerity, but dense masses of snow lay in hollows of the high grounds for many weeks later. Even on the 7th of May I recollect seeing layers of ice a foot thick in the gutters of one part of the town, and a large heap of frozen snow on the shady side of the Exchange. Yet the weather was then, and had been for at least a fortnight, extremely hot!

I was never weary of wandering from village to village, vale to vale, and often asked myself whether it were possible that I could be in Norway, for the luxurious atmosphere and the glowing repose of the landscape were more suggestive of the sunny climes of the South. Sometimes not a living being was to be seen for miles, but occasionally smart, jaunty carioles, and the light but exceedingly clumsy wagons of the peasantry would wake me out of my pleasant reveries. Often would I penetrate into some inviting strip of woodland, and stretching myself among the trees, yield to the soothing influence of the scene. No sign nor sound was there to remind one of the busy world; the voice of the cuckoo, the hum of the insects, the crisp rustling of the foliage, the glancing of the sunbeams, the murmuring of the rivulets, steeped the soul in delicious languor, as reposing upon a couch of the softest moss, the eye was

feasted with brilliant clusters of purple, white, and crimson flowers, strewn on every side with prodigal profusion. Then, when evening compelled me to reluctantly quit the greenwood bower, how delightful was the long homeward stroll! The sun was beneath the horizon, but until nearly midnight ample twilight remained, and the atmosphere was cool, pure, and exhilarating.

I resided nearly eight weeks at Christiania, and so charming had the environs become, that it was with regret I left it. These loved sylvan haunts will ever be gratefully enshrined in my memory.

CHAPTER XXV.

NORWEGIAN LITERATURE—NORWEGIAN CHARACTER.

THE Norwegians are not a literary people. They will perhaps be displeased with me for saying so, but it is the truth. They love literature very much, but have no creative literary genius. With the exception of the national dramas of Holberg, they have nothing original in the shape of works of imagination. Strikingly, indeed, do they contrast with the Danes and Swedes in this respect! And it may be observed in passing, that Norway has never produced even one widely celebrated name. Sweden can boast of Gustavus Vasa, Charles XII. Linnæus, Berzelius (one of the greatest chemists that ever existed), and Jenny Lind; and in literature she has Bishop Tegner, and many eminent historians and novelists. As to Denmark, what an array of genius has illumined it within the past thirty years!

Although not great writers, the Norwegians are really ardent readers. They are extremely conversant with all new Danish, Swedish, German, French, and English books. It is a fact, that one point in which

the students at the University are examined, when passing their examination, is their proficiency in a knowledge of the works of Bulwer and James! There are some good booksellers' shop in Christiania, and at one of them was recently published a finely illustrated work on the scenery of Norway. There are only two literary periodicals in Christiania, and none in any other town of Norway. One of these is called "*Kryds-eren*," and is an anonymous, satirical little print, in prose and verse, without illustrations. As far as I could judge, there was considerable merit in some of its articles, especially those in verse—but of course the whole thing is of an ephemeral nature. Its authorship is said to be yet a secret, although it has been some time established. The other is the "*Skilling Magazine*," (a skilling is not quite a half-penny), a weekly royal octavo sheet of four leaves. It was started not long after our "Penny Magazine," and in avowed imitation, and it yet flourishes, for it has no rivals to contend with. It is a meritorious publication, but very inferior to our popular cheap literature. The engravings are rudely executed,—except in instances where wood-cuts which were published years ago in England are copied, apparently by English artists. Each number contains about three cuts; that on the front page being generally the portrait of some celebrated man, accompanied by a memoir.

Newspapers have been established little more than half-a-century in Norway, and are the only branch of literature successfully prosecuted. In Christiania there are numerous papers, conducted with considerable talent. The two leading daily papers are the "*Christiania Posten*," and the "*Morgenbladet*;" the former ultra-conservative—the latter ultra-liberal. Between

these rival papers there exists a most determined hostility. The most celebrated publicist in Norway, Herr Daa, is Editor of the "Posten," and is very popular with his countrymen. He is well educated, and thoroughly well-informed on the political state of England and the continental countries. His sympathies were, for a Norwegian, monarchial and aristocratical, and somewhat too bigoted for my taste. Translations from English, French, and German works, occasionally occupy the *feuilletons* of the Christiania papers. The largest sized is "Den Norske Rigstidende," published twice a-week. The smallest is "Adresse Tidende," about the size of a sheet of small letter paper. There is, however, a tendency to enlarge the size of the Christiania journals, to suit the increasing intelligence of the country; for the "Morgenbladet" has doubled within the last ten years. Yet even at this day, it is only the size of one leaf of the London papers, but does not contain much reading, being printed in large type.

The Norwegians frequently remarked to me at the Christiania Athenæum:—"We cannot comprehend how you can possibly read your enormous papers. It must occupy all your leisure to go through the 'Times,' day by day." I assured them we found time to "go through" half-a-dozen "dailies," and to earn bread and cheese into the bargain. The leaders and summary of foreign news are well written in the Norwegian papers, and in an enlightened tone. It is rather humbling to the pride of an Englishman—a disenchantment of his idea that England and England's affairs must exclusively occupy the attention of other nations as well as his own—to find that half-a-dozen lines frequently sum up the news from England, given on receipt of

each mail, and that this news probably is nothing but an abridgement of the opinion of "Herr Cobden," or "Lord John," on some political question.

Advertisements, in the Norwegian papers, are not separated by lines, but merely by large type headings. There being no duty, the cost of advertising is extremely small, and the most trifling articles which people wish either to sell or buy, are thus made known. A factor gets a case of Dutch cheese, and instantly informs his fellow-townsmen; a publican receives a hamper of London stout, and forthwith announces the event; a gentleman, at the approach of winter, requires a good second-hand bear-skin coat, and makes his want known; a *bonder* has a fat grunter to dispose of, and advertises for a customer; a housewife requires a neat, active, confirmed * servant girl, and immediately puts a line in the "Morgenbladet."

Great facilities exist for the study of literature in Christiania. The University Library, of 120,000 volumes, is accessible to the public, on the same principle as the Royal Library at Copenhagen. There are one or two smaller public libraries attached to the Cathedral School. An excellent "Athenæum" is very comfortably fitted up, and supplied with new works and newspapers in several languages. A very few English papers only are taken, for the cost of postage is exceedingly heavy.† I paid above ninepence English for a single paper, on which the usual payment had, I

* So highly is the rite of confirmation regarded, that an unconfirmed person could not earn his daily bread.

† Since the above was written, the postage from England has been reduced. The inland postage of Norway itself is very liberal. The country is divided into four stifts, or governments (Aggershuus, Christian-sand, Bergen, and Drontheim), and an ordinary letter is delivered within

believe, already been made in England. Now, English papers come free to Denmark. The subscription to this "Athenæum," is one specie dollar (four shillings and sixpence) per month. The institution is a very pleasant resort at which to spend leisure evenings. One thing, however, I did not admire in its system of management. Rows of *spittoons* are thickly placed by the side of every table, and all members may smoke their cigars as they sit reading. The fume of tobacco, and the perpetual use of the spittoons, struck me as being peculiarly offensive in such a place. Throughout Scandinavia the most indispensable utensil in every room—not excepting drawing-rooms—is the spittoon! A large room usually has one in every corner.

With a few brief remarks on the Norwegian character, as it appeared to me from a close contact with all classes during several months, and in every latitude from the Naze to the North Cape, I will close this chapter. The Norwegian is intensely democratic, and his country, though united in name to Sweden, is virtually a republic, and is as independent of Sweden as Prussia is of Austria. It is true that one king governs, but the two countries have nothing in common—unless it be a common feeling of hatred for each other. The Norwegian speaks of the Swedes in a tone of unmitigated contempt, ascribing to them every bad quality that disgraces human nature. The Swede retorts on the Norwegian character in an equally bitter spirit, so that there is little love lost between them. Without dilating on this point, it is enough to add, that

the boundaries of any one of these stifts for four skillings (a penny three farthings). A letter may thus be sent from end to end of the kingdom for less than four pence, or, if it possibly had to pass through three stifts, above five pence.

the Norwegian constitution of 1814, uniting it with Sweden, is so deftly drawn up, that the Government at Stockholm cannot possibly force any law through the Storting, or Norwegian Parliament, without the full consent of the latter.

The Norwegian nation may be divided into four distinct classes:—1. Those holding official appointments, and all clergymen (an exceedingly powerful body), lawyers, doctors, and students. 2. Merchants and shopkeepers, who form what may be termed the middle-class in the towns. 3. *Bonders*, or small proprietors of land cultivated by themselves and families, the most influential of all classes, owing to their power in the Storting itself, as well as their important social position, and their preponderating numbers. 4. Labourers, servants, fishermen, and sailors. There is an entire absence of that exclusiveness which in England places an insurmountable barrier between the different classes. The poor mix with the rich, and feel themselves morally equal, without for one moment forgetting the difference of station, or failing in all due respect to superiors. It is much the same in Denmark also; but in Sweden, birth and titles remove the upper class entirely from all communion, of a voluntary nature, with their inferiors. In one grand respect all ranks of Norwegians are alike. They are emphatically Sons of Freedom, and tread their native soil with the proud consciousness of this. They sometimes carry their feeling of noble independence to excess, and their bearing towards strangers at times is not merely open and frank, but haughty and rude. They seem to say to themselves—“We are Norsemen, and don’t care for the good or bad opinion of all the rest of the world put together!” As to Norway itself, they loudly boast that it is beyond

all parallel the most beautiful country in the world. However questionable that may be, none can deny that Norway most strikingly exemplifies—

“how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land;”

and that equally true it is that

“states of native strength possess,
Though very poor, may still be very blest.”

Physically, the Norwegians are a fine race of men, and certainly have not deteriorated from the vigorous manliness of their piratical forefathers. They are outwardly more animated than the Danes, and more enterprising; but intellectually they are immeasurably inferior to that gifted people. Above all, the Norwegians lack imagination. They are essentially prosaic, practical, matter-of-fact people; and yet they seem to make no perceptible progress in civilization. They are well-educated, but the bulk of the nation, especially the *bonders*, are so obstinately wedded to the customs of their progenitors, that, in wilful defiance of their own most obvious interests, they neglect all the scientific appliances and improvements which other countries have long gladly adopted. Their mode of living, manners, and social observances are also little different to what prevailed centuries ago. Their wooden houses are built on the same model, their dress is of the same fashion, their food is of the same quality, their recreations of the same kind, generation after generation. Nothing seems to alter with lapse of time; and yet there are even now symptoms that, in spite of the dogged pertinacity with which they have hitherto clung to the habits of their ancestors, they must very shortly

adopt modern ideas. They have gone on, century after century, destroying the magnificent forests of Nature's planting, without the slightest forethought to raise others in their stead; and now this grand staple of their exports is at the very lowest ebb, as to size and quality of the timber. So much is this the case, that Norwegian ships have gone to Archangel for cargoes of timber, and landed them at Drammen—long the celebrated port whence Norway has hitherto despatched her own timber to other countries. The unimproved mode of agriculture must also be now felt inadequate, judging by the immense number of *bonders* who have emigrated of late. As to the hospitality of the Norwegians, it appears to me to have been greatly exaggerated. Many acts of great kindness I most gratefully acknowledge; but repeated impositions were experienced by me. There is, indeed, a very general disposition to take ungenerous advantage of travellers, whom they frequently charge, Englishmen especially, on account of their professed wealth, thrice as much as would be demanded of their own countrymen. Norway is by no means, on the whole, so magnificent and interesting country to travel in, as is believed: and it is a startling fact, that Norway has never exercised any material influence over the world's progress, and has never yet produced any being of extraordinary genius.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHRISTIANIA TO BERGEN.

ONCE more afloat! Once more voyaging in my genuine wandering fashion. The noonday sun shines brilliantly, and the light, warm wind gently wafts our little bark over the stately bosom of Christiania's magnificent bay. As I gaze towards the receding city, first one familiar object and then another vanishes, in all probability for ever from my vision; but from my memory they will never fade! The *Tollbod* disappears; we pass beneath the grim rock crowned by *Aggershuus Slot*; we near the island of *Hovedöen*, rendered interesting by its ruins of the ancient Cistercian monastery; a glance at the white walls of *Kongebolig*, rising above the whole glorious panorama—a few more fleeting minutes, and the freshening wind has borne us so far that nothing remains but to breathe a heartfelt farewell to Christiania the romantic! There is a thorn in every pathway in the world; and that which I feel most keenly, is the perpetually recurring wrench from scenes one has just begun to love as though one was born and bred among them. The only consolation is, that the buoyant spirit of adventure on these occasions prompts

me to ejaculate, between a tear and a smile—‘To-morrow to fresh scenes and pastures new!

I embarked on May 23rd (of all the days in the calendar!) in the tight *yægt*,* “Anna Elizabeth,” a deep-sided, lively little craft belonging to some out-o’-the-way place on the western coast of Norway. She had brought a cargo of barrelled herrings to Christiania, and was no less than four weeks on the voyage; now laden with a little iron, and a great number of casks of brændiviin, she was on her return. Her crew consisted of the skipper and three men—good shipmates all, and merrily we got on together!

Hardly had we lost sight of Christiania, before one of the most appalling thunder-storms I ever experienced, burst upon us, the dread artillery of Heaven reverberating from rock to rock with overpowering grandeur; and hail-stones, or rather lumps of ice, showered down with such violence that they perforated our cabin skylights like bullets from guns. This lasted for a considerable time, but we were well repaid by the delicious and exhilarating purity of the atmosphere, when all the elemental uproar ceased.

Some way down the fiord we passed a very remarkable little rock, perhaps three hundred yards long by twenty yards in breadth, and nowhere so high above water as the bulwarks of even our little craft. It was bare, solid, wave-worn granite, and had not a handful of earth upon it, although a few blades of grass grew in some fissures; yet upon this desolate islet was a neat wooden house, painted red, and an outbuilding! What

* A Scandinavian “*yægt*” differs from an English full-rigged sea-sloop only in this—the sloop carries a topmast and a gaff-top-sail, but the *yægt* has neither. But a “Nordland *yægt*” is altogether a different vessel.

a romantic situation! but think of the dark and stormy nights of the long northern winter, when the snow-blasts howl with resistless violence over sea and land, and the waves dash over every inch of the rock and bury the buildings in seething foam! With what joy the imprisoned dwellers must hail the setting in of the frosts which annually bind the whole fiord, and thus connect their solitary islet with the mainland.

The wind lulled at twilight, and I amused myself by cracking away with a rusty, worthless old Swedish fowling-piece, belonging to the skipper, at the sea-fowl hovering about, but not a feather did I ruffle. We anchored in a dead calm, near an island, on which I landed from a small boat, in company with one of the crew, and rambled about till midnight. It was a very fertile spot, and highly cultivated. There was a *bonder's** house upon it, with a large garden well stocked with fruit-trees. Wishing to see something of the internal arrangements of the residence, I asked permission at the door, but there happened to be only a girl at home, and she with great propriety refused to allow a couple of such suspicious visitors to cross the threshold—and the furious barking of her great white dog at our heels intimated very plainly that he fully shared her opinion; so we politely doffed our caps, and wished her sound repose and pleasant dreams! However, I gathered some singular botanical specimens on the rocks. From the deck of the *yægt* we afterwards beheld an extensive conflagration raging in some village many miles off.

Soon after daybreak next morning we weighed and resumed our voyage. The wind was light and baffling, and sometimes fell so nearly calm that I rowed in the

* A "bonder" is a "peasant proprietor."

boat miles away from the vessel, to try and get shots slumbering "divers"—which nevertheless proved to "wide-awake" for me. A splendid moon illumined the wide waters at nightfall.

We had stormy weather the next day, and at night ran between a narrow island and the mainland, and dropped anchor in a most beautiful little bay, some three hundred yards across; so secluded that it resembled a lake imbedded on every side by lofty rock clothed to the water's edge with firs; for the entrance and outlet were imperceptible from the spot where we lay. Two *bonders'* houses were located here, and from them we got a supply of new milk, and a few caught salmon.

The following day was the Sabbath, and early in the course of it we reached the busy little port of Arendal in the baliwick of Christiänsand, a very pretty town about four thousand inhabitants. It is celebrated for shipbuilding; and deservedly so, judging by the specimens on the stocks. About a dozen large barks and a couple of brigs lay in the harbour, but scarcely any smaller craft. The town is picturesquely built, chiefly on the mainland, and looks very inviting with its white gables rising one above another high up the rocks. Just opposite, and not a mile distant, is the long island Tromoe, forming an unrivalled natural breakwater which shield it from the fury of the stormy Skagerrack. Arendal in one direction looks towards the extremity of Tromoe and the ocean. Our skipper requiring a supply of fresh water, I was enabled to land and enjoy a brief ramble ashore.

The fruit-trees were in full blossom, the season here being much forwarder than at Christiania; and the sunny air was laden with fragrance. All nature indeed

wore a sparkling dress of the freshest green, and the glimpses I got of the lovely rural scenery, made me feel most reluctant to return aboard. I felt that a couple of days, instead of as many hours, would hardly have satisfied me. But a powerful and favourable wind arose, and our skipper made urgent signals of recall; so I had to row back, and climbed aboard again just in time to bear a hand to bring the anchor home.

We ran straight out to sea at a prodigious pace, with every stitch of canvas spread, passing on our right the singular wooden beacon, known to mariners as *Hesnæsæ*. So rapidly did we bowl along, that we sighted Christiansand at 6 A. M. the ensuing morning, and before long were off Mandal. The sea is exceedingly deep along the whole coast of Norway, and about this part there are no soundings at less than two hundred to four hundred fathoms. About five years ago the immediate vicinity of Mandal was the scene of one of the most appalling shipwrecks on record. Of this shipwreck the following circumstantial and reliable account was given me by a Norwegian gentleman:—

A huge Russian line-of-battle ship, built at Archangel, was duly commissioned with a crew of nine hundred men at that place, and ordered on her first voyage to the Baltic. She was freighted with a large amount of money for St. Petersburg. The officers took with them a large party of ladies, and all seemed to have regarded the voyage as a trip of pleasure. The ship safely rounded Lindesnæs; and at this time a grand carousal was held on board. Captain and officers, and crew as well, were all more or less intoxicated, when they arrived off Mandal about midnight. They saw a light, but in their "fou" condition thought it was on board another vessel; but it was from a warning lighthouse,

and no pilot was on board. They struck on the rock and filled. All that dreadful night distress-guns were fired, but it appears that no vessels dared then venture out to their assistance. At dawning, some fishing boats and a small steamer came alongside; but so infatuated and reckless were the Russians, that in their panic they overcrowded the boats, swamped them, and upwards of three hundred men and several of the ladies perished! As to the Captain, he was so overcome by his awful responsibility, that he desperately leaped overboard, and found a seaman's grave. All the officers who survived were ordered to St. Petersburg, and thence exiled to Siberia. The crew remained some time in Norway; and the ship and all she contained was totally lost. Immediately after the shipwreck, fish, especially mackerel, were unprecedentedly abundant. Before the crew left, a mackerel was opened, and in its maw was found a ring *which the Russians recognised to have been worn by one of the ladies who was drowned!* This fact had such an effect, that nobody would partake of fish for months afterwards.

Doubling the celebrated *Lindesnæs*, or *naze* (nose) of Norway, we were soon out of the Skaggerrack, and rounded the point handsomely. How the bonny jade raced along! Our lee gang-way was under water, and the hissing spray showered over us at every plunge. Talk of excitement—joyous, innocent, animal exhilaration! To me, who loves the sea as a bride, nothing surpasses the feeling experienced when dashing under, over, through, the leaping billows, every plank dripping with salt foam, every shroud straining, every inch of canvas ready to burst, the elements singing in chorus as blithely as I involuntarily repeat for the thousandth time—

"Where'er the sun may shine, my boys,
There 's nothing like the sea ;
The spirit never soars so high,
The heart ne'er bounds so free,
As when the briny billows bear
With giant arms the ship :
I seem e'en now to taste the air
Of freedom on my lip !
Hurrah ! one hour upon the sea
Is worth a year on earth !"

The view of the coast here is magnificent; vast, rugged rocks uplift their hoary and fantastic heads among the clouds, while impotent breakers wreath their base in sheets of milky foam. The whole coast of Norway, hence to the extreme north, is one continuous chain of mighty rocks, varying from one thousand to four thousand feet in height, presenting a barrier to the ocean unparalleled for magnitude, length, and savage grandeur. The entire line of coast is also studded with innumerable isles of every size, from a few yards in diameter to as many miles—being in nearly every instance solid rocks, in a few cases inhabited by hardy fishermen and pilots.

We anchored at midnight off the little village of Kopervick, sailing early again on the 28th. The distant peaks of the inland mountains were clothed with snow, which glittered brightly in the rosy beams of morning. The coast here is famous for its *winter* herring-fishery, which is very productive during the first three months of the year. We had now a rough angry sea, but a capital wind, and the residue of our voyage was extremely interesting; for the size of the craft, and the intimate knowledge the skipper had of the excessively dangerous coast, enabled him to run the gauntlet of the narrow channels between the islands. In several places

we sailed at a mad rate, so near the cliffs that it seemed as though one could almost pluck the flowers blooming in their fissures, and sometimes the end of the mainsail boom, as it stretched over the quarter, nearly scraped the jutting crags. The roar of the waves on these occasions was deafening, and our position exciting enough, for had our boom split, or tiller broken, or a gust of wind made us broach to for a single moment—smash! the *yægt* would have gone, and been scattered to fragments in less time than a tar can box his compass! A poor swamped boat was helplessly eddying about in one place—probably she belonged to some lost vessel!

In the evening we safely anchored off Bergen *Tolbod*, having performed the voyage in about five days and a half—a wonderful improvement on the outward voyage of the same vessel, for that occupied a month!

CHAPTER XXVII.

BERGEN.

I LANDED on the evening of May 28th, 1850, at the Custom-House, Bergen, where my luggage had to await examination on the following day; and of all custom-house ordeals, I never experienced one more prying. Suspicion seemed especially excited by one little packet, containing—my bible! What rendered such paltry examinations positively absurd, was the fact that I came in the Norwegian vessel from a Norwegian port, and had passed through other custom-houses of the same country. It is only fair to add that at every other Norwegian and Swedish town the officials merely glanced, as a matter of form, at the outer contents of my trunks; and in Denmark they did not require my luggage to be opened at all.

In one respect I was highly favoured during the eleven days of my visit to Bergen, for nearly the whole of the period was delightful sunny weather. This is worthy of remark, because Bergen is considered the most rainy place in Europe. On an average it is said that two-thirds of the days in the year are wet, the rain usually descending in torrents for hours together. The obvious

cause of this is, that Bergen is situated on the west coast, and is literally buried among lofty mountains, which attract clouds surcharged with moisture from the ocean. Through the same peculiarity of situation, however, the harbour is never frozen even in the depth of winter; whereas, at Christiania, precisely in the same latitude, I walked over ice two feet thick, on deep salt-water, at the end of April.

Bergen contains a population of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and is therefore the second town in Norway. It is built on a neck of land jutting out into the bay, and is almost surrounded with water. The town entirely covers this little peninsula, and all around loom black bare rocks arising to altitudes of many hundred feet. In sailing past the town I was exceedingly struck by the picturesque appearance of the wooden houses, ranged tier above tier, with their numerous white gables facing the water, and the fleets of antique-looking Nordland yœgts, and other curious craft afloat on every side. It strongly reminded me of the pictures of London by the Thames, in the time of Elizabeth. The chief part of the town is built of wood, and the houses have an exceedingly neat and airy appearance, being well painted and tiled, and the chimneys invariably whitewashed. I did not see a dozen houses of any other material than wood, but there are a few of *iron*. No house is so pleasant to live in as a wooden house, as I have experienced, but the danger from fire is dreadful.

During my two months' residence at Christiania, fires occurred every few days, consuming from two to six houses each time. They generally occurred in the suburbs, as nearly all the better streets of Christiania are now of brick and stone. A most extensive conflagration occurred at Bergen in 1830, and a law was sub-

sequently passed in the Storthing, prohibiting the erection, in the town itself, of houses entirely of wood. They are now required to have an inner casing of thin stone; but I apprehend this would prove an inefficient check to a raging fire. The streets of Bergen are very narrow, but well-paved, with a slabbed *trottoir* elevated in some instances a foot above the carriage-road, and thus rendered very inconvenient for foot passengers. The aspect of the streets is light and cheerful. By the doorway of each house is a painted cask, of about ten gallons, filled with water, and bearing the name of the owner. It is compulsory on every householder to make this provision against fires, and to keep leathern buckets in constant readiness for the same object.

It is a singular fact that none of the streets have names affixed, and the majority of the inhabitants only know the designation of the principal streets, and of the particular localities they reside in. There are several large open places, planted with trees: the best streets lead into these at angles, and are named after them according to the quarter in which they radiate. There is one long grand street of considerable width, crossing the town where the Peninsula joins the mainland. It has trees along its promenades, and presents a gay appearance of extreme bustle and variety. Very little show is made in the shops, but in many windows we are strongly recommended, in good Queen's English, to "try Day and Martin's Blacking," and "Stephens's Writing Fluid!" One very interesting object I certainly noticed in a shop-window, viz.:—the "crown" worn by brides of the humbler classes in the bailiwick of Bergen, on their wedding day. It is made of light bands of polished brass, set with glittering stones, and when placed on the brow of a blushing bride must

appear a striking ornament, independent of the touching idea of virgin purity of which it has been held symbolical from the remotest ages.

An anecdote was related to me of certain English gentlemen who attended a bridal feast in the vicinity of Bergen, to witness the antique ceremonies and observances still customary on such occasions. The Englishmen passed every dish and its contents, that came to hand, out at the window near the head of the table, to a delighted and uproarious crowd, assembled in the street! The next day, however, when the bride and her four sisters waited upon them, they claimed a kiss round, and then presented her with thirty-five specie dollars (about eight pounds), as a recompense for the serious loss their freak had occasioned.

The streets of Bergen are lighted by clumsy oil lamps, in many instances suspended from the centre of a chain crossing from house to house; and, occasionally, from gallows-looking posts. These lamps are lowered for lighting, by a small chain passing over a roller, and wound up by a key which turns the latter. On the west side of the town, sloping to the water's edge, are a prodigious number of lanes and alleys, and no "Shepherd's Walk" can surpass these in labyrinthine perplexity. A stranger might stroll for hours among them, before he emerged into a leading street. At the base of the mountain range, separated from the east side of the main town by the harbour, are some good streets, and extensive warehouses.

Along the numerous quays, which present from sunrise to sunset a most animated aspect, I was much interested by the simple, effective, and ingenious cranes for swaying light goods out of the vessels. An upright beam, about thirty feet in height, is firmly planted

on the quay, and from this is balanced, by a chain, an equally long lever, like a yard from the mast of a ship. To one end of the lever is attached a rope with hooks to grasp the article requiring removal, and to the other extremity is a rope for two or more men to sway by. The ease and rapidity with which casks and other things of moderate bulk are cleared from or deposited in the hold of a vessel, by this contrivance, is surprising; and it appears to me that this invention might be profitably adopted in English ports, as a saving of labour in comparison to the time occupied by heaving light goods with the ordinary cranes.

The wharfs and warehouses are all kept clean, and notwithstanding the quantities of train oil and hides they contained, no offensive smells issued. This struck me the more particularly, because Bergen has twice suffered fearfully from cholera, and is the only town in Norway which has ever been visited by that awful scourge. In 1849 more than seven hundred persons fell victims to it, and although it had not returned at the time of my visit, it was reported to be prevalent shortly afterwards, and I had to perform quarantine at a Swedish port in consequence of such a rumour. At Bergen itself it was positively denied that they had the cholera in 1849, but the most incontestable evidence was given me elsewhere that the number I have stated really perished by that disease in 1849. Probably this miserable insincerity on the part of the inhabitants, arose from a selfish desire to conceal the fact, lest visitors should be deterred from going there. The main cause of cholera visiting Bergen alone of all other places in Norway, is probably attributable to the unwholesome dampness of the atmosphere from perpetual rains.

Such is the external appearance of Bergen, and though it can claim an antiquity of about eight centuries, exceedingly few memorials of olden time exist in it, owing to the perishable nature of the materials of which it has been built and rebuilt. The same remark applies to every town in Norway. Of the ancient edifices in Bergen, the cathedral and one or two other churches may be mentioned. There were formerly very numerous churches. St. Mary's Church is said to surpass in antiquity any similar structure in Britain. Several charitable institutions and hospitals are to be found, especially one for leprosy, (to which frightful affliction the fishermen are much subject), and two or three *fæstnings*, or fortresses, one of which is very ancient. Of new buildings none claim much consideration, the principal being a theatre and a public school recently erected.

The main trade of Bergen is in herrings and stock-fish, which are brought chiefly from Nordland, and despatched to Spain, Italy, and the shores of the Mediterranean; and the merchants receive in return wine, corn, oil, &c.* Many of the principal merchants of Bergen are of Danish descent, and the whole commercial classes have an unenviable notoriety for their alleged supreme devotion to Mammon, which is said to occupy their thoughts to the exclusion of everything else; and what I saw induced me to give ample credit to the allegation. Yet facts were related to me which hardly seem compatible with this assumed inordinate love of traffic. Almost every house in Bergen, I was assured, possessed translations, from the Swedish, of Bishop Tegner's

* A very considerable trade in home fisheries is carried on by the residents of Bergen themselves—the adjoining seas abounding in *finny* tribes.

Sagas, and of Frue Flygare Carlén's exquisite novels, and that the works of these authors were become literally household words. Bishop Tegner died two or three years ago in a madhouse in Schleswig. It is said that the malady of this gifted poet was entirely brought on by intense study, and that his renowned Frithiof's Saga (founded on historical facts) betrays in every page gleams of insanity, though of the sublimest description. In this case, how applicable are the lines of Burns

" And yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven !"

The Norwegians can by no means claim eminence in literature. The best poet Norway has produced (Holberg), was a native of Bergen, and his dramatic delineations of the actual daily life of his countrymen in the more secluded districts where primitive manners and customs are still preserved intact, are very popular. Ole Bull was also born in Bergen, and shortly before my arrival had got into trouble with the police by insulting their dignity at the Theatre of Bergen, where, as in other Norwegian towns, the actors are principally Danes. In consequence of his obstinacy, he had been sentenced to imprisonment, but the people threatened to tear down the house of correction unless he were released, and the authorities were obliged to yield, or a serious riot might have ensued. There are three public reading-rooms in Bergen, but no English or French papers are taken in. Three newspapers are published in the town, besides a sheet devoted wholly to advertisements.

The costume hourly observable in the streets of Bergen, is of such a description as carries us back in imagination to the times of our own Henrys. In this respect, so romantic a sight as is represented by the

intermingled groups of fishermen, peasantry, and town's-people, I never beheld in any other city. The fishermen from the western coast wear leather breeches, rows of metal or mother-of-pearl buttons, and ribbons at the knees, white stockings, and tall picturesque hats of felt. Some have pendent ornaments at the breast. They all wear long flowing hair, falling over the shoulders in masses. This gives the old men a patriarchal appearance, but none of them are bearded. The little boys have miniature breeches, buttons, and tufts or ribbons at the knees, with vests and hats, all precisely in the same fashion as their grandfathers. The fisherwomen wear huge petticoats—they are scarcely gowns—of a coarse dark serge, open at the bosom. Over this is a gaudy red vest, with glittering ornaments at the bosom, and a gilt girdle. When in full dress, a snow-white apron is added, and a kind of turban, or else a fillet, for head-gear. They have very thick clumsy shoes, in many instances scooped out of solid wood, like those of the men. The whole appearances of the women, both in dress and feature, much resembles the Dutch and Flemish of sea-side districts. Some of the fisher-girls have jaunty jackets of coarse blue cloth; and their hair is either curiously plaited in two long tails, or gathered round the head by a rope-like fillet of the favourite gaudy red colour.

The complexion of many of the fishermen was a sickly and deadly white—too probably a sign of incipient leprosy. The male peasantry dress much like the fishermen, having almost invariably long broad-flapped loose grey coats, leather breeches, and white stockings. They also have generally a large vest, with double and treble rows of shining buttons, and a red cap. The peasant women and girls come to market in a most

becoming and attractive attire. The latter are modest, cheerful, ruddy, and pretty, and in the merry month of May, when I saw them, they wore red stomachers, with ornaments, over a white chemise, and a huge quaint hood, white as snow. Many of the townspeople wear striking costumes. The females of the lower classes always wear either handkerchiefs loosely thrown over the head, or else a white hood disposed in a stiff triangular shape, or a peaked white cap.

The interesting and animated scene the streets and quays of Bergen present to an Englishman may easily be conceived. At the time of my visit they were crowded from morning till almost midnight with these various classes. Bergen has ten times the bustle and street-life of Christiania, especially in the cool of the evening, when the residents may be seen leaning out of the lower windows chatting with acquaintances, or seated on forms placed outside the doorways, in many instances five or six feet above the pavement, and reached by a projecting flight of steps, leading to a landing which has a flat stone top with space for a dozen people, and a neat iron railing with polished brass tops round it. Here for hours after sunset the master of the house and his friend calmly converse over their fragrant pipes, whilst the women knit, gossip, or sing. I have spent pleasant hours with groups on these landings, and it was agreeable to note how intimate and cordial seemed the acquaintanceship of my companions with almost every townsman who passed. Their hats were perpetually raised in salute to people walking by, and a few words of smiling recognition, or a loud and cheerful "God nat!" (good night) exchanged. To an Englishman, this ceaseless bowing and baring of the head appears at

once an amusing and a troublesome business, but the Scandinavians think otherwise.

During my stay it was never dark throughout the night, and as each hot day drew to a close, the peculiar purity and coldness of the transparent atmosphere was delicious. Small type might be read with ease at midnight in the open air, and the sun shone with splendour two hours subsequently.

On Sundays, when everybody is dressed in the gayest and brightest attire, there is one continuous stream of town and country people, fishermen, and sailors, promenading the town and its environs. All Bergen is out of doors on the Sabbath, if the weather be fine. The upper classes of townspeople of both sexes dress very elegantly. Sunday in Norway terminates at 5 P.M., but there does not appear to be that open-air recreation and merry-making so prevalent in Denmark on Sunday evenings. The bulk of the people appear content with rambling about the place; and tea-gardens are only few in number. The only example of gymnastic amusement which I noticed was that of a couple of laughing *jomfrues* (young ladies), swinging in the garden of a handsome villa. In the environs there are very beautiful public walks and avenues of trees.

There is one sight well worth witnessing in Bergen: the sale of fish from open boats at the head of the harbour, which is bounded by the main wide street. Herrings are sold by measure at what seems a merely nominal price, and mackerel, of a larger size than I ever saw elsewhere, four or five for the value of an English penny. The crowds of women and boys surrounding each fishing-boat, and the pushing, screaming, shouting, haggling, and lively gesticulations of both buyers and sellers are very amusing. I used to go

daily to the spot expressly to enjoy the scene. Along the quay are rows of isolated little wooden shops for the sale of boots and shoes, hats, caps, trinkets, tin utensils, crockery, clothing, bibles, prayer-books, ballads, engravings, and a prodigious variety of articles likely to find favour in the sight of the hardy fisherman and others, who eagerly throng about them after sunset. The engravings are, it is true, of the rudest description. It is indeed remarkable how backward the art of pictorial representation is throughout Scandinavia, but in the department of lithography great talent is evinced. In this locality, also, are to be seen great numbers of boats laden with immense piles of split wood for fuel, and also many of the very interesting genuine Nordland yœgts.

Some travellers erroneously suppose these yœgts to be built on the model of the famous vessels of the Norsk sea-kings of old, such as are represented on tapestry of eight centuries ago. From familiarity from earliest youth with the "craft or mystery" of ship-building, I can state that my deliberate conviction is, that the modern Nordland yœgt is really built, with comparatively slight modifications, in the same fashion as the Norwegian ships of William the Conqueror's time. They vary much in size, but all are alike in shape. The largest are about sixty feet in length, and not less than twenty to thirty feet breadth of beam. They are not decked, except at the stern, but have loose flat hatches. They sail very well before the wind, and have one enormous mast, supported by four shrouds aside, and a proportionately huge square sail. Their sterns are square, and as high above water as those of a large ship, emblazoned frequently with paintings, and a long description of their name, and the owner and

place they belong to, in letters of the most orthodox Gothic style. The best are built of oak, clencher fashion. The stem itself rises to a height of eight or ten feet clear above the bows, and somewhat resembles a black chimney at a distance. The planking of the bows tapers several feet above the level of the scantling.

On leaving Bergen I made a romantic voyage of nearly a fortnight's duration in one of these *yægts*, to a port north-east of the Loffoden Isles. The lighters, and small boats of every description about Bergen are built with both ends shaped alike, and stem and stern-post projecting considerably above the planking. The women and girls of Bergen row the light boats equally as well as the men, and may be hourly seen "feathering their oars with a skill and dexterity," that a "jolly young waterman" of the Thames would both admire and envy. I have mentioned the economical lever-cranes, and ought to add that a system to the reverse of that was evinced in the means adopted to clear the harbour of mud. Three or four men manned each lighter, the dredging-spoon of which was absurdly small, and instead of the windlass for raising it being worked in the usual way by turnels, it was turned by little handspikes at a miserably slow rate. Such matters as these may seem trifling, but they are indications of the slow degree of improvement and progress hitherto arrived at in the first trading town in Norway.

The quaint old "watchmen of the night," were muffled in thick belted coats, with brass tickets on their breast, even in very warm weather.

A few years ago, the Duke of Rutland visited Bergen in his yacht, and resided at the same house I was staying at. His chief pleasure, I was told, during his

visit was to sit for hours at a window, listening to the musical roll of the watchman's song, for, until a few years ago, they sang a verse at each quarter of an hour, as they still do at Copenhagen; but they only chant the hour of the night here now, with the state of the weather. It was to this house, also, (Herr Sontum's, near the Tolbod, or Custom-house) that the Marquis of Waterford was conveyed after his adventure with one of the Bergen watchmen. Somewhat erroneous accounts have frequently been published of this. It is sufficient to say that the inhabitants of Bergen, one and all, deeply regretted the unhappy affair; the sequel of which was that whilst the grand brig-yacht of the Marquis remained at Bergen, her numerous and exasperated crew were wont to scour the streets, and thrash every watchman they met, so that in a little while they were so thoroughly cowed, that at the mere glimpse of an English sailor they blew their whistles for help from their brethren. The watchmen carry a stout staff about four feet in length, and on this they screw a terrible weapon, known as the "morning star." This latter is a ball of steel, full of spikes; and with one of these "stars" the Marquis was struck violently on the head.

The natural beauties of the environs of Bergen are worthy of high admiration. Both in the immediate vicinity of the town and for miles around, the scenery is of the most romantic and lovely description. Part of the suburbs are perched upon lofty granite rocks, and many a pretty residence peeps through dense green foliage at the height of five to eight hundred feet above the highway. The views commanded from these airy eminences are magnificent. The whole town and its grand bay seem at your very feet, and the valley is one mass of the most luxuriant vegetation. I am speaking

of the season when the vigorous spring of Norway was in the flush of its glorious prime, when the trees had just put forth their scarcely full-formed leaves, and all nature seemed singing with joy. In many of the cemeteries, the tombs were quite hidden with tangled grass and wild flowers, and in every field bloomed countless "*blomsters*," especially the sweet, pale cuckoo-flower, and the *moltebær*, and the delicious wild strawberry so common throughout Norway. Although I expected to find Bergen a romantic town, the reality far exceeded my most sanguine anticipations. It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of the rich variety of scenery, varying from the soft and beautiful to the wild and grand, within a circumference of five miles. Ocean, mountain, and vale—glassy waters, shipping, habitations, meads, foliage, and crags, all blend in one superb *coup-d'œil*; and when reclining during several successive evenings on the loftiest pinnacles of the mountains, enclosing the scene as it were within a frame, and watching the gorgeous sunset illuminating the whole of this panorama, it struck me that never, in my wanderings, had I been brought into more ennobling communion with the choicest works of the Hand Divine.

On the highest peak of the mountain, facing the east side of the town, is a remarkable beacon, recently erected, consisting of a tapering cast-iron pillar, bolted to the solid rock, and rigged with three chains from its summit—sustaining an enormous wooden *arrow*, twenty-five to thirty feet long, which serves as a vane. I reached this spot one evening, and was rewarded for my pains by beholding the striking spectacle of a *mock-sun* a little above the horizon, just before sunset. The view of the town, with its background of water and of rock, from hence, was picturesque in the extreme; and

so clear was the atmosphere that the people walking in the main street could be counted, although they seemed the size of beetles. The mountain-tops, a very few miles distant, were glittering with snow; in the higher ravines in, indeed it frequently does not melt from year to year.

Several somewhat ancient stone gates span the main roads leading into Bergen. Through one or other of these I passed daily to make long pedestrian excursions into the surrounding country. I visited not a few romantic hamlets, hid in green dells, or nestling in the shade of mighty rocks; and loitered on the banks of many pellucid streamlets, which in most instances were sufficiently powerful to turn one or more mill-wheels, primitively constructed outside their respective buildings, the water striking the cogs at top of the wheel, whither it fell from a broad trough raised high on a platform—the mills being situated where a sudden fall of many feet formed a cascade easily appropriated to the purpose. Merrily whirled the wheels, the spray sparkling in the sunny air; the combined noise of the wheel, and the delicious coolness diffused from the falling water, shedding a drowsy languor over the wayfarer stretched within its influence.

The wooden houses in the country rest on a foundation of brick, or generally of stone, rising from one to six feet above the ground. They are neatly built, and their exteriors in many cases are tarred instead of being painted—a coat of tar being far more durable and cheaper than painting, and if properly applied, looking quite as well, while it harmonizes in colour with the surrounding rocks. It is very interesting to observe how the little cows clamber about the precipitous ranges of mountain pasturage. They may be seen grazing on

spots where one would hardly suppose even a goat could retain its footing; and much as the stranger marvels how they ever got there, he wonders still more how they will ever get back. The sheep, which are small, with wiry wool, also dot the steepest ascents with picturesque effect. The milch cows have bells suspended under their necks, that they may be readily found when wanted; and the musical sound of these bells, as the animals leisurely ramble from one spot to another, floats sweetly on the listening ear at eventide. The milk from these mountain pasturages is conveyed to the farm-house or to the towns, in kits strapped from a wicker frame on horseback, one kit on each side of the horse.

Perhaps no country in Europe is enlivened with the presence of fewer birds than Norway; but Bergen is an exception to the rule—in summer time at least. There are very great numbers of cuckoos, and I often heard half-a-dozen cooing at a time in vocal rivalry. Equally numerous are the meadow-crakes. The blending of the notes had an inexpressible charm, especially towards sunset. Vast flocks of starlings abound, and about every hundred yards hops forth one of the very large and also very impudent magpies, found in every part of Norway. Of small song birds, few are to be met with, and none of them seem equal to the English songsters of the grove.

The beauty of the scenery would be much enhanced were forest and hedge-row trees more abundant. Very few firs or pines fringe the bald frowning mountain sides, and there is no timber worthy of the name growing within twenty English miles of Bergen. Much ship-building is going on at the port, but the oak used comes principally from Prussia, and a little of it from the East of Norway.

The vicinity of Bergen is famous for its marble quarries. I met with fine specimens of white marble in a secluded glen, where a strong clear spring had washed the soil from considerable blocks of that valuable material. Large stone quarries are also to be met with, and at one a woman was employed in picking away the earth. Women in Norway frequently perform heavy manual toil, both in town and country.

The roads are excellent, and many interesting sights are to be met with on them. Groups of women may be observed kneeling by streams near the highway, rinsing linen, which they spread to bleach in the sun. Companies of soldiers also are daily marched out to exercise some miles from the town, and as they returned at an easy pace along the road in the evening, they invariably sang national songs. The new Danish war-song was a special favourite with them. The powerful chorus of one, two, or three hundred manly voices sounded very impressively. This practice is countenanced by the officers, as it is found to keep the men in good humour, without infringing on discipline.

The peasantry, on going to and returning from Bergen, walk barefoot, with their shoes slung across their shoulders, and only put on these leathern or wooden feet-protectors whilst in the town itself. They courteously raise their caps to every passer. Occasionally they come to market on horseback, with goods slung at the saddle-bow; but generally they bring their commodities in carts, a little larger than a good-sized wheel borrow, and entirely without sides, or else with only a ledge some eight inches high. The flat body is mounted on a pair of light wheels, and drawn by a spirited little horse, which gallops with great velocity on level ground, and on coming to hills, the riders considerably dismount

and walk. Little cases, packages, casks, and boxes, are strapped tightly on these vehicles, and on the lading sit the merry country lassies, although it is marvellous how they avoid being flung off when going at a rapid rate, but such accidents are rare. Sometimes a string of half-a-dozen or more carts keep company, and race one another, amid laughter and screaming from the girls, and shouts, jeers, and jokes from the men.

On Saturday night every little roadside *Ol Huus* (ale-house) was crowded with country-people, chatting over the events of the day, and many a stolen glance did I observe darted from bright eyes, and many a racy bit of rustic coquetry was played off among these kind and simple-hearted people. The condition of the *bonder*, or peasant-proprietor, is usually represented as being comfortable beyond that of any similar class in the world: but if so, how is it that such a stream of emigration has set in from Norway to the United States? Before I left Christiania, several emigrant ships had either sailed or were about to sail, and from Bergen at least six emigrant ships were to sail within a few weeks. In every part of the country from Lindesnæs to Lofföden, I found people eager to seek their fortunes in the New World. How Mr. Laing can reconcile these facts with his theory of the wonderfully happy and contented condition of the Norwegian peasantry, it is difficult to conjecture.

Carriages are not so common about Bergen as at Christiania, but there are more gigs and other English-looking vehicles. I one day met the mail coming in. It was a venerable and very queer-shaped open vehicle, having seats for two persons, and it crawled along at a high-dignified pace. It makes the journey to Christiania in about four or five days, "weather permitting."

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At its back is a huge coffin-like box for the mails, and the driver has a red coat and a curly brass French horn, with which he ever and anon wakes up the echoes of the hills.

If a traveller wishes to spend a few days or weeks in summer, where he will have ample food for amusement and reflection, and enjoy some of the finest scenery heart can desire, Bergen will probably satisfy him as thoroughly as any equally accessible place in Europe.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NORDLAND YØGT—BERGEN TO TROMSØ.

I WAS at length aboard a Nordland yøgt, and bound on a long voyage. Much difficulty I had to get a berth in this unique craft, but an old Norwegian sailor who had once been a messmate of mine, procured me an interview with a skipper of fame in these northern seas, by name of Jacob Ström, and the latter consented to give me a passage in his "Bergette Marie." My old messmate laboured hard to impress me with his own profound belief that such a wonderful mariner as Jacob Ström never sailed the salt seas. He ran over a list of the said Jacob's marvellous gifts and briny exploits, and concluded by reiterating three several times, "O, *Yarcub Strum!*"* accompanying each solemn exclamation by a shake of the head in a fashion which would have done Lord Burleigh himself credit. My first glance at this redoubted *Yarcub Strum** inclined me redit the reverential eulogium, for I never saw a frame and a head more suggestive of one accustomed to

* Norse pronunciation.

contend with and triumph over the raging billows. He was a hairy picturesque mariner, of prodigious muscular development, and his noble head and countenance bore a singular resemblance to the portraits of Shakspeare.

On the evening of June 7th, I embarked in the "Bergette Marie," and shall not readily forget the novel impression the scenes on her immense decks made. Lumber of every description was strewn fore-and-aft; and men, women, and children were running confusedly about, jabbering in various Norse dialects. A heavy rain came on and I went below. The stern cabin was large and lofty as that of a ship of five hundred tons, and was divided into halves by a bulkhead fore-and-aft. The starboard division was the skipper's private cabin; and after giving me a welcome, so hearty that my shoulder ached, he resigned to me his own sleeping berth, into which I soon tumbled, and all the hideous hubbub overhead only served for a lullaby.

On turning out early next morning, I found the deck alive with bustle. The "Bergette Marie" was one of the largest yægts of her kind. She was very nearly half as wide amidships as she was long; and when standing on her lofty poop, it seemed as though she were a section of an Indiaman. Her single mast was almost as thick as a frigate's main, and rose to a height probably of sixty feet to the sheave; and had a crown of five or six feet, with a vane. Her one square sail was of enormous spread; and instead of reefs to lessen the canvas, one or more of the four broad strips which formed the lower half of the sail, were taken off altogether in a heavy wind, as they were merely rove to the upper canvas by a band passing through eyelet holes. When she hove out of harbour before breakfast, such a scene of confusion I had never witnessed in any

craft before. Gallant Yarcub Strum bawled himself hoarse with orderding, and gesticulated more like an excited *enfant de Paris* than a sober-going Nordlander. But the heaving up the sail! of all nautical manœuvres, I never saw the equal of that. A piece of scantling rises a foot above the break of the quarter-deck, and the fall of the halyard passes under a wooden sheave in it. This halyard was a two-inch rope; and as a signal for sailing, an oar was lashed horizontally to it, just below the mast-head.

The unsophisticated reader perhaps imagines the hoisting power was a hand-windlass worked by two, or at most four men? No, indeed; the sagacious Nordlanders scorn any such modern mechanism. The whole crew of ten or twelve men *seated* themselves on deck in a long row, with their faces towards the stern, and seizing the halyard fall, hauled away—a few idlers on board gathering in the slack, and Yarcub (aided by myself) pulling the matter of a few ounces at the bight. The operation was of course very slow but very sure, and the crew paused every minute to inflate their lungs; and then with a bawling but good-humoured chorus, went to it again. The yard at length was chock-a-block, and Yarcub stamped and vociferated, whilst braces and sheets were set, amid shouting, screaming, jumping, and yahooing to a degree I never anticipated hearing on any deck, but that of a dandy French corvette.

I subsequently had the audacity to give even Yarcub the Great my candid opinion of his mode of hoisting sail; and expatiated on the economical saving of time and labour by substituting a windlass; but "a man convinced against his will,"—you know the Hudibrastic saying! All Yarcub had to reply amounted to

this :—his forefathers, the renowned Norsk Vikings, had hoisted their sails by hand for a thousand years, and all their genuine descendants did the same still, and he, Yarcub Strum, could not and would not sanction any irreverent innovation suggested by a conceited young Englishman. This silenced me, and I picked my way below to break my fast; and as I took the first mouthful, was cheerily saluted by the cabin boy, with "*Velbecommen spise!*" i.e. "may your eating do you good!" an ordinary expression of the rough but kindly Norsemen.

The "Bergette Marie" in one respect resembled an emigrant ship; for we had almost a dozen families aboard, returning to their native Nordland. They were all of the lower classes; and it was amusing to notice the composure with which some of them exercised their calling, as shoemakers, &c., on deck in fine weather. Some of the men had leather breeches and leather jackets, and all were very decently although thriftily clad. The women wore ample petticoats of dark blue cloth, and jackets of a similar material, with jaunty rows of buttons, and a nice white shirt collar turned over. Two or three of the girls were very pretty, and looked extremely interesting in this simple attire. Their cheerful yet modest and becoming behaviour was very agreeable. I often wished for English needles, scissors, and such trifles, to present them with, for no gifts are more acceptable in the North. The stout, rosy children were dressed in precisely the same fashion as their mothers. These Nordlanders, although evidently very poor, had nothing about them of that sordid, grinding destitution, to be seen in similar classes in Great Britain. They had enough for their humble wants, and were cheerful and contented. They carried

their provisions in chests, and lived on dried fish, potatoes, rye-bread, butter, coffee, and milk. My presence appeared to excite much curiosity among them. One and all of them behaved towards me with frank respect; and several frequently paid me little attentions, which I reciprocated to the utmost in my power. The men slept among the crew on the goods under the loose décks, but the women and children shared the spare cabin; and honest Yarcub treated them with a constant kindness and consideration that warmed my heart and won theirs.

Some of the crew were fine-looking fellows. One of them wore a long, loose frock-coat of coarse cloth, belted round the waist, and embroidered with red bands, and a low, round, broad-brimmed hat—altogether in the picturesque style of the middle ages, and reminding one of the beef-eaters of the tower! Another was a Russian from the banks of the Dwina. He told me that he had formerly lived eighteen years at the copper works of Alten in Finmark, in the service of Mr. Crowe,* present British Consul-General for Norway; and also once wintered with him at Spitzbergen. He spoke with high esteem of that gentleman; and invariably wound up his eulogiums by exclaiming: “Good man! ja, good man! much money! plenty money! ja!” By the way, all Russians curiously associate the idea of money as the crown of every moral attribute.

The whole immense line of coast from Bergen to the North Cape, is studded with countless islands, nearly all of which are solid rock. We had fair and heavy winds for the first few days, and on Sunday the 9th

* He is popular throughout Norway.

carried away the mast crown. In the afternoon of that day we moored in company with another yœgt, in a little bay, surrounded by a cluster of lofty rocks, relieved at their base by patches of intensely green herbage. The men quickly made a new crown, and the women a new vane; and when these were fixed, we sailed again at nightfall, running before a stormy wind. By 6 P.M. the next day, we were off the entrance of the rocky fiord leading to Christiansund. The coast was studded with magnificent rocks, and the white sails of the intervening fishing barks, contrasted beautifully with their sombre outlines. We passed a solitary isle with a light-house, and a little hamlet and church. Low rocks, white with seething breakers, diversified the scene. At sunset we were off the fiord, up which Trondhjem (Drontheim) is situated. The shrouds were so slack and the mast had so much play, that it threatened to either leap bodily overboard, or to plump cannily through the yœgt's bottom; but Yarcub managed to tauten up the rigging.

On Tuesday the breeze lulled, and then became adverse, but it was surprising how closely the apparently lumbering waggon of a craft could hug the wind, "like a sweetheart!" as sailors say. We passed a bare rock, with a few huts upon it inhabited by fishermen. Turf, and driftwood from wrecked ships, supplied them with fuel. A fishing-boat came alongside, and sold us some fine fish of a deep red colour, about the size of trout, but broader and thicker. Their flesh was firm and delicious. The night was clear, and I could easily read, as I lay in my berth, at 12 P.M.

I must not omit to mention that our quarter-deck was so elegant, that the Princess Royal might be proud to tread it! The stern was square, and rose to a pro-

digious height—the rudder, which was moved by a tiller, having no gudgeons for at least ten feet from the top. Two huge, uncouth wooden pumps rose like hideous spectres at the break of the quarter-deck (which was nearly as steep as the roof of a house), and were worked day and night at short intervals, for the vessel was old and leaky. The noise which these engines made was most lugubrious, but it harmonized finely with the dismal creaking and shrieking of the mast and loose decks. Either side of the quarters was further graced by huge sooty wooden chimneys. At the stern was an immense solid taffrail, with a permanent flag-staff, surmounted by a truck the size of a soup tureen.

On the 12th, we had still head winds, and dolorously did the yœgt grumble and growl. The mast jerked madly; the sail collapsed every few minutes with a thundering crash that shook the breath out of one's body, and the tiller squealed as it writhed in its lee lashings. The weather was cold, raw, and gloomy; nevertheless *we* were merry enough. In the afternoon we enjoyed a very amusing sight of a drove of whales, tumbling and disporting to windward. One huge black fellow, came within fifty to eighty yards—ever and anon baring his back, head, and tail; and spouting jets of water like a cascade. It was a very interesting sight, and I wished to send a rifle ball into his shining hide, The swell was too heavy to launch a boat, or I should have solicited Yarcub to have obliged me with one, even if I had no better harpoon than a boat-hook. The rate at which these whales occasionally moved ahead was amazing. The spectacle brought to mind the famous legends of the great sea serpents and mermaids, which in olden time haunted these seas. Quaint old

Olaus Magnus gives a curious and characteristically credulous account of Nereids.

On the following morning we ran into a snug little roadstead so completely hid among mountainous isles that it seemed like going into a basin in a seaport, especially as the entrance was so narrow that a man could almost leap to the adjoining rocks. We moored with hawsers carried ashore and hitched round fragments of rock. The Nordland yægts very rarely use their light anchors or their grapnels, for there are numerous harbours of refuge like the one in question, to be found amid the innumerable islands—their position being indicated to the mariner by piles of stones on the highest peaks. However tempestuous the sea may be outside, these harbours are as calm as the lake in St. James's Park. When, however, the yægts are compelled to let go their anchors, they weigh them again by means of a boat, without any machinery, for such a thing as a pawl-windlass aboard the yægts is unknown! We remained in this romantic haven four entire days, owing to stress of weather. Several other yægts bore us company, and on the whole our time sped pleasantly enough.

One day I went with the skipper in his boat on a little voyage of exploration among the labyrinth of isles. After a long pull we came in sight of half a dozen wooden houses and outbuildings, and effected a landing. There was a boat-builder's shed, with one or two boats nearly finished, and a long slip (simply a long beam, with a groove for the vessel's keel), to repair yægts. I entered the principal house, and rested some time in the quaint guests' room, and then leaving the skipper and his people to purchase a supply of milk, I wandered about the locality. Great quantities of split-fish were

being dried on the rocks, and the little slips of vegetation were diversified with bright patches of wild flowers, especially those of the *moltebær* and purple snap-dragons. Yarcub obtained a number of the eggs of the *eider-gaas*, and of the peewit, and we feasted on them when we regained our vessel. The *eider-gaas* egg is as large as that of the common domestic goose, both ends shaped nearly alike, and is of a light lead colour. It is good tasted—the gelatine portion, however, being somewhat indigestible. If I rightly understand Yarcub, the Norwegian peewits pass the winter in Scotland, and return at the beginning of spring.

One day several of the sailors stripped, and plunging into the cold sea, swam about for a long time. I could not but admire their hardihood, for the temperature of the water was uncommonly cold. They performed no end of merry manœuvres, diving, and splashing and racing one another to the great amusement of the women on board, who hung over the bulwarks—or, rather, the rough-trees—to gaze at the performers without a bit of affectation. Indeed, throughout the North, many things which in England would be considered highly indecorous in the fair sex, do not excite remark. The greater freedom of behaviour between the sexes does not however lead, apparently, to any immorality. Were such manners to prevail in the South, however, there would be a different result.

We had a merry time of it in the cabin—singing, laughing, drinking, eating, and playing all sorts of glee-some pastimes. I gave the skipper lessons in English—though he never remembered a single word after the lesson was over; but I learnt more Norsk from him than I had acquired for months ashore. We used to yell the Danish "*Den tappre Landsoldat*" in chorus, and

then Yarcub would sing in his deep bass, the famous Norwegian sea-song—" *Mens Nordhavet bruser mod feldbygt Strand.*" The crew now, as at all times, had marvelously easy berths. Not one among them knew the "Philadelphia Catechism,"* I'll warrant. The mate was a remarkably good-humoured, good-looking young fellow, and enormously fat. He worked little, and spoke less. He never laughed outright; but when the rest of us were convulsed, he would relax into a silent broad grin. He spent most of his time when on deck, in riding on the tiller. He irresistibly realized my conception of Pickwick's "Fat Boy," and like him, if asked what he preferred above all things, would doubtless have replied—"I likes eating best!" As a first-rate eater, drinker, and sleeper, he would mate with anything in the shape of man. On the Sunday evening Yarcub entertained the skipper of one of the other yœgts, and while I lay reading my English prayer-book in my berth, the twain, together with the mate, and the cabin boy (Yarcub's son), indulged in a game at cards, and set one another puzzles by drawing inconceivable diagrams on the table with chalk! The brandy, and the claret, and other capital wines of Yarcub's hospitable cabin, were in free requisition. The din of the party lulled me into a placid slumber, and when I awoke I found myself alone in my glory. That bed of mine was the most tempting I ever slept on. It was composed of a rein-deer skin, and a sheep-skin, with a leathern pillow. The principal ornaments of the cabin were three rusty muskets, and a cavalry sabre, guiltless of blood.

* "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou art able,
And on the seventh holystone the deck, and scrape the cable!"

Resuming our voyage on Monday morning, we ran a long time between double reefs of rocks a mile or two asunder. The mainland, or *fast-land*, as the Norsemen significantly term it, presented mighty ranges of snowy mountains, of the most rugged and fantastic aspect. The wind was good, and the "*Bergette Marie*" bowled along at a great rate. This said *yægt*, commanded by Yarcub the Great, a few years ago made a voyage so far southward as to Christiania—being the first and only Nordland *yægt* that ever performed the feat. Well might my old messmate at Bergen speak with reverence of Yarcub Strum! His voyage to Christiania is a theme on which others descanted with as much admiration as though it had been to the antipodes. The weather now set in bitterly cold, and on Tuesday we crossed the Arctic Circle. The next day we neared the celebrated Loffoden Islands,* which resembled at a distance an immense range of icebergs. The sun shone brilliantly, and the scene was truly wild, almost sublime. Continuing our voyage, we threaded passage after passage between granite rocks; and finally, on the 20th, safely moored in the harbour of Tromsö. I landed with worthy Yarcub, and it was pleasant to share the welcome which awaited him. Every body we met ashore knew him well, and all shook hands with him, and cried—" *Velbecommen hjem!*" The voyage had been much quicker than ordinary. Indeed the Nordland *yægts* only make two voyages to Bergen in a year,

* The renowned *Malström*, or whirlpool, is on the west side of the Loffodens. The skippers whom I questioned concerning it, laughed the idea of its dangers to scorn, and asserted that a boat could safely row over it. This is very much at variance with the popular accounts current with us; but to say the least, there can be no doubt that the terrors of the *Malström* have been much exaggerated by credulous writers.

and sometimes their passage each way occupies five or six weeks. Their cargoes out consist almost solely of dried fish and train-oil, and they bring to Nordland, clothing, brandy, wine, hardware, &c.

During the whole of my two sojourns at Tromsö, I was the inmate of Yarcub's own house, and received such kindness from him and his family, that I very heartily breathe a wish for the prosperity of that fine specimen of the descendants of the Vikings of old!

CHAPTER XXIX.

TROMSÖ.

THE situation of the island of Tromsö is very peculiar. Its nearest neighbour to the north-east is Hammerfest; and to the southward there is no town nearer than Trondhjem, about four hundred and fifty English miles distant. Tromsö is within a mile of the mainland of Finmark, and is on all sides environed with mountains, situated either on the mainland or on neighbouring islands, so that it seems to be in the midst of a huge salt lake itself. It is said to be about fourteen English miles in circumference; but I had the curiosity to walk entirely round its shores one day, and think half a dozen miles more may be truthfully added to the number. The general surface of the isle rises in gentle slopes to a tolerable elevation, and it contains richer pasturage and more dwarf plantations than any other Arctic isle I saw. The town of Tromsö is situate along the shore opposite the mainland.*

I stayed only three days at Tromsö on landing from the "Bergette Marie;" but on my return from Hammerfest, I remained more than a fortnight; so that

* Fastland, Norse.

altogether I had ample opportunity to become acquainted with it. The population of Tromsö is about two thousand eight hundred; and it has sprung up in half a century from a mere cluster of fishermen's huts to a port of considerable traffic. Its trade is entirely based on the amazing quantities of stock-fish and of train-oil, which it exports, in addition to rein-deer, fox, and other skins, and rein-deer antlers for knife-hafts. The stock-fish (dried and pressed cod) are exported principally to the Mediterranean, especially to Naples, and also to Sweden, and the south-west coast of Norway. The best-informed persons avow their belief that Tromsö must and will increase yearly in a very rapid ratio, for the fisheries in its vicinity are literally exhaustless, and its staple trade is therefore capable of indefinite increase. One great drawback at present is the excessive cost, as well as meagre quantity, of articles of provision, &c., to supply the shipping; but this will lessen as the communication with foreign nations increases.

The town consists mainly of one exceedingly long straggling street, following the windings of the shore. It has a picturesque appearance from the harbour—numerous warehouses, built on piles, projecting over the water. The houses are all of wood, some red, some white, some green, some of a nondescript colour; some are built of logs, some are of frames covered with overlapping boards. The roofs of some are tiled (the tiles being imported from Hamburgh,) and others are formed of double boarding, with a layer of birch bark between, and bearing a plentiful crop of grass! The latter have a pretty appearance, being frequently diversified with bright clusters of yellow *smor-blomsters* and white star-flowers. The reason assigned for sodding roofs is, that a little meadow overhead keeps the house

warmer. No doubt it does; but it also keeps the upper rooms very damp in rainy weather. The dwellings of the chief merchants are large and handsome. The most noticeable buildings are the Town-hall and church, both of wood. The latter is just like a huge, red barn, with almost as many gables as tiny windows. The attendance on Sundays is generally so great, that one-half the people have to stand outside during the service. The Bishop of Nordland resides near the church. In winter the snow lies six to ten feet deep in the town, and the streets are kept passable by snow-plows.

The staple food of all but the wealthy few is fish; and only two or three sorts are caught in the adjoining seas. I was desirous of procuring a little fresh meat for my voyage to Hammerfest, but after calling at nearly every shop in the town, I was very thankful at length to get a small, dried leg of mutton! The meal for bread is chiefly supplied from the White Sea districts by Russian vessels. The shops are very small, and most of them drive a very miscellaneous trade—pottery, furs, dried and salted meat, spirits, wine, beer, cotton fabrics, hardware, groceries, bread, and an endless variety of other things, being frequently dispensed over the same counter. From one to two o'clock in the day, nearly all the shop-doors are closed and the streets deserted; for after dinner it is the custom of the inhabitants, in summer, to indulge in a siesta as regularly as the Spanish or Italians! Such a custom so far beyond the Arctic Circle, appears startling. There are one or two working silversmiths, rude craftsmen, but in tolerable employment; for silver pipes and tobacco boxes are in great demand, and nearly every family possesses silver spoons, and other small

articles of plate of home manufacture. There is also a watchmaker ; the only one within a circuit of immense extent.

In the way of literature, there is one newly-opened bookseller's little shop, but it must be scantily stocked, for I applied in vain for a Norsk almanac. There is also a public subscription library. Above all, Tromsø boasts a printing press, whence issues what is undoubtedly the most northerly newspaper in the entire world ! On paying the office a visit, I found that the title of the paper is "Tromsø Tidende, et Blad for Nordland og Finmarken" (The Tromsø Gazette, a Paper for Nordland and Finmark.)* It is about the size of a large sheet of letter-paper, and is in German type, with very large margin. It is published twice a-week, at two specie dollars (nine shillings) per half-year. As only one mail arrives at Tromsø every three weeks, it may be asked where the news comes from which could furnish two weekly impressions of even this miniature paper ? The answer is, that the news of each mail is given by instalments spreading over six successive numbers, until a fresh despatch arrives ! Thus, in a number lying before me, published on June 20th, the foreign news summed up is from the 4th to the 24th of May. The last page is occupied by official announcements and advertisements. This paper has only been recently established, and its circulation is so limited that it is said to be attended with loss, although without a rival. Local announcements to the public are not only circulated through the columns of the "Tidende," but by written papers pasted on boards outside the Town-hall. On one occasion I met a man parading

* Literally "leaf."

the streets, beating an enormous drum, and accompanied by a portly official in uniform, the business of the latter being to deliver a public notice at every halt.

During eight weeks in the year the sun never sinks beneath the horizon at Tromsö. This day of two months' duration commences about 24-5th of May, and ends about 19-20th of July. There was much stormy and very cold weather during my residence there, but occasionally the nights (if such a phrase be allowable) were what sentimental young ladies would call "heavenly;" the sun shining with unclouded brilliancy, the air pure and balmy as that of Araby the blest! When this happened, the island was promenaded from nine P.M. to four A.M., by the ladies of Tromsö. The ladies and their cavaliers are very handsome, and dress elegantly. Some of the wealthiest residents keep horses and light vehicles for pleasure, for the whole island is intersected by excellent roads. There are many *lyst* (summer) houses on the heights, belonging to the merchants, and at intervals all round the shores are cottages of fishermen and others.

The surface of the island is very beautiful. Many meadows are yellow with buttercups, picturesque underwood, and heathy hills covered with shrubs bearing bright berries of many hues. Some of the wild flowers, especially those growing in marshy hollows, were beautiful. The most common *blomster* was the white *moltebær*, i.e., "many berry," so called because each fruit seems a cluster of separate small berries on one stem, similar to the mulberry. This plant is of a pale yellow colour. It is a low creeper, growing on swampy spots and on the bases of rocks, in immense quantities. The berries, when ripe, are gathered and preserved in jars for the use of the table. They are eaten with

cream and powdered loaf-sugar, and a more delicious thing of the kind perhaps was never tasted. I found the moltebær growing on the sides of the North Cape itself. It is not so common in the south as in the north and west of Norway. About Christiania they are said to be scarce; I paid at that city a very high price for a small jar of it from Bergen, nearly four hundred miles distant.

There are numerous goats and sheep, and a breed of fine cows, brought from so distant a place as Bremen. The breed of all animals, however, rapidly degenerate beyond the polar circle. Of birds there are few varieties on land, but the sea swarms with flocks of large fowl of different kinds, boldly floating close to the shores. Magpies are common, and also a huge black vulture-like bird, which preys on carrion and dead fish cast up by the tide. Ptarmigan abound in winter: their colour then is as white as snow, so that the sportsmen employ dogs to start them into view. A resident told me that he once, and only once, saw a couple of swallows. It was, indeed, marvellous for such gentle visitors to penetrate so far north. It has been said that thunder is never heard beyond the Arctic Circle, but so far from this being true, I was assured that it is sometimes so heavy as to shake the houses at Tromsø to their foundations.

I frequently wandered for hours along the shore, composed almost entirely of broken shells, and among the rocky heights of Tromsø. All around was of the freshest green, variegated with myriads of flowers, while a warm perfumed breeze induced a feeling of delicious languor. Overhead was a delicate veil-like tracery of the softest tinted cloudlets, and the transparent sea sparkled between me and the opposite shores of the

mainland, bearing on its bosom many a "a gliding sail." By my side flowed a crystal *elv*, or stream, full of pleasant curves, twinings, twists, and turns, enlivened every dozen yards by a miniature weir or cataract. Here for a while it would flow so placidly over a level bottom; but a little further, meeting with rocky impediments, it would foam, hubble, hiss, seethe, and whirl about, or leap away with uproarious mirth; or soberly mantle into a douce pool in some quiet bend; or send forth a glimmering sheen through the trailing weeds hanging over its brinks; or laughingly ripple into little wavelets where the bed expanded to its greatest width, whilst—

"Clashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound."*

Then the enjoyment of my homeward ramble! Children—pictures of health, singing little sprites—with garlands of flowers on their flaxen heads, were met here and there; and further on, milk-maids with their kits. In the town itself, the raised flight of steps leading up to the door of most of the houses, was occupied with women, gossiping, knitting, or sewing. I never saw such huge and so many sleek cats as in Tromsö, lazily purring on the thresholds. Groups of politicians were gravely settling the affairs of the nation in the middle of the streets, and girls were rinsing and beating linen at the open fountains or in the rivulets along the

* It was a startling sight during these voluptuous hours to glance just over the narrow arm of the sea to the hills rising on the mainland, for there vast masses of snow were lying not one hundred yards above the level of the water. The poet tells us that "Winter lingering chills the lap of May;" but here Midsummer and Winter were hand in hand—the icy throne of King Winter, and the green, flowery footstool of Queen Summer, being literally in contact!

road-side, glancing archly at my black muzzle, and whispering to one another that the "*Engelskmand*" was passing!

The staple exports from Tromsö are torsk (cod), and train oil. The torsk is both dried and salted. The dried cod is cut open, split in half up to the tail, slightly dipped in the sea, and hung over poles in the open air to dry. Others are pressed flat till the watery particles are expelled, and then are regularly salted. The salt used is Cheshire salt, imported from Liverpool! There is a coarser species of fish than the cod, called *sei* fish, of which considerable quantities are prepared in a similar way. The livers of the torsk are put in open barrels, and placed in the sun, and the melted portion which rises to the surface is skimmed off, being the purest oil, inferior however to the English, which is clear as Italian oil. The coarse refuse is boiled in great iron pots by the side of the sea, and yields the common "train." The muscular matter which remains is collected into barrels, and exported as a powerful manure; some of it is sent to England.

It was very interesting to observe the struggles of the people to raise a few vegetables in spite of the climate. Near several houses beyond the town, might be seen little potato patches, of perhaps a dozen feet square, but the surface consisted more of broken sea-shells than nourishing mould. The home-grown potatoes were small, bitter, watery trash. This is not surprising, for the island is exceedingly boggy, owing to the melting of the immense falls of snow, and drains are cut in every direction, even on the high lands. No rye will ripen less than one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles south of Tromsö; and although oats are sown on the island, they never ripen, and are cut green

for horses. Barley is also sown, but it does not ripen oftener than once in five years. The last time that any barley ripened, was three years ago. This was a patch belonging to the doctor of the town, who had employed guano imported from Hamburgh, as an experiment. There was no hope that any would ripen the present year.

With regard to the value of land in this locality, an example may be given. On the mainland, nearly opposite Tromsö, I visited a property bought a few years ago by Herr Holst, British Consul at Tromsö. It comprises several square miles, and includes some of the finest pasturage in Nordland. There are three good houses upon it, with accompanying out-buildings, and the entire purchase-money was only three thousand specie dollars—about six hundred and sixty pounds. It was then divided into three grazing farms, but is now deemed large enough for six. It pays no tax, except a small one to the clergyman of the *Præstegield*, or parish.

On Sunday, June 23rd, I witnessed the celebration of what the common people call "*St. Han's Dag*," i.e. St. John's Day, Hans being a corruption of Johann. It is celebrated all over Norway, and is also a great festival in Russia. The preparations at Tromsö were in a forward state by 6 P.M., Sunday, the reader will remember, terminating, in Norway, at about 4 P.M. A hollow among the hills at the back of the town was the theatre selected for the revels. Here I counted twenty-one piles of old oil-casks, placed in an irregular circle at intervals of a few yards, some piles being in the centre of the circle. Each pile consisted of three casks set one above another. These casks were intended to be fired as evening drew on, and two or three

condemned boats were also dragged to the spot to feed the flames. Near this spot was a tent, sundry stalls, itinerant vendors of cakes and sweetmeats, and carts filled with bottles of *brandæviin*.

The night being rainy, only a few hundreds were present; but had the weather been fine, nearly all Tromsö, I was told, would have assembled to spend the night in eating, drinking, singing, dancing, and firing guns round the bonfires. Among the company present were many Russians from the White Sea ships in the harbour; stalwart, swarthy, savage-looking young fellows, with teeth so white and grinning, that I involuntarily thought of my friends the New Zealanders. Many of these Russians were driving a trade in selling cakes strung on a cord, and trifling knicknacks. On this occasion I saw also two mountain Laps, one carrying a light gun fitted peculiarly to the clumsy stock they manufacture themselves, and the other a package, wrapped in skins at his back. They were elfin-looking creatures, with hair as long and wiry as the mane of a horse. One of them begged some Norsk skillings of me, and on receiving a few, he seized my hand, and stooping very low, beslavered it with kisses, with an air of slavish servility exceedingly painful.

The pride of the Tromsöites in their island and town, and their profound attachment to it, is remarkable. No Swiss can be more enthusiastically bound to his mountains and vales, than they are to their circumscribed domain. They spoke of the unequalled beauties of Tromsö, and smiled at my taste, when I hinted that I had resided in nooks of more surpassing charms. Among others who were almost incredibly in love with their native isle, was Herr Holst the younger, a most intelligent and well-educated young man. He had been

sent to Hamburgh to finish his education, but he declared that he had no pleasure in any other place than Tromsö, and that he hoped to live and die there. Until a few years ago, he observed that the better class of people at Tromsö were just like one family, but that of late a melancholy change has been perceptible, many of the best families having been broken up by death or removal, and the increasing commercial intercourse of the town having unhappily, in his estimation, introduced stiffness, ceremony, and formality into society.

I began to grow much attached to Tromsö myself, and it was not without a feeling of sadness that I spent my last evening in the little parlour of honest Yarcub Strum, which had been entirely given up as my private room. A nice little apartment it was; the walls were washed yellow, white, and blue, and decorated with the flags of all nations in coloured prints, the Royal Family of Sweden and Norway, Napoleon's grave, a Russian oil painting, a large sheet on which was engraved the Lord's Prayer, a framed and glazed sampler in worsted work, by one Emilie Jorgensen, and a variety of minor ornaments. The floor was daily strewn with freshly cut branches of juniper, which emitted a fragrant perfume; and the window-sills were filled with carefully tended flowering shrubs, among them a fine fuchsia, thus flourishing far beyond the Arctic Circle! The love of flowers is a pleasing trait here, and every window in Tromsö displays some. I had also my own little treasures in the shape of sea-shells filled with roots of *blomsters*, gathered by me on the North Cape, but in spite of all my care they withered and died when brought into a more southern latitude. The shells which I used for the flower-pots were shaped precisely like birds' nests, were perfectly round, and the outer surface

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studded with prickly points a quarter of an inch long. I never saw this curious marine production anywhere but on the shores of the Arctic isles, and the first picked up by me appeared at first to be what it resembled so closely, viz. a bird's nest.*

One thing at leaving Tromsö provoked me excessively. My poor Lap hound (which at first was very savage; but in a few days became quite attached to me) was refused a passage with me by the Sweedish captain, in whose vessel I left Tromsö, and I was obliged to leave him behind. Herr Holst, however, pledged me his word to send him over to the mainland, whence his instinct would speedily lead him back to his old masters, so that he is probably at this moment barking over some Lapland wild!

* The name of the shell in question is, I believe, the "sea-urchin."

CHAPTER XXX.

VISIT TO AN ENCAMPMENT OF LAPLANDERS.

OF all the wonders of distant climes of which we read in childhood, perhaps none make a stronger impression on our imaginations than such objects as exist beyond the mystic Arctic Circle. The pictorial representations of the Midnight Sun, the North Cape, the Aurora Borealis, the Laplanders and their rein-deer, which all have gloated over in our youthful days, sink indelibly into the memory. While residing on the Island of Tromsö, I learnt that on the neighbouring mainland some Laplanders were encamped. Procuring a boat, I resolved to pay them a visit, and rowed over to the opposite shore, where I met with a Nordlander, who informed me that the Lap encampment might be found somewhere towards the extremity of Tromsdal, a magnificent ravine commencing at no great distance from the shore, and running directly inland. He stated that the Laps had a noble herd of *reins* (the name universally given to rein-deer), about eight hundred in number, and that, when the wind blew from a certain quarter, the whole herd would occasionally wander close to his house, but a *rein-hund* (rein-deer-dog) was kept by him to drive them back.

The entrance to Tromsdal was a rough wild tract of low ground, clothed with coarse wild grasses and dwarf underwood. There were many wild flowers, but none of notable beauty, the most abundant being the white flower of that delicious berry the *moltebær*. The dale itself runs with a gentle, but immense curve, between lofty ranges of rock, which swell upward with regularity. The bed of this dale, or ravine, is from one quarter to three quarters of a mile across, and the centre was one picturesque mass of underwood and bosky clumps. All shrubs, however, dwindled away up the mountains' sides, and the vegetation grew scantier the higher one looked, until, at an altitude of not more than one hundred yards above the level of the sea, the snow lay in considerable masses. Overhead hung a summer Italian sky! Looking backward, the entrance to Tromsdal seemed blocked up by towering snow-clad mountains; and, looking forward, there was a long green vista between walls of snow, closed at the extremity by huge fantastic rocks, nodding with accumulated loads of the same material. Down the grey rocks on each hand, countless little torrents were leaping. They crossed the bottom of the ravine every few yards, and all of them hurried to blend with Tromsdal Elv—"the river of Tromsdal"—which runs through the dale, and falls into the sea at its entrance.

I had probably wandered four or five English miles down this noble dale, when a wild but mellow shout or halloa floated on the breeze from the opposite side. I listened eagerly for its repetition, and soon it was repeated, more distinctly and more musically, and then I felt sure that it was the call of a Lap to the herd of reins. I paused, glanced keenly between the intercepting branches, and, lo! there they were! of all sizes, by twos

and threes, and dozens and scores. There they are, "native burghers of this desert city," denizens of the wilds, gathering together in one jostling mass of animated life! See their tossing antlers and glancing sides, as they pass to and fro among the green underwood.

They were on the far side of Elv; and just as I reached one bank of the stream, they came up to the other. The water here flowed with extreme violence, and was piercingly cold, but I plunged in, and waded across. In a minute I was in the midst of the herd, and then saw that a Lap youth and Lap girl were engaged in driving them to the encampment. The youth had very bright playful hazel eyes, rather sunken, and small regular features of an interesting cast. His hands, like those of all Laps, are as small and finely shaped as those of any aristocrat. The reason for this is, that the Laps, from generation to generation, never perform any manual labour, and the very trifling work they necessarily do, is of the lightest kind. His *pæsk* (the name of a sort of tunic, invariably worn by the Laplanders) was of sheepskin, the wool inwards, reaching to his knees. His boots were of the usual peaked shape, a few inches higher than his ancles, and made of the raw skin of the rein-deer, the hair being nearly all worn off. On his head was a round woollen cap, shaped precisely like a nightcap, with a red tassel, and red worsted band round the rim. This species of cap is the favourite one worn by the Laps.

The dress of the girl was similar in shape, but her *pæsk* was of a very coarse light-coloured woollen cloth, a material frequently used in summer for the *pæsk*s of both sexes, as being cooler than rein-deer skin; or sheep skin. Her head was bare, and her hair hung low over her shoulders. Her features were minute, and the most

pleasing of any Lap I ever saw either before or since. Her complexion was a tawny, reddish hue—common to all Laplanders. The legs of the nymph in question were bare from the tops of her boots to the knee, and were extremely thick and clumsy, furnishing a striking contrast to the delicate shape of her hands. The twain were accompanied by three little rein-dogs, and were very leisurely driving the herd onward, each having a branch of a tree in hand, to whisk about, to urge the deer on. The girl had a great coarse linen bag slung round her neck, and resting on her back. This she filled with a particular kind of moss as she went along. I asked her what she gathered it for, and she gave me to understand it was used in milking the reins. Both the girl and the youth were very good-natured, and the eyes of the latter especially sparkled with merry humour. They could speak only a very few words of Norwegian, but understood some of my questions in that language, and very readily answered them. They regarded me with an interest and curiosity somewhat akin to what the appearance of one of their people would excite in an English city. Yet, except in what immediately concerns themselves, the emotions of all Laplanders appeared to me to flow in a sluggish channel. I asked the girl to show me the moss the reins eat, which she did, and gathered me some. It is very short in summer, but long in winter. In Sweden, this most admirable provision of nature forms the sole support of the deer during nine months in the year. The existence of the Laplanders depends on this moss, and this is the reason that most Laps prefer Swedish Lapmark for their winter wanderings. Coming to a marshy spot where a particular long, sharp, narrow, grass grew, I plucked some, and was told in answer to my question

that they use it to put in their boots in lieu of stockings. This is the celebrated bladder carex, or cyperus grass, the *carex vesicaria* of Linnæus. I afterwards found it in several parts of the Island of Tromsö; but it only grows in marshy spots. The Laps at all seasons stuff their boots quite full of it, and it effectually saves their feet from being frost-bitten.

Onward we went, driving the herd, I gleefully assisting, the three little dogs at times barking and fetching up stragglers. The Laps occasionally gave a short cry or urging shout to the reins. The scene was exciting, and vividly brought to my recollection the forest scenes in "As you like it." The brilliant sun-light, the green grass, the sparkling, murmuring Elv, the picturesque glen, the figures of the Laps, the moving herd of reins—the novelty of the whole was indescribably delightful. I found the reins did not make such a very loud "clicking" noise as most travellers have asserted. Here were hundreds of reins striking their hoofs together, and yet the noise was certainly anything but loud from their cloven feet and horny fetlocks, and would hardly have been noticeable, had I not listened for it; but the loud snorting noise emitted by the deer at every step struck me. Unpoetical as my fancy may seem, it reminded me most strongly of the grunting of swine. It was certainly not so coarse a noise, but it partook much of the nature of a snort. The cause of the noise is this:—When the deer are heated, they, like the dog, emit the heat through the mouth. The size of some of the reins astonished me. In many instances they were as large as Shetland ponies, and some had most magnificent branching antlers of a very remarkable size. This is the only animal of the deer genus which invariably has a horizontal branch from the main antlers, projecting in

a line over each eye. These antlers are covered with a short grey hair. Some of the herd in question had broken pieces off their antlers, which hung down bleeding by the skin. The does also have antlers, but very small, and generally straight, which when skinned and dried, can be distinguished from those of the male by their whiteness. All the herd were casting their winter hair, and consequently their coats looked somewhat ragged and party-coloured; the new colour being generally a dark, and the old a light grey. In some cases, however, the deer are white; and in winter all are more or less of a light colour. There were many pretty young does running among the herd.

The eye of the rein is beautiful; it is rather prominent, with clear dark eyeball and reddish iris. One noble deer was the leader of the herd, and was distinguished by a bell hanging beneath his neck, just in front of the chest, and suspended from a broad slip of wood bent round his neck, and tied with a thong.

At length we drew nigh the Lap encampment, consisting of two large *gammes* (summer huts), most rudely constructed of earth, stones, and trunks of trees; and also of a summer canvas tent. Besides these, were two or three extraordinary erections of trees and branches. Between us and the encampment, flowed a bend of Tromsdal Elv, and on the north side of this, that on which we were, were enclosed circus-like open places, each of about a diameter of one hundred and fifty feet. They were formed by stumps of trees and poles, set upright on the ground, and these were linked together by horizontal poles. Against the latter were reared birch poles and branches of trees, varying from six to ten feet in height, without the slightest attempt at neatness, the whole being as rude as well could be. This

enclosure was sufficiently secure to answer the purpose of its builders. On the south side of the Elv, and about one hundred yards distance, was a third similar enclosure.

We were soon joined by the whole Lappish tribe, who came by twos and threes, bringing with them all the instruments and appliances necessary for the important business of milking. These consisted of long thongs of rein-deer-skin, and also hempen cords of the manufacture of civilised men for noosing the reins, and of bowls, kits, &c., to receive the milk. The bowls were thick, round, clumsy things, of about nine inches in diameter, with a projecting hand-hold. They would probably each hold a couple of quarts, and the edges inclined inwards, so as to prevent the milk from spirting over during the operation of milking. The large utensils for receiving the milk from these hand-bowls consisted of four wooden kits with covers, one iron pot, and a long keg or barrel.

All the Lap huts I have seen are furnished with one or more small barrels, containing a supply of water for drinking. The utensils enumerated were set apart together on the long grass close beside the fence in the inner portion of the circle, and in the midst of them was placed another object, which I regarded with extreme interest, viz., *a child's cradle!* This was the last thing brought from the encampment, which then did not contain a living animal—men, women, children, and dogs, being one and all assembled in the enclosures. The cradle was ingeniously made entirely of rein-deer skin, shorn of hair, and, as it appeared to me, also hardened or tanned by some process. Its shape much resembled a huge shoe of the fashion of the middle ages, having a high back, and turned up at

the foot or toe. It was just large enough to contain a child of a few months old—although, indeed, the Lap infants, like those of the “unfortunate” servant girl in one of Marryat’s works, are “such very little ones!” It reminded me strongly of the bark-cradles of the North American Indians, and was equally adapted to be slung at the mother’s back on a journey, or to be hung up in a gamme, or on a tree, out of the reach of hungry dogs or prowling wolves. The head of the cradle was spanned by a narrow top, from which depended a piece of coarse common red check woollen stuff, drawn so tightly over the body of the cradle, that one would have fancied the little creature in some danger of suffocation, and it was only by an occasional feeble struggle under the cloth, that I was first apprised of the existence of a child beneath it. Evidently this cover was necessary, for I saw a huge musquito, the summer pest of the North, settle repeatedly upon it, as though longing to suck the blood of the innocent little prisoner.

The entire number of Laps now assembled could not be less than forty, men, women, and children included; and the three dogs had been joined by at least a score of their brethren. The men, generally, were attired in rough and ragged pæks, either of rein-deer-skin or of sheep-skin; the hair of the latter being worn inwards, but of the former outwards. The women all had pæks of cloth; but their appearance was so strikingly similar to that of the men, and the hair of both sexes hung down over the shoulders and shaded the face so much, that it was, in some cases difficult, at the first glance, to distinguish the sex of the younger adults. The heads of the women were bare, and they all wore girdles of leather, studded with glittering brass ornaments, of which they are excessively proud. The men wore

caps and plain leather girdles, with a knife attached in a sheath, and in some instances the women also wore a small knife. The children had miniature parkies of sheep-skin, which is their only clothing. I found the Laplanders to be truly a dwarfish race. On an average the men did not appear to exceed five feet in height, and the women were considerably less. Most of them were very robust, however, and probably the circumference of their chest nearly equalled their height. The complexion of all was more or less tawny, their eyes light-coloured, and their hair either reddish or auburn, and its dangling masses added much to the wildness of their aspect. Some wore moustaches and beards, but nature had apparently denied the majority such hirsute signs of manhood.

The gait or bearing of the Laps is indescribably clumsy, when they are walking on level ground, and as unsteady as that of a person under the influence of liquor; but they appear the reverse of awkward when engaged in the avocations incident to their primitive life. They are very phlegmatic in temperament, greedy, avaricious, suspicious, very indolent and filthy, and by no means celebrated for strict adherence to truth. The Nordlanders one and all spoke of them, in answer to my questions, with mingled distrust and contempt, and my own limited experiences most assuredly did not impress me with a more favourable opinion. The countenances of most of the Laps present a combination of stolidity, low cunning, and obstinacy, so as to be decidedly repulsive. Yet it is undeniable that crimes attended with violence rarely occur among them, though I take that as no decided proof of the mildness of their disposition. They also are strict in their attendance at church, whenever oppor-

tunity serves ; but their conduct immediately on quitting the sacred edifice, too frequently evinces that they scarcely possess a spark of genuine religion. Drunkenness is their besetting sin, but this, I am assured, is rapidly decreasing.

The Norwegian Government has of late years done its duty, by sending missionaries among the Laps, qualified for their arduous duties by a competent knowledge of the Lapponic language, and some degree of success has already attended their labours. Books are printed in Lapponic, and it is perhaps not too sanguine to anticipate that another generation will witness greater progress made in the civilization of this extraordinary pastoral race than the previous thousand years.* A halo of romance has long invested the Laplanders, and it is with regret that the facts I here record tend to dissipate it ; but truth must be spoken. The virtues of the Laps are all negative.

The beautiful lines on the Laplanders, in Thomson's "Seasons," are well known ; but had Thomson seen these "tents," had he seen these "kind, unblemished, wives," these "spotless swains," these "blooming daughters," actually engaged in their daily occupations, as I have done, he would have paused before he had dubbed them "a thrice happy race." Too true is it that "distance lends enchantment to the view," and one cannot but smile at the line wherein the poet tells

* It may not be superfluous to remind the reader that the vast tract of country, commonly designated *Lapland*, is divided into Norwegian, Swedish, and Russian Lapland, as it borders on those several countries, and is subjected to them. All the tax the Laps pay is a merely nominal head-money on themselves and reins. It appears the total number of genuine Norwegian Laplanders does not exceed four or five thousand, and the Swedish Laps perhaps amount to six thousand. The whole Lapponic race is probably less than twenty thousand.

us that the Laps "ask no more than simple nature gives," as in the context he evidently infers that they despise all but what their own herds supply. What is the fact? Walk up to a Lap, uncouthly squatted before his tent, and his very first salutation is made by stretching forth a tawny hand, and demanding in a whining, mendicant tone, "Tabak!" or "Brænde!" (Tobacco, or brandy.) The very first Lap I saw importunately begged some Norsk shillings of me for drikke penge (drink-money.)

The tribe of Laps whom I am particularly describing were not Norwegian but Swedish Laps, who for years have regularly resorted to Tromsdal, as affording a very fine pasturage for their herds, as well as being in the immediate vicinity of salt water; it being absolutely necessary for the herd to be driven to the sea-shore during the summer season, to avoid the mosquitoes and other insects, and to be within the cooling influence of the sea-breezes.

The herd was now driven within the enclosure, and all outlets secured. I stood in the midst of the animated jostling mass of reins, Laps, and dogs; and found myself an object of curiosity to the tribe, who questioned the youth and girl, whom I had accompanied to the spot concerning me. From the glances the Laps cast on me, and exchanged with one another, it was clear that I was regarded with some degree of suspicion, for they evidently considered I must have some secret object in visiting them. The Lapponic language is as liquid as the Italian, but it always struck me as being pervaded with a plaintive, melancholy, wailing tone. Anxious to conciliate my Lappish friends, I addressed a few words of Norwegian to one after another, but a shake of the head and a dull, glowering stare was the

only answer. At length, finding one who appeared a principal man of the commonwealth, who spoke Norwegian very well, I made him understand that a desire to see a herd of reins had alone drawn me to the spot. He exchanged a few amicable "*Ja, Ja's*" with me, but was too intent on the great business of the day to say much.

Throwing my stockings and shoes aside, I walked about among the throng, bent on seeing all that was to be seen. The first thing to be done was to secure the restive reins. Selecting a long thong or cord, a Lap took a turn of both ends round his left hand, and then gathered what sailors call the *bight* in loose folds held in his right. He now singled out a rein, and threw the bight with unerring aim over the antlers of the victim. Sometimes the latter made no resistance, but in general the moment it felt the touch of the thong, it broke away from the spot, and was only secured by the most strenuous exertions of its capturer. Every minute might be seen an unusually powerful rein furiously dragging a Lap round and round the enclosure and occasionally it would fairly overcome the restraint of the thong, and whirl its antagonist prostrate on the sod. This part of the scene was highly exciting, and it was impossible not to admire the great muscular strength and trained skill evinced by all the Laps, women as well as men. The resistance of a rein being overcome, the Lap would take a dexterous hitch of the thong round his muzzle and head, and then fasten him to a trunk of a prostrate tree, many of which had been brought within the level enclosure for that especial purpose. Even when thus confined, some of the reins plunged in the most violent manner. Men and women were indiscriminately engaged, both in singling out milch reins and in milking

them. The wooden bowl, previously described, was held in the left hand, and he then slapped the udder of the rein several times with the palm of the right hand; after which, moistening the tips of his fingers with his lips, he rapidly completed the operation. The amount of milk yielded by a single rein was little more than a gill, others gave double, and a few thrice, that quantity. The fair average might be half-a-pint.

This milk is as thick as the finest cream from the cow, and is luscious beyond description. It has a fine aromatic smell, and in flavour reminded me most strongly of cocoa-nut milk. No stranger could drink much of it a time—it is too rich. I bargained with the Laps subsequently for a large bottle of it, and shall never forget the treat of sipping the new, warm milk on the ground. When a rein was milked, they took up a small portion of the particular species of moss I have spoken of, and carefully wiped the drained udder and teats with it, and from time to time, the bowls were emptied into the kits.

It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the exhilarating scene presented by the whole enclosure. Every one seemed fully occupied, for even the little Lap children were practising the throwing of the lasso, and evinced great dexterity, although their strength was insufficient to hold the smallest doe. Many of the young reins attempted to suck the parent doe, but were always beaten away by the Laps. Great quantities of the loose hair on the backs of the reins fell to the ground at a touch, and I observed that the women failed not to gather it every now and then, and put it aside in large handfuls. They use it to form beds, on which to stretch their reindeer skins, and thus save them from contact with the mud floor of the huts.

Upon my making hasty notes of what I beheld around me, very general dissatisfaction was evinced by the Laps, who regarded me with increased suspicion, doubtless imagining me to be enumerating themselves and reins for the purpose of taxation, or something worse. Several came close up to me, and peered over the signs on my paper with a sort of gloomy inquisitiveness. I spoke to the Lap who understood Norwegian, and he acted as *tolk* in interpreting anew to his brethren the amicable nature of my intentions. As to the half-dozen little children, I had already won their confidence by distributing among them large rye cakes, with which I had filled my pockets at Tromsö, expressly with that view. At first it was with difficulty they were induced to approach me to receive my gifts, but soon they disappeared down their throats, as fast as I could break them into fragments. They gave no sign of acknowledgment of the treat, no more than so many automata; but the *tolk* made one of them say, in the Norwegian, "*Taks, mange taks*" (Thanks, many thanks).

Hour after hour passed in the operation of milking. At length I beheld another but much smaller herd of reins, being driven from the opposite side of the Dal up to the single enclosure on the south side of the Elv. A number of the Laps left the main division of the herd to milk the new-comers, and after a while I joined them. At length I found an opportunity to request the one who spoke Norsk to let me visit the deserted encampment, and, after some hesitation, he was induced to accompany me.

The New Zealander builds a hut incomparably superior in comfort and neatness to those of the lowest class of peasantry in some parts of Ireland; the dwellings of the latter, in turn, are a trifle better than those of the

wretched natives of Terra del Fuego; but even the Fuegians at least rival, if indeed they do not surpass, the architectural merit of a genuine Lap gamme. Conceive an almost shapeless mass of mingled earth, stones, and branches of trees, with a little square doorway, and a little hole in the top for a smoke-outlet, and you may imagine the exterior of a gamme. The present encampment consisted of two of these gammes and a rude tent. Following my conductor, I crawled into one, followed by several of the children, attracted no doubt by the hope of more cakes.

It was not the first time that I had been in a gamme, and the interior was therefore not altogether novel to me, but as it probably is to my reader, the following is a description of it. The size of the floor might be about a dozen or fourteen feet square, and was very nearly covered by beds of rein-deer skins. In the centre was a space occupied by several large stones, on which a fire was smouldering, and in the roof, immediately over them, was a square opening for the escape of smoke, and the admission of rain, snow, the air, or whatever else might come down. All the light which the den received, when the door was closed, came from this hole. The extreme height of the hut might be ten feet, and its sides and roof were wattled with strong branches of trees, all thickly encrusted with soot. Scores of rein-deer bladders, remarkably large by-the-by, filled with boiled milk for winter consumption, hung all around. In one corner stood a couple of headless casks, filled entirely with boiled milk prepared in a peculiar fashion. The Laps collect a species of *sorrel grass*, chop it finely with their knives, and put it into an iron pot. On this they pour fresh milk, and boil it until it assumes the consistence of starch. It will

then keep in bladders for a very long period. A large quantity was in a forward state of preparation in a great pot, at the time of my visit. My Lap friend gave me a spoon to help myself freely from the open casks, but a very few spoonfuls quite satisfied me, although the hard fare of a wandering life has long cured me of fastidiousness. He, however, ate of it with extreme gusto, smacking his lips, and licking his spoon, that not a morsel might be wasted. Besides the iron pot, the only domestic utensil was an ordinary kettle.

There were a few small shelves, containing merely spoons and other very trifling articles. These spoons were all made by the Laps themselves, of the horn of the rein-deer, and appeared to be the very highest artistical effort of which they are capable. The patterns of the spoons were various, but all were nearly uniform in size, being somewhat larger than one of our table-spoons, but having a very short handle. They all exhibited more or less ingenuity in the ornamental style of their carving, and in the figures traced upon them; and, considering that a rude knife is the only tool employed, are by no means contemptible specimens of workmanship, and would not discredit civilised manufacturers. That they are very convenient for actual use, I can bear personal testimony. There was one spoon especially, made by my friend himself, which he drew from his bosom, and exhibited with laudable pride. It was more elaborately made than any of the rest. He was willing to sell me any of the others except this. At length a bargain was struck, and after much hesitation, he reluctantly parted with his treasure.

I wished particularly to procure one of the famous Lap cheeses, made from rein milk, but he assured me

that the whole encampment did not then possess one. A few days subsequently, however, a Norwegian gentleman, Herr Holst the younger, with some difficulty obtained one for me, and presented me with it, together with a fine pair of Lap boots, and the most symmetrical rein antlers I ever saw. The cheese in question is of the usual round size, about six inches in diameter, and three-quarters of an inch thick. It is yellow, and very greasy, being nevertheless as hard as a board, and not of a remarkably inviting smell. Herr Holst told me that the Norlanders value this rein-cheese highly for its efficacy in curing chilblains. They warm a portion at the fire, and rub it on the affected part. They also use the same kind of grass which the Laps boil with the milk, in lieu of greens at table. A sort of medicinal jelly of the bones of the rein-deer, is moreover made by them, and they esteem it greatly for certain curative powers which they allege that it possesses.

On asking the Lap whether he had any dried rein-flesh, he told me he had, but that they did not keep in the gammes, on account of the dogs. He led me to the singular constructions in the open air I have before alluded to. There were two or three of these erections. Two dead stumps of trees were standing about a dozen feet apart, and from the arms of these trees, at the height of about eight to ten feet from the ground, a number of poles and branches were laid horizontally, so as to form a sort of platform about four feet wide. This was covered by a rudely arched canopy of canvas, and within the cavity, the Lap told me, they kept their dried flesh, to be out of reach of the "*hunds*."

The means of ascent to this treasury, was simply a tree stripped of its branches, but presenting at every foot or so, knots, which served the same purpose as

staves on a ladder, the tree being obliquely reared against the treasure-house. My Lap ascended by this medium with a dexterity that of itself testified his familiarity with the primitive but effectual ladder; and, raising the canvas, opened a kind of chest, and successively handed down to me a variety of dried portions of the rein-deer, as shoulders, legs, breasts, &c. I asked what part was the best for eating, and he told me the breast. I accordingly bought a noble breast for one Norsk mark and twelve skillings (one shilling and fourpence), the price he asked. This breast was dried in the most perfect manner; and although I closely questioned the Lap as to the mode in which it had been preserved, he either could not, or more probably would not give me any accurate information. All I could gather was, that sun, smoke, and a few dippings in salt water, had been used. I subsequently sent the breast to my friends in England, and they roasted it, and sent me a highly favourable report of its excellency. It will keep in excellent condition for many months. This dried flesh is also very good in its raw state, and decidedly superior to the dried Nordland mutton.

From the moment I had resolved to visit the Laplanders, I had formed a determination to become master of one of their rein-hunds. This unique breed of dogs is invaluable to the Laplander, and they set a proportionately high value on the creature, although they are cruel masters; and can only with great difficulty be induced to part with one.

The rein-deer dog is about the size of a Scotch terrier, but its head bears a wonderful resemblance to that of the lynx. Its colour varies considerably, but the hair is always long and shaggy. Nearly a dozen of

these dogs had gathered around us, and the very finest among them I wished to have. It happened to be the personal property of my companion, but at length he was induced to transfer it to me. "O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailin'," sings our own Burns; and, sure enough, nowhere on earth is it more "prevailin'" than in the far north, and no people are more avowed mammon-worshippers than the Laps—the most primitive pastoral race in Europe, little changed during perhaps many centuries.*

I ascended the precipitous side of the mountain, to have a bird's-eye view of the encampment. A large torrent roared down the declivity, and following it I arrived at the altitude of perhaps six hundred feet above the level of the Dal. Here the snow line commenced, and the stream ran between frozen snow, which in some places arched it over. Looking downwards, the gammes and the inclosures seemed at my feet, and the whole Dal was steeped in glorious sunny hues, although it was now 10 P.M. By-and-by the herds of reins were set at liberty, the milking being concluded, after occupying from first to last the whole tribe for many hours. The Lap who spoke Norsk, told me that the herds belonged to six proprietors, and they, with their families and dependents, formed the community.

I lingered on my airy elevation some time, enjoying the magnificent and truly novel scene below.

The Lap of whom I have often spoken promised to meet me at a specified place in Tromsdal, on my homeward route; and the milking being concluded, with

* The Laps sagaciously hide their money in the ground, and in clefts of rocks, and it frequently happens that they cannot find their secret deposits after the lapse of time; and thus they lose their hoards without benefiting anybody in the world

many a lingering look I bade adieu to the encampment. On approaching the trysting-place, I beheld his uncouth figure close to the Elv, and at his feet was the body of a noble rein which rendered its last gasp at my approach. He had slaughtered it in the usual cruel way prescribed from time immemorial by the superstitions of his race. The way in which they slaughter them is as follows :—The Lap takes a little knife, the blade of which is not two inches long, and this he drives, with unerring aim, into the throat of the rein. Then, not withdrawing it, he permits the poor animal to wander along, half-unconscious that its life-blood is ebbing away, until all at once it staggers, falls to the ground, turns over, and yields a last sob. Sometimes the rein will walk several hundred yards before it falls; and the reason given for leaving the knife in the wound is, that it effectually prevents the outward effusion of blood (to the injury of the skin).

I now witnessed the operation of skinning and cutting up the rein. Taking his fatal little knife, which was of the very coarsest manufacture, and fixed in a wooden haft like a butcher's, the operator turned over the rein on its back, and commenced cutting in a straight line down the centre of the belly, from the opening its death-wound had made in the throat, stripping the skin off the ribs with vigorous arms as he proceeded. He next made an incision round the legs; and turning the creature from side to side, within little more than three or four minutes, he had completely skinned it to the very ears, without shedding one drop of blood, and without for one moment removing the body off the now loose skin. The dexterity he evinced would put to shame the most practised butcher in Christendom. He next cut off the ears, and showed

me that each of them had peculiar slits, which, he said, were the marks by which the owner recognised his reins. At my request, he presented me with the antlers, severing them from the skull by striking the back of a huge clasp-knife of my own with a stone. He then cut off the neck at the shoulders, and proceeded to disembowel the rein. It was astonishing to note the remarkable depth of ribs, and the vast rounded cavity they enclosed. The blood is ladled out into a large iron pot, brought by one of the women, used both by Laps and Nordlanders for making a sort of black-pudding. The liver and all the internal parts were carefully laid aside, after being washed. There was very little fat on any part of the rein, but an astonishing display of bones.

During the long winter, a kind of fair is held three times a-year, a few miles distant from Tromsdaal, where the Laps attend from an immense distance to barter their skins and rein-flesh, for the peltries, brandy, and tobacco of the Nordlanders. Many Laps come to it from Swedish Lapmark, and sell their rein-flesh in a frozen state; the Nordlanders, in turn, bury it in the snow until it is required for use. It will thus keep quite fresh for many months. The price of the entire carcass of a rein, skin and all, varies from one to three dollars Norsk (four shillings and sixpence to thirteen shillings and sixpence). A fine skin will always sell for one dollar in any part of the north. It will thus be seen that a Lap possessing a herd of five hundred or a thousand reins, is virtually a capitalist in every sense of the word, far richer than the vast majority of his Norwegian, Swedish, or Russian fellow-subjects, although they all affect to look upon him with extreme contempt.

After completing the disemboweling of the rein, the

operator cut off its legs, and, after great persuasion, he was induced to sell me one. He was very averse to this, alleging that the Laps required the sinews for sewing their clothes; and at the moment of his delivering his favourite *hund* to me, he wanted to retract his bargain, or else receive a larger sum than he himself had previously offered to accept, but I remained firm; and a cord being given me to secure my wild little acquisition, I bade a final adieu to romantic Tromsødal and all its interesting scenes, at about 11 P.M., the sun still shining, brilliantly.

On my way homeward, "treasure-laden," I passed through numerous detachments of the herd of reins, now browsing at will among the underwood; and also met a Lap guiding three huge reins, which had been previously singled from the herd in the enclosure. They were now stalking along in a string in the most stately fashion, heavily laden with small packages hung over their dappled sides, being transformed into "beasts of burden"—a capacity for which they had acquired by long training.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TROMSÖ TO HAMMERFEST, IN FINMARK—LOGÖ—FINMARK
HOMES—THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

AT midnight, and yet by daylight, on June 23rd, I embarked at Tromsö on board the ordinary Norsk yægt, "Skandinavien," skipper Heggelünd, bound to Hammerfest, in Finmark. It was not, however, until noon the next day that we set sail, and then bowled along at a great rate, in a gale pregnant with icy sleet. At midnight the skipper prudently came to an anchorage off Logö, an island on the coast of Finmark. Desolate, wild, savage, and frowning rocks packed with snow, enshrouded the little bight in which we lay, but the next morning the scene was enlivened by the presence of a score of open fishing-boats, manned by *Quäners*, or "Fins," a mongrel breed, originally Finlanders, who have wandered across the Lapmarks, and settled along sea-coast of Finmark. They form a sort of connecting link between the Nordlanders and Laps, and are a half-civilized race. They are said to be industrious, and in some respects more intelligent and energetic than the Nordlanders themselves. I had subsequent opportuni-

o

ties of coming in frequent contact with them, but was never prepossessed by them. They are of low stature, very sturdy, have small copper-coloured features, long, reddish hair, and dark eyes. They dress in very coarse koftas, or tunics of woollen stuff, and leggings and boots of rein-deer skin, similar to the Laps. In some cases the tunics are of sheep skin, or rein-deer skin. Considering that they are a distinct and peculiar race, coming from so distant a country as Finland, their position as settlers presents some curious and interesting features. Fishing is almost their sole occupation. Their manners are savage, and their habits extremely gross.

The crew of the *yøgt* consisted of skipper, two men, and a cabin boy. One other passenger besides myself shared the cabin with the skipper—viz.: a Danish *jomfru*, a buxom lassie enough, but afflicted with a horrible squint. She must have had attraction, however, in the eyes of one, for she was proceeding to Hammerfest to marry a young sea-faring man belonging to that place. Poor *jomfru*! she suffered much in the dark comfortless dog-hole of a cabin, from the rough weather we experienced, though I endeavoured to lessen the unpleasantness of her voyage by every kindness in my power, and she thankfully appreciated the little attentions I was enabled to offer.

Skipper Heggelünd was quite an original. He was a huge, brawny, rough-looking fellow, but a good shipmate, and one the more liked the longer he was known. He chewed leaf tobacco in quantities that would have sufficed for an English ship's crew. He was one of a family of twelve children, and his father had died at the age of eighty-seven; and his mother was now eighty-five, and still "*meget frisk*," (very lively). He was a voluble

talker, and perpetually interrupted himself with such expressions as "*Ja saa! Nei, Men!*" at every third word. He gave a dolorous account of the awful cost of indulging in the luxury of shaving at Tromsö, for he said that there was but one barber, a Schleswiger, who charged him ten specie dollars (two pounds five shillings) a-year, or eight skillings (three pence half-penny) for a single shave! The only volume he had in the cabin was a Norwegian translation of "*The Arabian Nights*"—of all books in the world the last I should have expected to find in the possession of such a man as Heggelünd. It was an ancient thick black-letter copy, very much thumbed, and the skipper's especial delight, as I soon found. He used to stretch himself on a locker night after night, and listen to me reading it aloud to him (for I could read Norwegian much better than I could speak it), and his bursts of hoarse laughter at the adventures of "*Aladdin*," frequently shook the cabin.

What a marvellous work is that "*Thousand and one Nights*!" For very many centuries it has been the delight of every succeeding generation; it has been translated into every civilized language, and all races of men seem equally to enjoy its animated pages. It was indeed strange for a young English stranger to be reading it to an uncouth Nordland mariner on the savage coast of Finmark! But where, indeed, has it not been read? From Siberia to Japan, from Nova Zembla to Terra del Fuego, from the Desert of Sahara to the Prairies of North America, from Iceland to Juan Fernandez, from the North Sea to the Indian Ocean, from the Lake of Ladoga to that of Ontario, that wondrous book has found readers, listeners, and ardent admirers! Of few other works, except Robinson Crusoe, can as much be said.

Our kahytdreng, or cabin-boy, our cook also, was a source of perpetual amusement to me. All cabin boys are comical fellows, but I never met the equal of this one. He had a broad, blooming, dirt-streaked face, which shone like the moon through a fog, immense staring blue eyes, and a head of matted hair, which would have very well served Dame Partington to mop the Atlantic out of her kitchen at high floods. Whenever he came into the cabin, his first act invariably was to crush his greasy cap under his arm; his second, to shove up his hair that he might be able to see; his third, to scratch his head and grin all round; his fourth, to indulge in a low cackling laugh, and to look confidently at the skipper for approbation. These interesting operations duly performed, then—and not not till then—he was quite ready for business of any description whatsoever.

The “Skandinavien” was the dirtiest, tarriest, lumbered craft above decks, that ever I sailed in. What was worse, her decks leaked like a sieve. The first night I turned into my berth, the rain dripped through the seams of the quarter-deck like a trickling rivulet, and the “ceiling” was all gone, and the timbers and planks one mass of slimy, rotten wood. Finding my berth no better than a vapour bath, and the blankets as wet as though they had been steeped in the sea, I rolled out, after a while, and wrapping myself in my old cloak, slept on the lockers, which was my bed for the future.

The 25th was a dreadfully stormy day, and we remained at anchor until evening, when the skipper weighed, but was glad to let go his ground tackle again, after an abortive attempt to beat to windward. He tried again on the 26th, and the little vessel pitched

and rolled for some hours, amid a fierce blast of sleet, and sometimes even fine snow, until with great difficulty she brought up in a better anchorage on the east side of the same island, which is about fourteen English miles in circumference, and about five from the fastland, or mainland of Finmark.

In the afternoon the skipper proposed to visit a house on the island to obtain a supply of milk, and I eagerly accompanied him and one of the crew. It was a delicate matter to effect a landing, as the sea surged violently on the rugged sharp stones with which the steep shore was literally paved. After several trials we beached the boat and hauled her up the rocks, but she was filled with water on our return. Huge masses of black rocks rose up the sides of the mountain, and the whole island was nothing else; and in one place we found a cave, the entrance to which exactly resembled a square doorway leading into a dark dungeon. About a mile from where we landed we came to a small house, with outbuildings, and some little huts built into the rocks, by the shore. The house was of solid pine beams, the roof sodded, and bordered with flat stones, as a precaution against the winds tearing all off in their freaks. In the vicinity wandered a number of small goats, and a few diminutive cows with bells round their necks. A large quantity of torsk, or cod-fish, were drying in piles, and split fish were hanging over tiers of poles. Near, four men were engaged in building a new house of two rooms. The sides were of solid wood, about eight inches square, and a thick layer of moss was placed between every joint and mortise.

We entered the house, and got our barrel filled with milk, after partaking most heartily of that primitive

sustenance ourselves. The people of the house gave us flat rye cakes about the eighth of an inch thick, to eat with it. These cakes are called *vand-bröd*, literally "water-bread," and were very tough and bitter. The milk was *smör-melk* (butter-milk), as thick as custard, very sour but wholesome. We made a prolonged stay, and I had plenty of time to look about me. The room was small and low, with numerous small shelves filled with ranges of round shallow wooden kits, and a few scoops, all containing *smör-melk*. There was a rude clock and an antique spinning-wheel, (an article found in every house in Finmark) a long form, some stools, a chair or two, a bed on the floor, and a huge stove, near which "crooned" a *gammel kone* (auld wife) whom I at first mistook for a man, so much was she attired like one. Even when I perceived she was of the gentle sex, it was puzzling to guess whether she was old or young, for she had fresh, regular, and extremely prepossessing features. When, however, she came from the obscurity of her corner, it was evident that her once beautiful countenance was wrinkled by at least seventy summers, although her complexion retained its fresh hue, and her eyes their brightness. At our entrance there were also in the room a man dressed much like the Fins, and shortly afterwards three or four lads and a young woman or two entered. One of the latter carded black wool for the spinning-wheel, with a couple of wire "cards" held on her knees, and in her manipulations she evinced great dexterity.

Soon afterwards a strapping, loonish youth entered, with hair hanging wildly over his eyes. He very coolly pushed the younger fry aside, and plumped down on the stool vacated by the old lady, who handed him one of the milk kits we had emptied, which he instantly

placed in a convenient position on his knees, and industriously scraped up the remains with his fingers and the edge of his hand, sucking them after each scrape, with infinite gusto and in perfect silence. The lesser boys regarded him with longing eyes, and the old dame next handed them an empty kit, which they cleansed after the same fashion. On the table lay a black, greasy, worn-out Norsk book, the binding repaired with slips of wood secured by leathern thongs; and a little prayer-book printed at the press of the "Tromsø Tidende."

The name of this "location," as marked on the chart, is "Ramberg." There are several other odd houses, miles apart, and the people informed me, in answer to my queries, that they believed the entire population of the island was about seventy. My own temporary addition to their number subjected me to as much curiosity and "guessing" as to my "wherefrom," as though I were in the log hut of an American backwoodsman.

In the evening a small open Nordland yøegt, of great length, and evidently of great sailing powers, anchored not far from us, and her skipper paid us a visit. He was a young man named Blaasstrøm, very superior in his manners to the generality of his class. Heggelünd knew him, and did the offices of hospitality with hearty will. The trio of us hob-a-nobbed over the skipper's wines, and consumed my Christiania tobacco during a long sitting. Heggelünd was in all his glory, smoking, chewing, drinking, laughing, and talking, without intermission. The pride of all Nordland skippers is their silver pipe and silver tobacco box. The bowl of Heggelünd's pipe was the size of a turnip, and had an ornamental stem. His tobacco-box, of solid silver as well

as the pipe, was as large as an ordinary pocket bible. Blaasstrøm told me he was a native of Trondhjem, but now lived at Tromsø, and had never seen any towns but those two, except Hammerfest. He was more a sort of confidential agent and supercargo than a regular skipper. He invited Heggelünd and myself aboard his beautiful craft, and treated us to a good supper of smoked *lax* (salmon), also freshly caught *lax* and other fish, and excellent pancakes, (made of meal and the eggs of the eider-gaas), with French wines. Foreign wines are extremely cheap, and much drunk in the north.

The wind was still adverse on the following day, and after Blaasstrøm had breakfasted with us, he proposed a shooting excursion over the island, and lent me a handsome double-barrelled fowling-piece, by Lepagt of Paris. There were plenty of sea-fowl of all sorts and sizes, but it was difficult to get a shot at them, and I only succeeded in killing a single small bird, called *Titting*, all the game our party bagged. The day was positively hot, and the vegetation was luxuriant on the lower part of the rocks, although beyond a certain elevation all was snow and ice. There were abundance of *blomsters* (flowers), especially the *Krögerböer*, the *Moltebær*, the *Bloebær*, and the *Knapsullen-öie-blomster*. We found abundance of *eider-gaas* (eider-ducks as we call them, but eider-geese according to the Norwegians), and we startled one from her nest, which contained three eggs. The nest of the eider-gaas is formed entirely of the down which the bird plucks from its own breast, and these nests are collected by the natives "to form the bed of luxury." By the stringent game laws of Norway, it is illegal to deprive the nest of the eider-gaas of its eggs after the 1st of June, except in

Nordland or Finmark, so we had no scruple to take the eggs (though they contained "*lille fugls*," as we discovered on cooking them), and the entire nest, which was a great curiosity in itself, I added to my collection of Northern miscellanea. The gathering of birds' eggs and eider-down, is a source of considerable emolument in Finmark. I became acquainted with a young Norwegian, whose father resides on one of these Arctic Islands, having obtained a grant of it from Government. It is a famous resort of water-fowl, and the proprietor has sole right to their eggs—the best of which he can sell at two skillings (nearly a penny) each. Any one is permitted by him to capture the birds for the sake of their feathers, on condition that they deliver to him one out of every three. Before we returned aboard after our bootless but merry excursion, we revisited Ramberg, and had another feast of *smør-melk*, og *vand-bröd*.

On the 28th the skipper doggedly got under weigh, although the wind was almost in our teeth, and he tacked and chopped about with all the pertinacity which pre-eminently distinguishes the Norsemen. For thirty hours we did little more than draw along at a snail's pace, and when I remarked how protracted our voyage promised to be, Heggelünd comforted me with the cool information that he himself had once been six weeks sailing from Tromsö to Hammerfest, and he knew other skippers who had actually been three months accomplishing the same voyage. This, however, was in winter, when it is perpetually dark, and dreadfully stormy, so that the vessels creep from island to island, and point to point, and lay by for weeks at a time, when the weather is unusually tempestuous. He said that the summer of 1842 was exceedingly hot, and that the

present summer of 1850 was the coldest that had been known in the memory of any of the natives of Nordland or Finmark.

At length we were off Andsnes, a point on the mainland of Finmark, near the mouth of Ferk Fiord. Next we came abreast of the large island of Söröen, and sailed through a tract of water literally white with flocks of sea-fowl, apparently preying on swarms of small fry, swimming near the surface. About a dozen fishing boats, manned by Quäners, were industriously engaged in drawing and re-baiting their lines. Some of these Quäners were savage-looking fellows. I remember once getting one to assist me to draw my boat ashore when in Nordland, whose whole figure, and especially his countenance, bore a most extraordinary resemblance to the imaginary portraits of Shakspeare's half-human creature, *Caliban*. Of these Quäners we bought several huge fish called *Store-sei*, for three shillings each, and like all Northern fishermen they requested "snaps" and a roll of tobacco as a present. The *Store-sei* are beautiful fish, shaped like a salmon, but with a dark and slippery skin; but their flavour was not at all good. Heggelünd wrote me a list of fifteen different species of fish caught upon these coasts. Some of them are quite unknown to us.

We sailed closely past Hasvig, a station on Söröen, consisting of a superior wooden house, and half-a-dozen small tenements close to the water's edge, and a quaint little church with a black steeple. Behind, rose black pyramidal rocks clothed with snow low down towards their base. The whole aspect of the isles and mainland is thoroughly desolate and savage, and there is certainly nothing sufficiently grand nor sublime to compensate for this monotonously stern aspect.

I had now been nearly a fortnight where the sun did not set, yet it so happened that I had never fairly beheld it shine at midnight, although I generally was tantalized with the reflection of its beams on the summits of the surrounding mountains. On Saturday the 29th, there was every prospect, as the hour approached, that no cloud would obscure his majesty's countenance, and to my extreme delight I was not disappointed. The Midnight Sun indeed shone with unclouded brilliancy; and with unfeigned emotion—I might indeed say, devotion also, I greeted him with an uncovered brow. I could not well have felt the beams of the Midnight Sun, for the first time, under more romantic and impressive circumstances. Our little bark was all alone on the waters, the wind blowing a gale, and intensely cold; and was tacking, closely-hauled, between two ranges of rocky islands buried in snow, and lying about an English mile apart. At a considerable elevation above a low portion of the range to larboard, the sun shone, and with very considerable warmth, although the wind was so bitter, that every drop of spray froze the moment it reached the deck, and the crew were muffled to the eyes in their winter gear. I “wrapt my auld cloak about me,” and swiftly walking up and down the weather gangway read the whole of Coleridge's “Ancient Mariner,” and a little of Burns. The glorious spectacle much elated me, to the astonishment of Hegelünd and his equally stolid crew. Many times subsequently did I see the Midnight Sun, but this first time is that to which memory will ever most fondly cling. ’Twas a sublime sight.

All Sunday the sun shone dazzling, and towards evening we entered the little bay leading up to Hammerfest. At the entrance we passed a very remarkable

rock, called Haajen, rising in the midst of the sea. Three sides are almost perpendicular, and the whole much resembles the celebrated Bass Rock in Scotland. On the left, sailing up to the town, is a low rock, with a *fæstning* or battery. Threading our way among an assemblage of queer craft of various nations, we quietly dropped anchor at 9 P.M. I slept aboard that night—cracked my last jokes with the Danish *jomfru*, and the rough skipper the next morning—and then landed at Hammerfest.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MOST NORTHERN TOWN IN THE WORLD.

"THE most Northern town in the world" has a very romantic sound, but a sojourn there of a few days quite satisfied me; and I would sooner spend a year before the mast in any craft afloat than live three months in Hammerfest!

The present population of Hammerfest is about one thousand two hundred. It owes its origin to the Danes, who established a station on the west side of *Qvalö* (Whale Island) one hundred years ago, and by slow degrees that station has risen to its present importance as the capital of Finmark. There are no rivals to contest the palm with it, worth speaking of. The situation, on one side of a little bay, is sheltered and well chosen. The town mainly consists of one long street, winding round the shore with several offshoots. All the houses are of wood, on rough stone foundations, rising a little above the ground. The oldest house was built exactly one century ago, for the residence of the chief man in authority under the Danes. There is now a sort of market square, paved, with a huge deep wooden fountain in the centre, but it was almost dry when I saw it.

Very many of the houses have grass sown on their roofs, which gave the latter the appearance of little plots of meadows. It was a curious sight to watch the women spreading linen on these verdant roofs to dry in the sun. Skins are also laid upon them to dry and bleach. With us the expression "he sleeps with grass above his head," is equivalent to saying that he is in his grave; but here it may only mean that he sleeps beneath the grassy roof of his daily home. Many large warehouses are built on piles projecting into the harbour, with landing quays before them; and numerous ranges of open sheds are filled with rein-deer skins, wolf and bear skins, walrus tusks, rein-deer horns, train-oil, dried fish, &c., ready for exportation. Immense quantities of split fish are dried on tiers of poles along the shores of the bay. There are several large "stores," where every conceivable variety of articles are retailed. It was very amusing to enter one of these stores, and watch the Quäners and the Laps make their purchases. The goods on sale comprise hardware, crockery, cloth, cottons, tobacco, religious books, and an indescribable medley of trifling articles of necessity and luxury. There are only three or four houses licensed to sell liquors, for which privilege it is said a very heavy premium is paid. Many pretty shops are to be met with, and there is also one bearing the imposing announcement that it is the "*Hammerfest Apothek.*" (Apothecaries' Hall for Finmark?) This building had two lower windows, one of which contained four small bottles, and the other a handful of gimcrack toys for children! Outside the town is a very neat wooden church, on stone foundations. It has a slated spire. A considerable distance from it is the cemetery, a large oblong space enclosed with a curious wooden railing.

A few graves were distinguished by stone tombs enclosed with rails.

The chief home-trade of Hammerfest consists in barter with the Laps and Quäners. Very little money is in circulation, and one of the chief traders informed me that they manage very well without it. The laps barter their rein-deer skins, &c., for brandy, tobacco, peltries, hardware, cloth, &c. There is some traffic with Spitzbergen, which sends walruses', white bears, &c. Heggelünd said that the price of a walrus at Hammerfest was ten specie dollars, and of a white bear, three to four. These polar bears sometimes prowl about Hammerfest itself, as well as the common brown bear and wolf; but all these ferocious beasts are becoming scarcer every year. The principal export trade is with Archangel, and is carried on entirely in White Sea ships, many of which were in port at the time of my visit. They are unique craft, having three single upright masts, each hoisting a huge trysail. They supply Hammerfest with Russian rye, meal, candles, &c., and receive stockfish and train-oil in exchange. The meal is very bitter stuff, and is chiefly used in the shape of hard-baked cakes. Food of every description, except fish, is excessively scarce and dear. Occasionally English ships arrive with a supply of coal. I was told that an English captain, who was proceeding with a cargo from Hull to Hammerfest, and who arrived among the intricate group of islands in the latitude of the latter place during winter, was unable to find his port at all, and actually beat about for many weeks before he found anybody to pilot him in! A similar anecdote of the ludicrous blunders which foreign skippers often make beyond the Arctic Circle was related by a Finmark merchant. He stated that he had a brother residing at a fishing-station

on a little island called *Tromo*, and a Liverpool ship being ordered with a cargo of coals for *Tromsö* (many hundred miles apart), the captain seeing the name of the former on his chart, concluded that to be his destination. After a tedious navigation he safely anchored off the station on *Tromö*, and lowering a boat, promptly visited the proprietor, whom he astonished by the announcement that he had at length brought him so many hundred tons of coals. It was with much difficulty the unfortunate skipper could be convinced of his mistake, and he long obstinately persisted that he had brought his vessel to the exact spot indicated in his orders. With bitter imprecations on the whole range of objects beyond the Arctic Circle, however, he again weighed anchor, and set forth on a cruise of discovery, the goal of which was *Tromsö*. It is a remarkable fact, that the harbours in Nordland and Finmark are never frozen up, even in depth of winter.

During my stay at Hammerfest there was no distinction between day and night; the sun, except when obscured by clouds, pouring a brilliant flood of light every hour in the twenty-four. As the greater portion of the year is one long night, it is natural for the people to make the most of their brief summer of perpetual day. Accordingly, Hammerfest was alive with bustle at all hours. Everybody worked "double tides," as seamen phrase it, cheerfully and gladly; for they knew how soon would come again the protracted season of "revelry and ease." The winter has no terrors for the jolly citizens, who for many years have enjoyed well-deserved celebrity for their devotion to social pleasure. All the traders and shop-keepers form an united aristocracy, and rarely a night in winter passes without a feast, a dance, and a drinking bout. The Nordlanders

are hard drinkers, but they admitted that they could compete with the heroes of Hammerfest, several of whom, by the way, are very intelligent, well-educated, well-informed men. The British Consul, Mr. Robertson, a Scotchman, keeps one of the largest "stores" in the place, and carries on a considerable trade in various respects. He is a thorough and keen man of business, much respected, and very influential. He resides near the *festning* on the side of the bay opposite the town. I paid him many visits by water, for it would be a day's journey to climb round to his house over the rugged hills. He has resided here full twenty years, and seemed not to have the slightest desire to quit the place of his adoption. He regarded a new Bank of England note with much curiosity, never having seen one since he left England, and with some difficulty exchanged it for me. To him I am indebted for the kind offices he frankly performed for me.

From Hammerfest I have stated I made an open boat voyage to the North Cape; and on my return I delivered to Herr Ulich letters from his amiable lady at Havösund. Herr Ulich thereupon promptly invited me to his hospitable table at his town residence in Hammerfest; and whilst dining there one day with a party of the "aristocracy" of the place, an incident occurred which shall be briefly narrated. We had adjourned to the drawing-room to take coffee, and—smoke Ulich's prime East Indian cigars! There are no carpets nor ottomans to spoil in Finmark, and the ladies are not afraid of tobacco smoke; in fact they rather relish it. They sang to their guitars several of the old national melodies of Norge, which I was desirous to hear. A young Norwegian of about my own age also played and sang. Herr Ulich whispered to me that

this young man was mortally stricken with—the Golden-Land fever, and he would esteem it a personal favour if I would give him any advice on the subject, for he was of most respectable connections. On questioning the future adventurer a little, it appeared he was ignorant even of the precise situation of California, and I therefore extemporized a map on a sheet of paper for his especial edification. He did not know a syllable of any language but Norwegian. I next day wrote down all the information I could give, accompanying it with a letter of introduction to an old schoolfellow of mine, settled at San Francisco, and for aught I know, Herr Grundt (for such was the euphonious patronymic of the young Norwegian) has before now delivered it; though I have a misgiving that the idea imparted to him of the nature of the voyage out, or of the overland route across the Rocky Mountains, would induce him seriously to ponder before he quitted the strand of *gamle Norge*.

Qvalö is, on the whole, a dreary and desolate mass of rock. There is a small lake at the back of Hammerfest, and numerous boggy swamps, formed by the melting of the snow from the hills; considerable masses of snow yet filled the ravines. Some herds of rein-deer, and a few cows and sheep, as well as great numbers of fine goats, were to be met with; the latter might be continually seen roaming in the town itself. The surface of the heights was most beautifully diversified with patches of a peculiar sort of moss, bearing clusters of small brilliant-hued flowers—varying from a purple to a pink colour; some were white, but this species was rare. The name of these moss-flowers is *Blokop*. I never saw anything like them anywhere else, except on the North Cape. Even at Tromsö and at Logö there

are none. One or two summer-houses belonging to the merchants are to be met with in the vicinity of the town; and some picturesque huts built of stones and earth, the sides as well as the roofs covered with long grass.

In one respect my visit at Hammerfest was peculiarly well-timed. It happened to be what is called the annual assizes for Finmark—a sort of convocation held by the authorities for settling civil as well as criminal questions. On my arrival the town was full of Quäners, and also of genuine mountain Laps, who had come from an immense circuit, to pay their little tribute-money for their herds of reins, and also to barter; for it was a fair as well as assizes. The Laps were accompanied by their wives and children, and all were in their very best gala attire. The women had generally gay yellow borders to their *pæskes*, and besides the usual strings of glittering baubles suspended from their belts, some had a cap gathered to a peak, and ornamented with bands of gilded metal. The men were all very talkative and frolicsome, and went about in groups of twenty to thirty. I saw a party balancing one another in a huge pair of beam scales outside a store, and from the amount of screaming and gesticulation, this seemed a very amusing process to them. The stores were crowded with them, bartering their skins, and the spirit-shops were still more frequented; but I only saw one poor Lap helplessly drunk. He was in the outskirts, and lolled in the sun with his back against a house, his long hair completely hiding his features, whilst he continually muttered gibberish. He realised my idea of the repulsive idiotic aspect of a half-savage being, stupified with libations of the “fire water” of his “civilized” brethren. When I returned to Hammerfest, after a few days’

absence, not a Lap was to be seen; they had all dispersed as soon as the object which brought them to Hammerfest was attained.

The town was diversified, if not enlivened, by the presence of great numbers of Russians, belonging to the White Sea vessels. They all wore very long frocks, made of skins in some instances, and steeple-crowned hats. This singular costume, together with their generally stalwart frames and long red beards, effectually distinguished them from all other races. I had originally intended to take shipping in one of their vessels for Archangel, but as there would be delay, I reluctantly relinquished the idea.

I left Hammerfest on July 9th, re-shipping for Tromsö. This return voyage proved unusually quick, but the stupid skipper ran the yægt on a sunken rock, within a mile of our destination, and nothing but the prompt assistance of a fleet of boats, the crews of which unladed most of the cargo, saved the yægt from destruction, as she lay immovably on her beam ends, broadside to a current flowing at the rate of five or six miles an hour.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE NORTH CAPE.

HAVING engaged an open boat and a crew of three hands, I left Hammerfest at 9 P.M., July 2nd, to visit the celebrated "*Nordkap*." The boat was one of the peculiar Nordland build, very long, narrow, and shaped both ends alike, excellently adapted either for sailing or rowing. It may be as well to state, for the benefit of future travellers in Finmark, the cost of this trip, for in all cases a bargain must be distinctly made with the crew before starting. The old pilot whom I engaged, demanded eighteen specie dollars (about four pounds), to convey me to the Cape and back, no matter what time the voyage might occupy; and as a reason for fixing such a comparatively large sum, he alleged the difficulties and extreme precariousness of the voyage. The last traveller he conveyed (he said) was a Spaniard, two or three years before, and that owing to tempestuous weather, that voyage lasted upwards of ten days. Now, although the distance from Hammerfest to the North Cape is usually represented to be ninety to one hundred English miles, I was quite satisfied by a glance at the

new charts, that if the boat kept anything like a good course, the distance does not exceed sixty miles. Four pounds was therefore considered by me to be too much; and being a bit of a seaman myself, I resolved to engage the boat and crew by the day, and run the risk of bad weather or accidents, the pilot offering crew and boat at half a specie dollar each man per diem, and the same for the boat, making two specie dollars per diem in all, the crew finding themselves with provisions. To this I readily agreed, and with what success the sequel will show.

We had a strong head wind at starting, and rowed across the harbour to the spot where the British Consul, Mr. Robertson, resides, near to the little battery which has been erected to defend the approach to Hammerfest, subsequent to the seizure of the place by two English ships during the last war. Mr. Robertson kindly lent me a number of rein-deer skins to lie on at the bottom of the boat; and spreading them on the stones we had for ballast, I was thus provided with an excellent bed. The Consul warned me that I should find the weather bitterly cold at sea, and expressed surprised at my light clothing; but I assured him that I was accustomed to bear exposure. By an ingenious contrivance of a very long tiller, the pilot steered with one hand and rowed with the other; and we speedily cleared the harbour, and tugged along between *Melkö* (Milk-island) and *Qvalö* (Whale-island), on which Hammerfest is situated. The shores of Qvalö are exceedingly rugged, and snow was lying in large masses in the ravines. The head north-east wind continuing, after a couple of hours' pull we landed in a little cove where a large fleet of fishing-boats, manned with Quäners, was also weather bound. The scene was very romantic. After midnight the wind

lulled, and we weighed again; the sun shining most brilliantly high above the horizon. For about nine weeks, indeed, the sun never sets here in summer, and never rises for as long a period in winter. The view of a solitary rock ahead, rising from the ocean, bathed in a flood of crimson glory, was most impressive. We proceeded with a tolerable wind, and when it occasionally failed, the broad-bladed oars were employed. The latter are slipped through a loop of greased rope attached to the single hooked rullocks, so as to have ample play for a long stroke. At 6 A.M., heavy squalls of rain came on, and continued until we ran, about two hours afterwards, in *Havösund*, a long, narrow Sound between the Island of Havö and the mainland of Finmark.

As it was impossible to proceed in such a tempest, we ran up to the landing-place in front of the Summer residence of Herr Ulich, a great trading magnate of Finmark. This is undoubtedly the most northern gentleman's house in the entire world. It is a large, handsome, white, wooden building, quite equal in appearance to the better class of villas in the north. The family only reside there during the three months of Summer; and extensive warehouses for stock-fish are attached. My crew obtained shelter in an out-building, and I unhesitatingly sought the hospitality of the mansion. Herr Ulich himself was absent at Hammerfest, but his amiable lady and her son and daughters, received me with a cordiality as great as though I were an old friend, and in an hour's time I was completely "at home."

Here I found a highly accomplished family, surrounded with the luxuries and refinement of civilized life, dwelling amid the wildest solitudes, and so near the North Cape, that it can be distinctly seen from their house in clear

weather. Madame Ulich and her two daughters (the third keeping her father's house at Hammerfest), spoke nothing but Norwegian; but the son, a very intelligent young man of nineteen, spoke English pretty well. He had recently returned from a two years' residence at Archangel, where the traders of Finmark send their sons to learn the Russian language, as it is of vital importance for their interests—the greater portion of the trade of Finmark being with Archangel and the White Sea Districts. Near as they dwelt to the North Cape, it was singular that both Herr Ulich and his son had only once visited it, and they had resided ten years at Havösund before that event took place! They said that very few travellers go to the North Cape; and that the majority of these are French and Italians.

I spent the morning in conversation with this very interesting family. They have a handsome drawing-room, and in it I noticed a grand colossal bronze bust of Louis-Philippe, King of the French. They gave me the following history of this bust. Fifty-five years ago, the ex-king, when a wandering exile, visited the North Cape. On his way he experienced much hospitality from various residents in Finmark, and slept in this very drawing-room, but the house itself then stood on Maas Island, some distance from Havösund. Many years ago the present proprietor removed the entire house to Havö, and his son assured me the room itself was preserved almost entirely as it was when Louis-Philippe used it, although considerable additions and alterations have been made to other parts of the house. About sixteen years ago, Paul Gamard,* the president of the

* Under Paul Gamard's superintendence was published the celebrated work, entitled, "*Voyage en Islande et au Groënland, exécuté pendant les années 1835 et 1836, par la corvette 'La Recherche.'*"

scientific commission, subsequently sent by the French Government to survey Greenland and Iceland, called on Herr Ulich, and stated that he was instructed by the King of the French to inquire what present he would prefer to accept from his Majesty as a memorial of the visit of the King to the far North? A year afterwards, the corvette of war "*La Recherche*," on its way to Iceland, put into Havörsund, and left the bust in question as the gift of the King. It is a noble work of art, executed in the finest style, and is intrinsically very valuable, but the peculiar circumstances under which it became Herr Ulich's property, add incalculably to its worth in his eyes. Herr Ulich, a native of Trondhjem, is himself a remarkable specimen of the educated Norwegian. He has travelled all over Europe, and speaks many languages, more or less. On my return to Hammerfest I enjoyed his hospitality, and he gave me a letter of introduction to his intimate friend and schoolfellow, the Norwegian Staats-Minister at the Court of Stockholm. These things are merely mentioned to show the warm-hearted kindness which an unknown, unintroduced traveller may meet with in this remote region. Herr Ulich has resided twenty-five years at Havörsund, and he says that he thinks not more than half-a-dozen Englishmen have visited the North Cape during that period—that is, by way of Hammerfest, but parties of English gentlemen have once or twice gone direct in their yachts.

My new friends would have delayed my departure, but, wind and tide serving, I resumed my voyage at noon, promising to call on my return. In sailing through the Sound, I noticed a little wooden church—the most northern in Europe. A minister preaches in it to the Fins and Laps at considerable intervals, which depend

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much on the state of the weather, but it is said once a month in summer. The congregation come to hear him from a circuit of immense extent, for his parish, although containing a population of only one thousand five hundred to two thousand, is actually *above three hundred miles in length*, from North to South!

Passing *Maasö*, we sailed across an open arm of the sea, and reached the coast of *Magerö*—the island on which the North Cape is situated. *Magerö* is probably twenty English miles long, by a dozen broad, and separated by *Mager sund* from the extreme northern coast of Norwegian Lapland. Although a capital wind was blowing, my crew persisted in running into a harbour where there is a very extensive fish-curing and train-oil establishment, called *Giesvohr*, belonging to Messrs. Augaard, of Hammerfest. There are several houses, sheds, &c., and immense tiers of stock-fish drying on horizontal poles. At this time, a couple of hundred people were employed, but in winter only about a score reside there. One or two of the singular White Sea ships were in the little harbour, and a fleet of fishing boats manned by Quäners. The water was literally black with droves of young cod-fish, which might have been killed by dozens, as they basked on the surface. Although the weather was unusually favourable, my men loitered hour after hour; but being most anxious to visit the North Cape when the midnight sun shone upon it, I obliged them to proceed, after much altercation on both sides.

On resuming our voyage, we coasted along the rocks, until the black, massive Cape loomed very distinctly in the distance. I landed at a bluff headland called *Tuncæs*, and collected a few flowers; a little beyond that, in the bay of *Sandbugt*, a fragment of a wreck was discernible,

and I caused the boat to be rowed to it. It proved to be a portion of the keel of a large ship, and was about fifty feet long. It had evidently been hauled on the reefs by some fishermen, and the salvors had placed their rude marks upon it. I mused with busy imagination over this fragment of wreck, pregnant with melancholy suggestions. How many prayers had gone forth with that unknown ship—how many widows, orphans, sisters, lovers, might at that moment be hoping against hope for her return! To what port did she belong—in what remote ocean did she meet her doom? Perhaps this keel had been borne by wind and tide from the icy Arctic regions, and was the only relic to tell of the fate of a noble bark and gallant crew!

Resuming the voyage, we came to a long low promontory of solid rock, stretching far out into the ocean, until its point tapered to a level with the waters. It is called Knivskjærodden, and I wish particularly to speak of it for the following reason. At Hammerfest the Consul showed me the grand new charts* recently published by the Norwegian Government from surveys made by the officers of their navy. These surveys have occupied several years, and have furnished geographical charts of extreme accuracy. The instant I cast my eye over the one containing Magerö, I perceived that Knivskjærodden was shown to be further North than the North Cape itself. The consul said that such was the actual fact, but it was not positively known to be so, until the publication of this chart; although fifteen or twenty years ago an old pilot had repeatedly asserted to him (the Consul) that he was confident such was the case, but he always considered

* "*Kart over den Norske Kyst, fra Nordkap til Tannahorn*," (1847).

the man must be in error, until the Government survey demonstrated the reverse. Knivskierodden is at least half an English mile further North than the Cape; but it cannot injure the ancient fame which the latter has worthily achieved, for it is merely a long, low, narrow promontory, and only a few yards broad at the extremity—to which I walked, and narrowly escaped being washed by the roaring breakers into the deep, transparent sea. I could, by the eye alone, perceive that I stood the distance mentioned further north than the Cape. The Consul tells me that this curious fact has never yet to his knowledge, been made known to the public.

Rounding Knivskierodden, the North Cape burst in all its sunlit grandeur on my view. It had now fell a dead calm, and my Vikings pulled very slowly across the vast and magnificent bay lying between Knivskierodden and the Cape, to afford me an opportunity of sketching the North Cape. So immense is its size, that it seemed within a few hundred yards when we were at least two miles distant. It is one enormous mass of solid rock; and although its summit is tolerably level for two or three miles, it declines perceptibly towards the extreme point. The aspect of the latter can be compared to nothing more aptly than the “keep” of a castle of tremendous size, for it very slightly tapers upwards from the base, and presents a surface marvellously resembling time-worn masonry. The front approaches a perpendicular, and so does the western side also. The height at the extremity is said to be nearly one thousand English feet above the level of the sea. The colour of this mighty rock is a dark grey, relieved by dazzling masses of snow, lying in the gigantic fissures which some appalling convulsion seems to have riven in its sides.

The impression experienced by me as I came within its shadow, and swept its bulk with eager eye, was one of awe, for its magnificently stern proportions, its colossal magnitude, its position as the solitary unchanging sentinel of nature which for countless ages has stood forth as the termination of the European continent, frowning defiance to the maddening assaults of the Arctic Ocean—all combine to invest it with associations of overpowering majesty. My ideas of its sublimity were more than realized; and on landing at its base in the blaze of the midnight sun, I felt an emotion of exulting gladness that my long cherished hope of gazing upon it at such an hour, and under such circumstances, was amply fulfilled.

The only place where a landing can be effected is on the western side, about a mile and a half from the head of the Cape. It is usual for the adventurer who ascends, to go many miles round from this starting-place, before the level of the Cape can be attained, because a direct upward ascent is considered to be impracticable; but having some confidence in my own scaling capabilities, I resolved to attempt the latter feat, and although burthened with full pockets, and that dear old sea-cloak I never parted with under any circumstances, I instantly commenced the task, leaving the crew to slumber in the boat until my return.

Acerbi, speaking of the North Cape, says, "Here everything is solitary, everything is sterile, everything sad and despondent. The ruggedness of the dark grey rock is not covered with a single shrub." This is incorrect. I found the whole of the western side of the Cape, opposite the landing-place, clothed with luxuriant vegetation to the height of about two hundred yards.

Myriads of *blomsters* were to be seen, including exquisite white scentless violets, with hairy stems; purple; red, and white star flowers; the beautiful yellow cup flowers, growing on a stem a couple of feet high, and called by the Norwegians, "*knap-sullen-öie blomster*," (button-sun-eye flower), and many other varieties, unknown to me. There were also many kinds of shrubs, including the juniper, then in green berry. I gathered flowers, and rested on ridges of rock to take breath, and looked down on the boat at my feet, now dwindled to a mere speck. Onward I climbed, but to my extreme mortification, when I had ascended, two-thirds of the height, at no slight risk to my bones, I was mastered by overhanging masses of rock, all slimy with moisture trickling from the congealed snow above. I had a providential escape from being hurled sheer down by a large piece of rock giving way under me—but I held on to the crag above, whilst the treacherous fragment thundered from ledge to ledge, drawing down other loose masses with it.

Compelled to retrace my steps, I carefully surveyed the face of the rock, and tried it again some way further on, and even then it was a very long time before the summit was gained, for I was seriously incommoded with my cloak and other articles. I understand that I am the first adventurer who has scaled the Cape at that place; and certainly was thankful to lay down on the desolate summit, and eat some frugal fare, slaking my thirst with a handful of snow from the solid beds at my side. I had been above two days and nights without rest, but bodily fatigue was not to be thought of under the circumstances. - From my airy elevation many miles of the surface of the island could be seen: the higher

peaks and hollows were clothed with snow, glittering in the beams of the sun, and many "silent tarns" were nestling amid the black rocks.

Resuming my progress, I traversed the surface of the Capé. It is covered with small, slaty stones, and what struck me as being very remarkable, quantities of minute fragments of coarse white marble. The only vegetation on the summit is a species of moss (*blokop*), bearing most beautiful flowers, generally of a purple hue, and blooming in clusters of hundreds together. These dumb witnesses of Nature's benevolent handiwork, filled me with pleasing thoughts, and uplifted it to the Divine Being who causeth flowers to bloom and waters to gush in the most desolate wilds. In a wide valley I crossed on my way to the head of the Cape, ran a rapid stream of the purest water, and delicious taste. I wandered along, surveying various parts of the Cape, especially the edges of the precipices on the Western side, where the snow clung in immense masses, frozen so solidly, that it bore my weight in places where no rock upheld it, and the yawning abyss loomed below.

At length I drew near the bourne of my pilgrimage. The Cape terminates in a shape approaching a semicircle, but the most northern portion swells out to a clearly appreciable point. About a hundred yards from the point, I came upon a circle of stones piled almost breast-high, enclosing a space some dozen feet in diameter. They had evidently been erected by a party of visitors, as a shelter from the winds. Not far distant a mass of rock rises above the level, which is otherwise as smooth as a highway, and strewn with small rough fragments of rock. Herr Ulich subsequently told me that when he visited the Cape fifteen years ago, there was an upright slab of stone, covered with deeply en-

graved names of visitors. It is now gone, and, as Ulich suggested, the Laps may not improbably have hurled it over the precipice. Within two or three yards of the very extreme point is a small pole sustained by stones piled round its base. Several initials were cut on this perishable register. It was set up, I believe, by the Surveying Expedition, a few years ago, as a signal post.

It is impossible adequately to describe the emotion experienced by me as I stepped up to the dizzy verge. I only know that I devoutly returned thanks to the Almighty for thus permitting me to realize one darling dream of my boyhood.

Despite the wind which here blew violently, and bitterly cold, I sat down close to the pole, and, wrapping my cloak around me, long contemplated the spectacle of Nature in one of her sublimest aspects. I was truly alone. Not a living object was in sight; beneath my feet was the boundless expanse of ocean, with a sail or two on its bosom at an immense distance; above me was the canopy of heaven, flecked with fleecy cloudlets; the sun was luridly gleaming over a broad belt of blood-red mist; the only sounds were the whistling of the wandering winds, and the occasional plaintive scream of the hovering sea-fowl.

The only living creature that came near me was a bee, which hummed merrily by. What did the busy insect seek there? Not a blade of grass grew, and the only vegetable matter on this point was a cluster of withered moss at the very edge of the awful precipice, and this I gathered, at considerable risk, as a memorial of my visit.

The latitude of the North Cape is precisely $71^{\circ}10'20''$, and according to my compass the point bears N.N. by

W.* Further round the cape to the eastward is the very extraordinary projection known to mariners as "North Cape Horn," a noted mark for ships sailing to and from the White Sea.

With reluctant and devious steps I bade what was probably an eternal adieu to the North Cape, and descended to my starting point. My crew had dropped their grapnel a considerable distance from the shore, to save the boat from being staved by the beating of the surf on the sharp rocks with which it is strewn, and perceiving they were slumbering at the bottom of the little craft, I was unwilling immediately to disturb them, and spent some further time in exploring the base of the Cape. There is a curious range of caverns washed out by the terrific beating of wintry waves, so as to form a species of arcade. The walls are of immense thickness, and apparently once were completely roofed over, but the sea has worn them open at top. The ocean here, as along the whole coast of Norway and Finmark, is marvellously transparent. Weeds and fish may be seen at a depth of thirty to fifty feet, as distinctly as though they were reflected in a mirror.

Embarking again, I directed the crew to row me round the Cape, and despite their remonstrances as to the danger of staving the boat, and losing my own life, I effected with great difficulty, and after repeated trials, a landing on the ledge of low crags which fringe the northern base of the Cape. Nothing worthy of observation, however, was to be found except a few sickly

* The reader should be informed that the *true* bearing of the compass is variable at different places and at different times. In 1831 the compass at the North Cape bore only one degree west of the true north point of the horizon; but, the same year, at London it bore twenty-four degrees thirty minutes west.

yellow flowers, springing from crevices where there seemed not an atom of mould.

On the return voyage we again ran into a creek near Sandbugt, and the crew went ashore to sleep in a Lap "gamme," but having no desire to be overrun with vermin, I slept on my rein-deer skins in the boat, although a drizzling rain now fell, and it was bitterly cold. On awakening, I strolled to the gamme, and had a chat with an old Lap squatted on his haunches by the side of a smouldering fire on a large stone, just beneath the usual smoke outlet in the roof.

The gamme was similar to those I have described, and from the smoke-encrusted roof was suspended a stick cut with notches to hang the kettle over the fire at whatever elevation might be found most convenient. The old Lap showed me, or rather I took the liberty to find for myself, a book of devotion in Norwegian, and another printed in the Lapponic language: the latter he asserted he could read very well. I bought of him a pæsk of rein-deer skin, and wished also to purchase a belt, and its knife and ornaments, but could not induce him to part with it. He said that his herd of reins were not very distant, and following his directions I had a long ramble in search of them, but it was fruitless, for they had wandered far away, from the remarkable instinct of the creature to run invariably against the wind. I gathered some fine specimens of sponge in marshy hollows. The Laps had fish and birds drying on the rocks. The birds were skinned, and I bought one on learning from my crew that it was of a species excellent for eating. This gamme is the most northern in existence.

On leaving Sandbugt I landed further southward, and stayed some time at a most desolate place, where

were a few huts occupied by Quäner fishermen, and then coasted back to Giesvohr, and there rested. I got my bird boiled and found it fine flavoured; and also bought some of the spotted eggs of the Alka, a great sea-fowl, and of the eider-gaas, which are excellent when in season. The men at this fish-curing station had captured an immense quantity of loons, and other birds, of which I partook at the hospitable table of Paul Hosketh, the superintendent of the establishment. I did not feel inclined to accept his offer of a bed, but conversed with him and examined the works of the stations, until two or three the next morning, when I again sailed with a most powerful and favourable wind; indeed, it blew so hard, that I had extreme difficulty to induce my crew to start. The little craft leapt from wave to wave; and I noticed the dexterous way in which she was handled, with the eye of an amateur. The old pilot kept the sheet of the lug-sail constantly ready to slip, and one of the crew stood by the halyard ready to let all go by the run, for there are frequent eddies and squalls of wind on these very dangerous coasts, which would capsize a boat in an instant, were not the most unremitting watchfulness exerted. Safely, however, did we again run into Havösund, about 8 A.M.

Young Ulich welcomed my unexpectedly early return, and I was delighted once more to become the welcomed guest of his family. Happily, and only too quickly, did the time fly. I chatted in my broken Norwegian, and was the first to laugh at my own blunders. The eldest young lady sang to me several of the most ancient and popular of her native ballads; accompanying them on her guitar, the fashionable musical instrument in the North, as it was a hundred years ago with

us; for it is singular that in many respects what has long been exploded in the South, is at this day in high vogue among the Northern nations, who seem to tread in the footprint of our forefathers after the lapse of a century. As she understood no other language, I in return did my best to recite the celebrated Danish national song—"Den tappre Landsoldat," the fame of which has penetrated to the farthest North. In the library were translations of Marryat and other English authors, and the young ladies showed me a copy of Cruickshank's "Bottle." I thought if that gifted artist could thus have beheld how he was appreciated in the vicinity of the North Cape, he would have experienced a glow of triumph. The only tee-totaller, by the way, whom I ever met with in the North, was one of my crew on the present voyage. He invariably declined his brændiviin, as I passed it round, and assured me he never drank anything but water and milk.

The young ladies had about twenty pretty tame pigeons; and to my extreme regret a couple were killed to give me an additional treat at a dinner. This was served in a style which I should have expected to meet with rather at an English hotel than at a solitary house on an Arctic island. They afterwards conducted me to their—garden! Yes, a veritable garden! the fame of which has extended far and wide in Finmark. It is of considerable size, enclosed by high, wooden walls painted black to attract the rays of the sun. Potatoes, peas, and other table vegetables were in a thriving state, but they only come to maturity in very favourable seasons. I had some radishes at dinner, and excellent they were. Glazed frames protected cucumber and other plants; and there were many very beautiful and delicate flowers in plots. They gathered some of the finest specimens

of these (not forgetting large blue *forget-me-nots*) and placed them within the leaves of my Bible; and much do I treasure them, for they will ever vividly recal a host of pleasant and romantic associations.

Very pressing were they all to induce me to stay with them some days, and very gladly would I have done so, had I not been compelled to hasten back to Hammerfest. In the afternoon, therefore, I bade a heart-warm farewell to a family which had shown me a degree of kindness beyond any experienced by me since leaving my Danish friends at Copenhagen.

The remainder of my return voyage was tempestuous and wet. We sailed and rowed all night, and reached Hammerfest at 8 A.M., July 6th, much to the astonishment of all the good folks there, who had not expected to see me again in less than a week or ten days. The Consul, and many others, assured me that my voyage was performed in a time altogether unprecedented—the whole time occupied being only three days and a half.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE SWEDISH SKONNERT—TROMSÖ TO GÖTEBORG.

THE passport system in Norway and Sweden is very annoying. Every fresh town you visit, you must have your papers *viséed*, and pay a fee. The natives themselves cannot leave one town for another without a passport. On leaving Tromsö I paid eighty skillings Norsk (about three shillings), merely for my name being written on the clearing paper of the vessel I had obtained a passage in.

On July 25th, I shipped in the Swedish skonkert "Alfred" bound direct to Göteborg in Sweden. She was originally an English craft, but a few years ago was wrecked on the Swedish coast and condemned. The Swedes, however, got her off, repaired her, and put her into commission on their own account. Her present crew consisted entirely of Swedes, with an invalid captain, a gigantic mate, three foremast hands, a remarkably dirty but good-natured cook, and a ruddy, merry cabin-boy. I was the only passenger.

On the evening after leaving Tromsø, we anchored to send a boat ashore for milk and butter, and in the interval the men on board, fancying we were on a cod-bank, tried their fortune, baiting their hooks with mussels. They were right, and for about half an hour we had fine sport. The cabin-boy had once served in a fishing-smack, and the dexterity with which he jerked up his cod was amusing. He held a line in his hand, and when it sunk to a certain depth, he would give it a peculiar wave, then a quick jerk followed, and the next moment, one or often two cod were hauled up. None of the fish were large, and when we had filled a great basket full, the drove seemed to be exhausted. We had a hearty supper of these fish, and the water they were boiled in being mixed with new milk, and boiled again, formed a soup to which the Norwegian and Swedish sailors are all very partial, and which is really exceedingly good—and much more wholesome than turtle. At daybreak the pilot left us, and we took our farewell of the snow-crowned rocks of Nordland.

The captain was a man of very superior education and address. For many years he had commanded large vessels on the West Coast of Africa, on the South American coast, and in the Indian Sea, especially to the Philippine Islands. He said he once was on a trading voyage in those parts which lasted five years, and had been seven months at a time without setting foot ashore. He gave many curious details of the slave trade, and other trades in Africa and Asia. He once lived in Italy, and of all countries in the world, he said he should prefer that for a permanent residence. With all his intelligence he had some singular notions. He thought a town of wooden houses equal to a city of palaces in every reasonable respect; and said he had been sub-

jected to the cold-water cure, which he regarded as a real panacea, for it had done him marvellous good. When I looked at his wasted, sallow cheeks, his fleshless limbs, and his bent, tottering frame, I had a strong private opinion on the subject. He had never commanded so small a vessel as this before, and only undertook the voyage at the request of the owners. He had been long ailing, and the cold weather of the North had told fearfully on his enervated frame. All the time he was at Tromsö he was in the doctor's hands, and it was very problematical whether he would live through the return voyage. He was too weak even to descend to the cabin, and lived in the deck-house, to the bed of which he was entirely confined the last fortnight of our voyage. I visited him some weeks after our arrival at Göteborg, and found him just alive. Long before this I have no doubt a green sod is over the breast of poor Captain Sandberg.

On leaving Tromsö, the people there all promised us a fair wind, but I joked the mate, and told him it would have been much better for us if he had purchased a wind of a Lapland witch, as the prudent mariners of old did. What the opinion of the sages of Tromsö was worth, may be estimated from the fact that for the first ten days we had not sailed even one degree southward! Cold, dismal, "dirty" weather—stormy head winds—ugly cross seas, such was our portion. The close-hauled skonnert pitched and laboured bowsprit under, ever and anon emerging to shake her head for a fresh dip. The scene was fiercely desolate, and realized my anticipation of the Arctic seas in furious weather. One day a beautiful white sea-bird hovered for hours just above the main truck, and at times settled upon it. We re-crossed the Arctic Circle about the 6th of August, and amid a wild

waste of angry billows I bade what will probably be an eternal adieu to the Polar regions.

The 9th was the first fine day we experienced since leaving port, and its sunset was truly a gorgeous intermingling of Heaven's pomp—gold, azure, silver, crimson, and purple. The days now rapidly decreased in length, and it was with a feeling of honest satisfaction that I saw artificial light in our cabin, for to speak candidly, I began to be weary of perpetual daylight. For many succeeding days we struggled onward, sometimes with a good wind, but oftener with a bad, and always with a rough sea. We never saw a vessel until the 17th, and about the same time an unexpected visitor fell on deck in the midst of a heavy squall of rain. It was a beautiful bird, of the size of a starling, of a mottled grey colour, with long, curved wings, and short fan tail, white breast, and a dark beak two or three inches long. It must have been of the snipe species, and had probably been driven far out to sea by the tempest. We tried to keep it, but it died the next day.

The mate and myself had the cabin between us, and got on very well together, for he was a good fellow, although whimsical in some respects. The quantity of tobacco he chewed would have startled even a Yankee. He lived almost entirely on fish, for which he avowed a preference beyond any other food. I like fish very well myself, but on this voyage I had enough of it. The vessel was entirely laden with "*torsk och tran*," i.e. dried cod fish and train oil. We had *torsk* to every meal; and whatever the taste of our worthy "*styrman*" might be, I preferred the good Jutland beef and pork on board. Every morning for breakfast we had creed. wheat and coffee, and invariably pea-soup at dinner.

The mate had a wife and family at Göteborg, and as the vessel had been nearly five months on the voyage, he was very anxious to meet them again. I went with him to his house the day we landed, and was gratified to witness the joyful welcome he received.

When the watch changed every four hours, no "bells" were struck, but the mate called out "*otte glas!*"—eight bells. A glorious wind set in on the 17th, and the remainder of our voyage was as unusually rapid as the commencement had been tedious. By daybreak we were off Lindesnæs, and entered the "Sleeve," as mariners call the Skaggerrack, tearing along with the spray drenching us like a cataract. The skonnert was in a very leaky condition, and the pumps now were worked incessantly. The gale on the ensuing night was so severe that we had to lay-to, the vessel trembling like a frightened child, and the sea at times making a clear breach over us. Every minute I expected to see the caboose, and pots, and pans, and "cookum," swept overboard. The whole of the residue of our voyage was performed entirely under a reefed fore-topsail, that being sufficient to drive us along before the gale at the rate of twelve knots by the log. Owing to the sickness of the captain, the poor mate had double duty all the voyage, and for the last three nights he scarcely quitted the deck for a moment. With great risk a pilot boarded us in one of the heaviest seas I ever beheld, and running up the fiord leading to Göteborg, we finally dropped anchor in the lower part of the harbour at 4 P.M., on the 19th.

A Custom-House officer rowed up in a smart gig, but to my surprise did not board us. He asked for the ship's papers and my passport, and in exchange handed the pilot a stone bottle and a small packet. He then

politely doffed his gold-braided cap, and left us—in Quarantine! It seems that a report had reached Göteborg that the cholera had broken out again at Bergen,* and although we were from a part of Norway where such a thing as cholera had never been known, we were doomed to twenty-four hours “pratique.” The pilot went down into the cabin, and emptied a powder from the packet into a basin. On this he poured a liquid (Nassau water, I believe) from the bottle, and a dense vapour immediately filled the cabin, driving me out half suffocated, and thoroughly satisfied with the efficacy of the precaution.

When the Quarantine expired, I landed (after a narrow escape of being swamped in a squall) in company with the mate and owner, who had come on board to visit the helpless captain. The voyage from port to port thus occupied twenty-six days, exclusive of the one passed in Quarantine. Farewell to the Swedish skonnert and her crew!

* In several parts of Sweden itself cholera was even then raging. By the papers, it appeared that at the little port of Malmö (opposite Copenhagen, nearly two hundred people had already died.

CHAPTER XXXV.

GOTEBORG (GOTTENBURGH).

GOTEBORG, (pronounced *Yuttaborg*, of which our word "Gottenburgh" is obviously a corruption), in every respect exceeded my expectations. It is not merely the second town in Sweden for population and commerce, but is also a handsome place, surrounded by exquisite rural scenery. The streets are narrow, but the houses have a substantial, clean, and pleasant aspect. All are of brick or stone, wooden houses being now banished to the suburbs. The population is upwards of thirty thousand, and the trade of the place considerable. The pavements are excellent,* and the best streets have stone gutters, but no drains or sewers. By law each householder must keep his frontage clean in summer, and cleared of snow in winter. The rents of the houses in the best streets are enormous.†

* The paviours are Germans; and the total cost of each boulder, it is said, including the labour of laying it down, is not less than fourpence English.

† As an example, and by no means an exaggerated one, the house in which I lived, which was only of a moderate size, let as follows:—the ground-floor eight hundred dollars banco per year; first-floor, six hundred

The principal buildings are the churches, and a noble new Exchange, built at a cost of sixty thousand pounds sterling. There are some extensive manufactories, principally founded by Scotsmen. One of the latter, a gentleman of the name of Carnegie, has porter-breweries, patent sugar refineries (supplied with raw material brought by his own ships), and an immense yarn and cotton factory. I very much enjoyed the inspection of this. About five hundred hands are employed day and night. The machinists on the premises are Englishmen, but the engine itself is made by Keiller of Göteborg, who employs one hundred and fifty men at his works. Much of the smaller machinery, however, is exported from Sheffield and Birmingham, and the English system prevails in the factory. Carnegie's porter is excellent, and I was assured that much is actually sent to England, and sold as English porter! This veritable monopolist is said to have cleared of late some fifty thousand pounds per annum!

The shops of Göteborg are chiefly supplied with English manufactured goods. Manchester and Leeds send silks, cloths, and cottons; Birmingham and Sheffield send hardware and cutlery; London sends stationery, and an immense variety of fancy articles. There are heavy duties on most of these goods, but far more

ditto; and the other floors at proportionate rates; so that the whole house realized upwards of a hundred and fifty pounds sterling per annum at the very least.—A dollar banco, I may add, is equal to one shilling and eightpence; a dollar rix is one-third less value. The confusion in the value of Swedish dollars, rix and banco, is very annoying to a foreigner at first. There are *bank notes* of the value of three-pence farthing English! Each Swedish coin has the particular motto of the reigning sovereign. Bernadotte's motto was "*Folkets Kärlek min Belöning*" ('People's love is my reward'). The motto of his son Oscar, the present king, is "*Rätt och Sanning*" (Right and Truth).

are smuggled into Sweden than are legitimately introduced through the custom-houses. Among the professions which have become obsolete with us, but yet linger on in the North, is that of "barber-surgeon." I noticed a sign in Göteborg, on one side of which was an announcement in Swedish, and on the other in English, to the effect that a certain professor shaved chins, cropped hair, set limbs, and let blood, on very moderate terms. Many good shops are literally kept in cellars, (as at Copenhagen) and others are entered from within the halls of the hotels.

Göteborg is intersected by canals in every direction. Many of them are, in fact, the moats of the old fortifications. It is very amusing to watch the women washing and beating linen in these canals, for which purpose large floating platforms are moored here and there. Many hundred women may be seen thus engaged on any fine morning. A score is to be seen on a single platform. They beat the linen with a flat piece of wood held in the right hand, the left being employed in turning the linen over and re-dipping it. They thrash away so unmercifully, that fine shirts must be almost beaten to a pulp after a few operations, but to one who knows his own linen is not under torture, it is pleasing to watch the industrious groups dipping, beating, wringing, folding, and stowing-away in baskets, while their white hoods wave in the sunny breeze, and their tongues are as active as their hands. Many a choice morsel of scandal is circulated, many a volume of gossip chatted every morning; yet they seem to have acquired the art of working and talking at the same time. The language of the Swedes, by-the-by, is soft to effeminacy, and they have a peculiar sing-song way of pronouncing every sentence.

In some respects living is very cheap at Göteborg. The best joints of beef are only a penny to three half-pence per pound; pork two pence to two pence half-penny; fish abundant, and exceedingly cheap. Fruit is dear, especially foreign fruit. A small lemon, for instance, is sixpence, and oranges about three pence each. Spirits and tobacco are cheap, as in Denmark and Norway. Drunkenness is very prevalent in Göteborg, and it is a most profligate town. Sweden, altogether, is said to be a most demoralized country, and greatly, indeed, does it contrast in this respect with Denmark.

On Sundays the beautiful public promenades of Göteborg are crowded with well-dressed people; and at night, singing, dancing, drinking, and gambling, are in the ascendant. The very atmosphere was poisoned with the fumes of cigars, and scores of ragged urchins were making rapid fortunes by selling boxes of them at every corner. The excess in which smoking was indulged in here is disgusting.

A most interesting spectacle was presented every market-day in the square in front of the Exchange. Such an animated and immense market I never before beheld. The countrywomen, in addition to their usual dress, all wear handkerchiefs of gay patterns on their heads, with one corner hanging down the neck, and their vivacious movements were quite in keeping with their attire. The men, also, have peculiar national costumes. They sell fruit, butter, vegetables, meat (fresh and salted), cheese, poultry, milk, lambskins, home-made cloth, linen, &c. Great numbers of them arrive in boats, and sometimes fifty of the boats may be seen moored together in the canal adjoining the square. It is proposed to remove the market to another locality,

as the aristocratic dwellers in the square find it "annoying."

Another scene which amused me in this square, was the parade and exercise of the soldiers, who have a guard-house in it, in front of which cannon are planted. I once saw a party of dismounted dragoons exercised here. They were regular troops of the line, but such an awkward squad of all sorts and sizes! One prodigious fellow of little less than seven feet in stature, was placed between a couple of bumpkin-looking youths who seemed as though they yet felt the hay-seeds in their heads, the latter not reaching up to the giant's armpits. I laughed outright at observing that when the said giant attempted to sheath his enormous sabre (which must have been especially manufactured for him) he missed the scabbard, in consequence of the hilt coming in contact with the shoulders of his comrade! Some wore enormous moustaches and no whiskers; some wore whiskers and no moustaches; some wore beards, moustaches, and whiskers; but the majority had not a particle of hair on their visages. At the extremity of each line was a pigmy drummer-boy, with a hat nearly as big as himself, and to see this little fellow marching, during the evolutions, at the head of the company, with a sabre in hand so huge that he fairly staggered under its weight, (its point being held downwards), was richly comical.

Many of the manœuvres also struck me as being inexpressibly ludicrous; one, especially, seemed to amuse the crowd of their fellow-countrymen as much as myself. It consisted in jerking the hilt of their upright sabre with a hard *thud* against their own ribs, and there holding it, with their right elbow squared at an acute right angle. Then a man would suddenly step from the

ranks, and advance with his drawn sabre in the position described, until he came up to his officer, when he would stop, draw himself up as stiff as though he had swallowed a ramrod, and flourish the sabre in a most mysterious fashion, to the manifest danger of the said officer's nose. A pause would ensue, whilst he addressed some technical phrases to his officer, their import being, as far as I could understand, an enquiry whether the latter was satisfied with his soldier-like bearing. A reply being given, the private again flourished his glittering steel in a way which the harlequin of the Surrey Theatre alone could successfully imitate, after which he swiftly wheeled on his heel, stood for a moment motionless, to present his back to the officer's inspection, and concluded by jauntily marching back to the ranks. The uniform of these troops was coarse in quality, and by no means splendid in any respect. The back parts of their trowsers, the inner side of the legs, and the whole below the knees, had an outside lining of black leather to save wear and tear.

At all the post-offices in Sweden and Norway it is customary for the postmaster to be the agent for supplying both native and foreign newspapers—local subscribers receiving them through him, and not through a bookseller. The postage on foreign journals is very heavy, and in the lobby of the Göteborg post-office is a lithographed list of a vast number of foreign papers, with the terms at which the postmaster undertakes to supply them. Hardly one name among the English papers was spelt correctly. The most amusing error of all was the announcement of a "*Pictorial James!*" meaning the "*Pictorial Times!*"

Shortly after my arrival at Göteborg, I had to go to

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the police office, and deposit my passport. Then it was required that I should state for how long a period I would have a *permit to stay in the town*—such permit being, however, renewable from time to time. For this permit thirty-six skillings banco (one shilling and threepence) was charged, and I next had to hand it to my landlord, who in turn delivered it to the police authority of the district, who endorsed it on the back, and then it was returned to me. On quitting the town my permit had to be given up, and my passport was stamped and indorsed at more than one office for a fee of thirty-two skillings banco. Passport regulations are exceedingly severe with regard to the Swedes themselves. They cannot leave their own country without a passport, and are bound to return within a certain period, in imitation of the Russian system. Moreover, no passport is granted if they are suspected of being the least in debt, or if the authorities for any motive wish to detain them. They must also get a passport to go from one town to another, even if only a dozen miles distant. When servant-girls leave their places, the police grants them a certificate or permit to stay in the town fourteen days, and if they cannot get a fresh place within that period, the permit will be enlarged (always for a fee, mind), from time to time, on application. But if they have not a proper permit to show when called upon, they are liable to be forthwith arrested as vagrants, and committed to prison for an indefinite time. What horrible despotism does this evince! Hans Christian Andersen once saw a poor servant girl in a cell in a Swedish prison, her crime being that of inability to procure employment! Talk about slavery! What slavery can be worse than this?

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AUTUMNAL ASPECT OF THE ENVIRONS OF GÖTEBORG.

THE whole of my sojourn at Göteborg was a period of the most delightful autumnal weather I ever experienced. Each succeeding day seemed more glorious than its predecessor, and its charms were felt the more intensely, from my having so recently returned from beyond the inhospitable Polar Circle. Never will the thrill of delight be forgotten which I experienced on landing at Göteborg, and walking beneath waving foliage, with tempting fruit hanging from the trees, and gardens bright with fragrant flowers. Every day I wandered many miles into the country around; and with heart enjoyed the many exquisite rural scenes. The flowers of Spring had given place to the blossoms of Summer, and they in turn to the fruits of Autumn. Ceres and Pomona shared the triumph of the season, by filling the lap of the earth with ripe and mellow gifts, and the golden sun looked down with a perpetual smile. Shakspeare, with that marvellous keenness of observation that so peculiarly distinguishes him, observes in *Macbeth*, that where the swallows "most breed and

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haunt, the air is delicate." Most true is this, and swarms of them were ever floating in "convolution swift" in the localities of which I speak, and,

" Hovering on rapid wing,
Circling in airy ring ;
Now here, now there ; now low, now high,
Chasing keen the painted fly."

The suburbs themselves smack of country sights, and smells, and sounds, especially those portions which stretch far down the banks of the *Götha Elv.* At a distance they resemble one mass of "greenery," interspersed with pretty wooden houses, rising one above another up the eminences ; and fronting them is the wide, shipping-crowded harbour, and the rocky opposite shores. The great drawback to the pleasure of rambling in the environs of the town, is the excessive number of impudent, sturdy beggars. They do not carry lucifer matches, nor any other cloak to their calling, but seem fully imbued with the spirit of Jack Falstaff, when he exclaimed—"Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation : " 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation ; and accordingly they beset you with the most matchless effrontery, scarcely deeming it necessary even to assume a whining tone, or to go in rags. In the town itself, beggars and lawless vagrants swarm, and rows of the very filthiest and most revolting lazzaroni bask in the sun along the side of the canal, near the market-square. So intolerable has this vagrant nuisance become, that stringent police regulations were about to be adopted to rid the town of it at one fell swoop.

In the suburbs may frequently be seen strapping country women, with bright olive complexions, picturesquely attired in gay bordered petticoats and white

hoods. These are Dalecarians, who may in one respect be called the Irish of Sweden, for every summer both men and women emigrate from their remote native district, southward, to perform any and all kinds of out and in-door manual labour. The women are said to be very ingenious, industrious, neat, and cleanly.

On market-day (Saturday), the roads leading into Göteborg present a most animated appearance, from the crowds of country people bringing in their commodities. The comical little wagons, laden with fuel or corn, were in every instance drawn by a couple of huge bullocks, yoked to the pole by a piece of wood fixed over their necks. The vehicles bringing in farming and dairy produce were ludicrously small and clumsy, many of them had a body about the size of a large wheelbarrow; certainly not containing much more than an English cottager's wife trudges to market with, in baskets, on her head, and under her arm. One or two diminutive but spirited horses drew these primitive concerns; and on a seat projecting over the centre of the vehicle, sat the driver and those with him. The peasant women on foot looked very interesting, in white jackets, and heavy, dark petticoats, so short that they displayed sturdy legs encased in red stockings.

There are many delightful rural nooks within a few miles of the town, and the magnificent valley through which the *Götha Elv* (Götha river) winds its course, is studded with hamlets, and all the accessories which constitute a charming landscape. Very numerous wooden villas are perched on every little height; and great taste is displayed in their style of architecture, and in the embellishments of their lawns and gardens. They are built of solid beams of pine, and their joints are caulked precisely in the same manner as a ship's

sides, so that they are exceedingly substantial. On the hills abundance of heather, and juniper bushes loaded with glistening black berries, were to be seen. The latter are exported to Holland for the gin distilleries. Wild berries, of different kinds, grew in immense quantities—a provision of Nature for the support of the poor birds during the long seven months of the severe Swedish winter.

The soil seemed very rich and highly productive. Finer crops of wheat I never beheld. The harvest commenced and nearly ended during my stay, and ample opportunities were afforded me of getting some insight into the Swedish agricultural system. Corn is not reaped, but mown with scythes which have a huge railed back so as to collect the crop in regular swathes. Women followed the mowers, and gathered the swathes as they were cast off the back of the scythe, and made up the stooks, which were small, and neatly tied, with a peaked top. The fields in most instances were enclosed with low stone walls, in the Scotch fashion, but the roads are all bounded with thorn hedges.

A little way out of the town is an interesting cemetery, well planted with trees, in a dense clump of which, in the centre of the place, is a curious chapel. The tombs of the rich are stately granite piles; the graves of the middle classes generally square or oblong mounds, surrounded with iron railings or with privet hedges, and marked with upright slabs of stones, or with wooden crosses bearing inscriptions. The latter in some cases are engraved on a plate of brass, or painted on a plate of zinc, let into the upper part of the grave-stones, and protected from the weather by a piece of glass. I disliked the look of this very much. Some of the crosses have very lengthy

inscriptions, but in many instances there is merely a name, and dates of birth and death, and often the latter only; and in other cases neither name nor date, but a devotional verse. A frequent emblem cut on the stone is one of the resurrection, symbolized by a butterfly rising from its chrysalis state. This is a favourite emblem on tombs throughout the North.

One part of the cemetery is set apart for the poorest of the poor, and there each grave is simply indicated by a slight mound of earth, and a straight, narrow piece of plank set at the head of the grave, with a number only painted thereon—as “22,” or “96”—referring, probably, to a corresponding number in the books of the chapel, where the name of the departed is entered. There are distinctions of rank even in the grave! Yet a little while, and then they will be equal! Many bouquets (not wreaths, as in Denmark and Norway) of flowers were laid on old as well as new tombs; a proof that their tenants were not yet forgotten. The Jews have a private cemetery of their own a little distance from the Christian burial-ground in question, with a Hebrew inscription over the entrance. Jews are rather numerous in Göteborg, and bear a high character for their suavity of manner and kindly disposition. I lived with a Jewish family myself during the whole of my residence, and judging by them I think they are deservedly held in esteem.

After spending about a month at Göteborg, I bade it and Scandinavia a final farewell. To the last moment of my stay, I experienced kind attentions from those to whom I was literally an unknown, unintruded foreigner. A Swedish gentleman (a first cousin of Jenny Lind—or *Yenny Lind*, as her countrymen pronounce it)

who had honoured me with many kindnesses, accompanied me many miles to the Quarantine Station down the river, to see me embark in the vessel which conveyed me to another land. From the depths of my heart echoed his cordial "*God bless you!*"

THE END.

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